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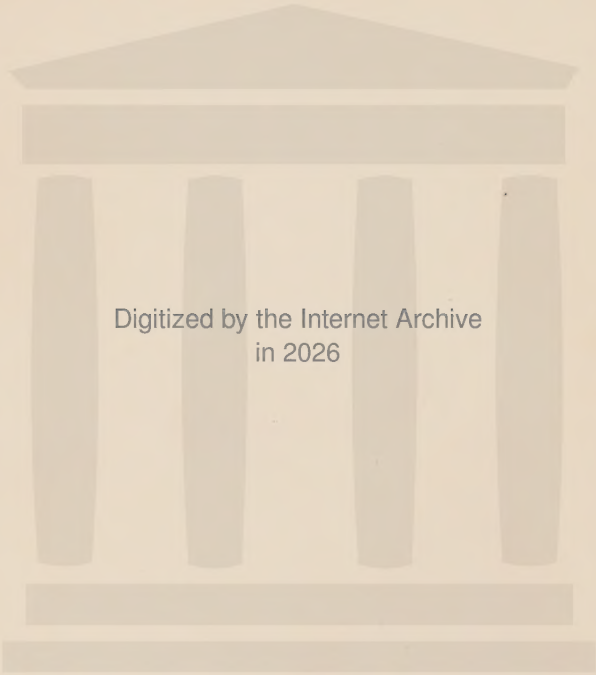
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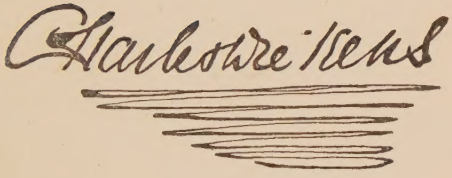

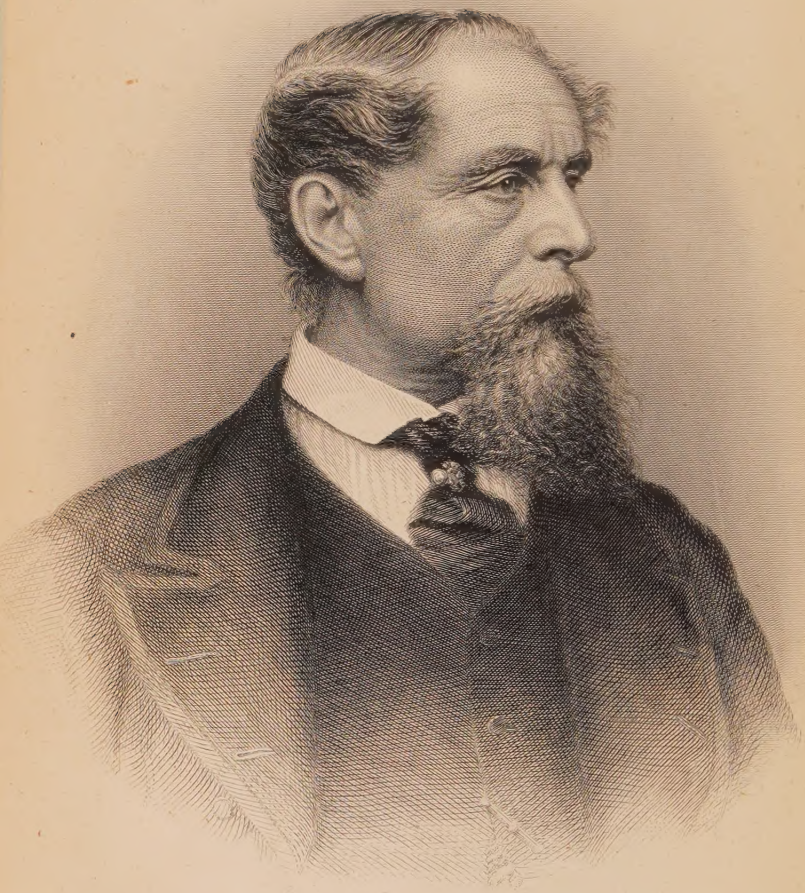

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CHARLES DICKENS.

ÆT. 56.

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THE LIFE

OF

CHARLES DICKENS.

BY JOHN FORSTER.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

1852—1870.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1874.

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THE

IFE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER I.

DAVID COPPERFIELD AND BLEAK HOUSE.

1850—1853.

DICKENS never stood so high in reputation as at the npletion of *Copperfield*. The popularity it obtained at outset increased to a degree not approached by any pre- us book excepting *Pickwick*. 'You gratify me more an I can tell you,' he wrote to Bulwer Lytton (July 50), 'by what you say about *Copperfield*, because I ope myself that some heretofore deficient qualities are ere.' If the power was not greater than in *Chuzzlewit*, subject had more attractiveness; there was more iety of incident, with a freer play of character; and re was withal a suspicion, which though general and ue had sharpened interest not a little, that under- th the fiction lay something of the author's life. How ch, was not known by the world until he had passed y.

LONDON: 1850.

Interest of *Copperfield*.

To be acquainted with English literature is to know,

LONDON: 1850.

that, into its most famous prose fiction, autobiography ha entered largely in disguise, and that the characters mos familiar to us in the English novel had originals in actua life. Smollett never wrote a story that was not in som degree a recollection of his own adventures; and Fielding who put something of his wife into all his heroines, ha been as fortunate in finding, not Trulliber only, but Parso Adams himself, among his living experiences. To com later down, there was hardly any one ever known to Scot of whom his memory had not treasured up something t give minuter reality to the people of his fancy; and w know exactly whom to look for in Dandie Dinmont and Jonathan Oldbuck, in the office of Alan Fairford and the sick room of Crystal Croftangry. We are to observe also that it is never anything complete that is thus taken from life by a genuine writer, but only leading traits, or such as may give greater finish; that the fine artist will embody in his portraiture of one person his experiences of fifty; and that this would have been Fielding's answer to Trulliber if he had objected to the pigstye, and to Adams if he had sought to make a case of scandal out of the affair in Mrs. Slipslop's bedroom. Such questioning befell Dickens repeatedly in the course of his writings, where he freely followed, as we have seen, the method thus common to the masters in his art; but there was an instance of alleged wrong in the course of *Copperfield* where he felt his vindication to be hardly complete, and what he did thereupon was characteristic.

Real people in novels.

Scott, Smollett, and Fielding.

'I have had the queerest adventure this morning,' he wrote (28th of December 1849) on the eve of his tenth

A complaint.

mber, 'the receipt of the enclosed from Miss Moucher! LONDON: 1850.
. is serio-comic, but there is no doubt one is wrong in
ing tempted to such a use of power.' Thinking a gro-
que little oddity among his acquaintance to be safe
m recognition, he had done what Smollett did some-
nes, but never Fielding, and given way, in the first out-
rst of fun that had broken out around the fancy, to the
nptation of copying too closely peculiarities of figure
d face amounting in effect to deformity. He was shocked Too close to the Real.
discovering the pain he had given, and a copy is before
e of the assurances by way of reply which he at once sent
the complainant. That he was grieved and surprised
yond measure. That he had not intended her altogether.
at all his characters, being made up out of many people,
re composite, and never individual. That the chair (for
ple) and other matters were undoubtedly from her, but
at other traits were not hers at all; and that in Miss
oucher's 'Ain't I volatile' his friends had quite correctly
cognized the favourite utterance of a different person.
at he felt nevertheless he had done wrong, and would
w do anything to repair it. That he had intended to
ploy the character in an unpleasant way, but he would, Confession and atonement.
atever the risk or inconvenience, change it all, so that
hing but an agreeable impression should be left. The
der will remember how this was managed, and that the
rty-second chapter went far to undo what the twenty-
ond had done.

A much earlier instance is the only one known to me
ere a character in one of his books intended to be
ous was copied wholly from a living original. The use

LONDON: 1850.

of such material, never without danger, might have been justifiable here if anywhere, and he had himself a satisfaction in always admitting the identity of Mr. Fang in *Oliver Twist* with Mr. Laing of Hatton-garden. But the avowal of his purpose in that case, and his mode of setting about it, mark strongly a difference of procedure from that which, following great examples, he adopted in his later books. An allusion to a common friend in one of his letters of the present date—'A dreadful thought occurs 'to me! how brilliant in a book!'—expresses both the continued strength of his temptations and the dread he had brought himself to feel of immediately yielding to them; but he had no such misgivings in the days of *Oliver Twist*. Wanting an insolent and harsh police-magistrate, he bethought him of an original ready to his hand in one of the London offices; and instead of pursuing his later method of giving a personal appearance that should in some sort render difficult the identification of mental peculiarities, he was only eager to get in the whole man complete upon his page, figure and face as well as manners and mind.

Earlier and later methods.

A want for *Oliver Twist*.

He wrote accordingly (from Doughty-street on the 3rd of June 1837) to Mr. Haines,* a gentleman who then had general supervision over the police reports for the daily papers. 'In my next number of *Oliver Twist* I must have 'a magistrate; and, casting about for a magistrate whose 'harshness and insolence would render him a fit subject 'to be *shown up*, I have as a necessary consequence stum-'bled upon Mr. Laing of Hatton-garden celebrity. I know

Mr. Laing for Mr. Fang.

* This letter is now in the possession of S. R. Goodman Esq. of Brighton.

London: 1850.

...e man's character perfectly well; but as it would be ...ecessary to describe his personal appearance also, I ought ... have seen him, which (fortunately or unfortunately as ...e case may be) I have never done. In this dilemma ... occurred to me that perhaps I might under your aus...ces be smuggled into the Hatton-garden office for a few ...oments some morning. If you can further my object I ...all be really very greatly obliged to you.' The oppor-...nity was found; the magistrate was brought up before ...e novelist; and shortly after, on some fresh outbreak of ...tolerable temper, the home-secretary found it an easy ...d popular step to remove Mr. Laing from the bench.

Dickens at Hatton-garden (1837).

This was a comfort to everybody, saving only the prin-...al person; but the instance was highly exceptional, and ... rarely indeed happens that to the individual objection ...tural in every such case some consideration should not ... paid. In the book that followed *Copperfield*, two cha-...cters appeared having resemblances in manner and speech ... two distinguished writers too vivid to be mistaken by ...eir personal friends. To Lawrence Boythorn, under whom ...ndor figured, no objection was made; but Harold Skim-...le, recognizable for Leigh Hunt, led to much remark; ...e difference being, that ludicrous traits were employed ... the first to enrich without impairing an attractive per-...n in the tale, whereas to the last was assigned a part in ...e plot which no fascinating foibles or gaieties of speech ...uld redeem from contempt. Though a want of conside-...ion was thus shown to the friend whom the character ...uld be likely to recall to many readers, it is nevertheless ...y certain that the intention of Dickens was not at first,

Originals of Boythorn and Skimpole.

LONDON: 1850.

or at any time, an unkind one. He erred from thoughtlessness only. What led him to the subject at all, he has himself stated. Hunt's philosophy of moneyed obligations, always, though loudly, half jocosely proclaimed, and his ostentatious wilfulness in the humouring of that or any other theme on which he cared for the time to expatiate,* had so often seemed to Dickens to be whimsical and attractive that, wanting an 'airy quality' for the man he invented, this of Hunt occurred to him; and 'partly for that 'reason, and partly, he has since often grieved to think, for 'the pleasure it afforded to find a delightful manner repro-'ducing itself under his hand, he yielded to the temptation 'of too often making the character speak like his old

Yielding to temptation.

* Here are two passages taken from Hunt's writing in the *Tatler* (a charming little paper which it was one of the first ventures of the young firm of Chapman and Hall to attempt to establish for Hunt in 1830), to which accident had unluckily attracted Dickens's notice:—'Supposing us to be in want 'of patronage, and in possession of talent enough to make it an honour to 'notice us, we would much rather have some great and comparatively private 'friend, rich enough to assist us, and amiable enough to render obligation 'delightful, than become the public property of any man, or of any govern-'ment. . . . . If a divinity had given us our choice we should have said— 'make us La Fontaine, who goes and lives twenty years with some rich friend, 'as innocent of any harm in it as a child, and who writes what he thinks 'charming verses, sitting all day under a tree.' Such sayings will not bear to be deliberately read and thought over, but any kind of extravagance or oddity came from Hunt's lips with a curious fascination. There was surely never a man of so sunny a nature, who could draw so much pleasure from common things, or to whom books were a world so real, so exhaustless, so delightful. I was only seventeen when I derived from him the tastes which have been the solace of all subsequent years, and I well remember the last time I saw him at Hammersmith, not long before his death in 1859, when, with his delicate, worn, but keenly intellectual face, his large luminous eyes, his thick shock of wiry grey hair, and a little cape of faded black silk over his shoulders, he looked like an old French abbé. He was buoyant and pleasant as ever; and was busy upon a vindication of Chaucer and Spenser from Cardinal Wiseman, who had attacked them for alleged sensuous and voluptuous qualities.

Sayings from Hunt's *Tatler*.

Last glimpse of Leigh Hunt (1859).

end.' This apology was made* after Hunt's death, and ntioned a revision of the first sketch, so as to render ess like, at the suggestion of two other friends of Hunt. e friends were Procter (Barry Cornwall) and myself; feeling having been mine from the first that the likess was too like. Procter did not immediately think so, t a little reflection brought him to that opinion. 'You ill see from the enclosed,' Dickens wrote (17th of March 52), 'that Procter is much of my mind. I will nevertheless go through the character again in the course of the fternoon, and soften down words here and there.' But fore the day closed Procter had again written to him, d next morning this was the result. 'I have again gone ver every part of it very carefully, and I think I have ade it much less like. I have also changed Leonard Harold. I have no right to give Hunt pain, and I am bent upon not doing it that I wish you would look at l the proof once more, and indicate any particular place which you feel it particularly like. Whereupon I will ter that place.'

LONDON: 1850.

Friends consulted.

Changes made in Skimpole.

Upon the whole the alterations were considerable, but e radical wrong remained. The pleasant sparkling airy k, which could not be mistaken, identified with odious alities a friend only known to the writer by attractive es; and for this there was no excuse. Perhaps the y person acquainted with the original who failed to ognize the copy, was the original himself (a common e); but good-natured friends in time told Hunt everyng, and painful explanations followed, where nothing

The wrong not remedied.

* In a paper in *All the Year Round.*

LONDON: 1850.

was possible to Dickens but what amounted to a friendly evasion of the points really at issue. The time for redress had gone. I yet well remember with what eager earnestness, on one of these occasions, he strove to set Hunt up again in his own esteem. 'Separate in your own 'mind,' he said to him, 'what you see of yourself from what 'other people tell you that they see. As it has given you 'so much pain, I take it at its worst, and say I am deeply 'sorry, and that I feel I did wrong in doing it. I should 'otherwise have taken it at its best, and ridden off upon 'what I strongly feel to be the truth, that there is nothing 'in it that *should* have given you pain. Every one in 'writing must speak from points of his experience, and so 'I of mine with you: but when I have felt it was going too 'close I stopped myself, and the most blotted parts of my 'MS. are those in which I have been striving hard to make 'the impression I was writing from, *unlike* you. The 'diary-writing I took from Haydon, not from you. I now 'first learn from yourself that you ever set anything to 'music, and I could not have copied *that* from you. The 'character is not you, for there are traits in it common to 'fifty thousand people besides, and I did not fancy you 'would ever recognize it. Under similar disguises my own 'father and mother are in my books, and you might as well 'see your likeness in Micawber.' The distinction is that the foibles of Mr. Micawber and of Mrs. Nickleby, however laughable, make neither of them in speech or character less loveable; and that this is not to be said of Skimpole's. The kindly or unkindly impression makes all the difference where liberties are taken with a friend; and even this

C. D. to Leigh Hunt.

Self-defence.

Relatives put into books.

rely favourable condition will not excuse the practice many, where near relatives are concerned. LONDON: 1850.

For what formerly was said of the Micawber resemnces, Dickens has been sharply criticized; and in like nner it was thought objectionable in Scott that for the ing scenes of Crystal Croftangry he should have found original of his fretful patient at the death-bed of his n father. Lockhart, who tells us this, adds with a sad nificance that he himself lived to see the curtain fall Abbotsford upon even such another scene. But to purpose will such objections still be made. All great velists will continue to use their experiences of nature l fact, whencesoever derivable; and a remark made to ckhart by Scott himself suggests their vindication. 'If man will paint from nature, he will be most likely to terest and amuse those who are daily looking at it.' Scott and his father. Scott to Lockhart.

The Micawber offence otherwise was not grave. We ve seen in what way Dickens was moved or inspired by rough lessons of his boyhood, and the groundwork of character was then undoubtedly laid; but the rhetorical uberance impressed itself upon him later, and from this, t expanded and developed in a thousand amusing ways, full-length figure took its great charm. Better illustran of it could not perhaps be given than by passages m letters of Dickens, written long before Micawber was ught of, in which this peculiarity of his father found quent and always agreeable expression. Several such e been given in this work from time to time, and one wo more may here be added. It is proper to preface n by saying that no one could know the elder Dickens Dickens and his father.

LONDON: 1850.

without secretly liking him the better for these flourishes of speech, which adapted themselves so readily to his gloom as well as to his cheerfulness, that it was difficult not to fancy they had helped him considerably in both, and had rendered more tolerable to him, if also more possible, the shade and sunshine of his chequered life. 'If you should 'have an opportunity *pendente lite*, as my father would 'observe—indeed did on some memorable ancient occa- 'sions when he informed me that the ban-dogs would 'shortly have him at bay'—Dickens wrote in December 1847. 'I have a letter from my father' (May 1841) 'lamenting the fine weather, invoking congenial tempests, 'and informing me that it will not be possible for him to 'stay more than another year in Devonshire, as he must 'then proceed to Paris to consolidate Augustus's French.' 'There has arrived,' he writes from the Peschiere in September 1844, 'a characteristic letter for Kate from my 'father. He dates it Manchester, and says he has reason 'to believe that he will be in town with the pheasants, on 'or about the first of October. He has been with Fanny 'in the Isle of Man for nearly two months: finding there, 'as he goes on to observe, troops of friends, and every 'description of continental luxury at a cheap rate.' Describing in the same year the departure from Genoa of an English physician and acquaintance, he adds: 'We are 'very sorry to lose the benefit of his advice—or, as my 'father would say, to be deprived, to a certain extent, of 'the concomitant advantages, whatever they may be, re- 'sulting from his medical skill, such as it is, and his pro- 'fessional attendance, in so far as it may be so considered.'

Flourishes of speech.

i. 161.

Micawber flights.

LONDON : 1850.

Sayings of John Dickens.

Humouring a foible.

No harm done.

ıs also it delighted Dickens to remember that it was of of his connections his father wrote a celebrated sen-ce; 'And I must express my tendency to believe that s longevity is (to say the least of it) extremely proble-atical:' and that it was to another, who had been insist- somewhat obtrusively on dissenting and nonconformist eriorities, he addressed words which deserve to be no s celebrated; 'The Supreme Being must be an entirely fferent individual from what I have every reason to elieve him to be, if He would care in the least for the ciety of your relations.' There was a laugh in the oyment of all this, no doubt, but with it much personal dness; and the feeling of the creator of Micawber as thus humoured and remembered the foibles of his ginal, found its counterpart in that of his readers for e creation itself, as its part was played out in the story. body likes Micawber less for his follies; and Dickens ed his father more, the more he recalled his whimsical alities. 'The longer I live, the better man I think im,' he exclaimed afterwards. The fact and the fancy d united whatever was most grateful to him in both.

It is a tribute to the generally healthful and manly tone the story of *Copperfield* that such should be the out-me of the eccentricities of this leading personage in it; d the superiority in this respect of Micawber over Skim-le is one of many indications of the inferiority of *Bleak use* to its predecessor. With leading resemblances at make it difficult to say which character best repre-nts the principle or no principle of impecuniosity, there nnot be any doubt which has the advantage in moral

LONDON: 1850.

and intellectual development. It is genuine humou against personal satire. Between the worldly circum stances of the two, there is nothing to choose; but as t everything else it is the difference between shabbines and greatness. Skimpole's sunny talk might be expecte to please as much as Micawber's gorgeous speech, th design of both being to take the edge off poverty. Bu in the one we have no relief from attendant meanness o distress, and we drop down from the airiest fancies int sordidness and pain; whereas in the other nothing pitifu or merely selfish ever touches us. At its lowest depth o what is worst, we never doubt that something better must turn up; and of a man who sells his bedstead that he may entertain his friend, we altogether refuse to think nothing but badly. This is throughout the free and cheery style of *Copperfield*. The masterpieces of Dickens's humour are not in it; but he has nowhere given such variety of play to his invention, and the book is unapproached among his writings for its completeness of effect and uniform pleasantness of tone.

Resemblances and differences.

Skimpole and Micawber.

What has to be said hereafter of those writings generally, will properly restrict what is said here, as in previous instances, mainly to personal illustration. The *Copperfield* disclosures formerly made will for ever connect the book with the author's individual story; but too much has been assumed, from those revelations, of a full identity of Dickens with his hero, and of a supposed intention that his own character as well as parts of his career should be expressed in the narrative. It is right to warn the reader as to this. He can judge for himself how far the childish experiences

Dickens and David.

likely to have given the turn to Dickens's genius; whether their bitterness had so burnt into his nature, as, with the hatred of oppression, the revolt against abuse of power, and the war with injustice under every form displayed in his earliest books, to have reproduced itself only; and to what extent mere compassion for his own childhood may account for the strange fascination always exerted over him by child-suffering and sorrow. But, many as are the resemblances in Copperfield's adventures to portions of those of Dickens, and often as reflections occur to David which no one intimate with Dickens could fail to recognize as but the reproduction of his, it would be the greatest mistake to imagine anything like a complete identity of the fictitious novelist with the real one, beyond the Hungerford scenes; or to suppose that the youth, who then received his first harsh schooling in life, came out of it as little harmed or hardened as David did. The language of the fiction reflects only faintly the narrative of the actual fact; and the man whose character it helped to form was expressed not less faintly in the impulsive impressionable youth, incapable of resisting the leading of others, and only disciplined into self-control by the later griefs of his entrance into manhood. Here was but another proof how thoroughly Dickens understood his calling, and that to weave fact with fiction unskilfully would be only to make truth less true.

LONDON: 1850.

Outcome of early trials.

Self-portraiture not attempted.

Compare i. 30-50 with 11th chapter of *Copperfield*.

The character of the hero of the novel finds indeed his right place in the story he is supposed to tell, rather by unlikeness than by likeness to Dickens, even where intentional resemblance might seem to be prominent. Take

LONDON: 1850.

The autobiographic form.

autobiography as a design to show that any man's life m be as a mirror of existence to all men, and the individu career becomes altogether secondary to the variety of e periences received and rendered back in it. This particul form in imaginative literature has too often led to the in dulgence of mental analysis, metaphysics, and sentimen all in excess: but Dickens was carried safely over thes

Its dangers avoided.

allurements by a healthy judgment and sleepless creativ fancy; and even the method of his narrative is mor simple here than it generally is in his books. His imagi native growths have less luxuriance of underwood, and the crowds of external images always rising so vividly before him are more within control.

Consider Copperfield thus in his proper place in the story, and sequence as well as connection will be given to the varieties of its childish adventure. The first warm nest of love in which his vain fond mother, and her quaint kind servant, cherish him; the quick-following contrast of

Consistent drawing.

hard dependence and servile treatment; the escape from that premature and dwarfed maturity by natural relapse into a more perfect childhood; the then leisurely growth of emotions and faculties into manhood; these are component parts of a character consistently drawn. The sum of its achievement is to be a successful cultivation of letters; and often as such imaginary discipline has been the theme of fiction, there are not many happier conceptions of it. The ideal and real parts of the boy's nature receive development in the proportions which contribute best to the end desired; the readiness for impulsive attachments that had put him into the leading of others, has underneath it

base of truthfulness on which at last he rests in safety; LONDON: 1850.
e practical man is the outcome of the fanciful youth;
d a more than equivalent for the graces of his visionary Design of David's character.
ys, is found in the active sympathies that life has opened him. Many experiences have come within its range, d his heart has had room for all. Our interest in him nnot but be increased by knowing how much he ex- esses of what the author had himself gone through; but avid includes far less than this, and infinitely more.

That the incidents arise easily, and to the very end nnect themselves naturally and unobtrusively with the aracters of which they are a part, is to be said perhaps ore truly of this than of any other of Dickens's novels. here is a profusion of distinct and distinguishable people, d a prodigal wealth of detail; but unity of drift or pur- se is apparent always, and the tone is uniformly right. Tone of the novel.
y the course of the events we learn the value of self-denial d patience, quiet endurance of unavoidable ills, strenuous fort against ills remediable; and everything in the for- nes of the actors warns us, to strengthen our generous notions and to guard the purities of home. It is easy us to account for the supreme popularity of *Copperfield*, ithout the addition that it can hardly have had a reader, an or lad, who did not discover that he was something Its boy-life.
a Copperfield himself. Childhood and youth live again r all of us in its marvellous boy-experiences. Mr. Micaw- r's presence must not prevent my saying that it does t take the lead of the other novels in humorous crea- n; but in the use of humour to bring out prominently Humour and sentiment.
e ludicrous in any object or incident without excluding

LONDON: 1850.

or weakening its most enchanting sentiment, it stand decidedly first. It is the perfection of English mirth. W are apt to resent the exhibition of too much goodness, bu it is here so qualified by oddity as to become not merel palatable but attractive; and even pathos is heightened by what in other hands would only make it comical. Tha there are also faults in the book is certain, but none tha

Why books continue.

are incompatible with the most masterly qualities; and a book becomes everlasting by the fact, not that faults are not in it, but that genius nevertheless is there.

Of its method, and its author's generally, in the delineation of character, something will have to be said on a later page. The author's own favourite people in it, I think, were the Peggotty group; and perhaps he was not far wrong. It has been their fate, as with all the leading

The Peggottys.

figures of his invention, to pass their names into the language, and become types; and he has nowhere given happier embodiment to that purity of homely goodness, which, by the kindly and all-reconciling influences of humour, may exalt into comeliness and even grandeur the clumsiest forms of humanity. What has been indicated in the style of the book as its greatest charm is here felt most strongly. The ludicrous so helps the pathos, and the humour so uplifts and refines the sentiment, that mere rude affection and simple manliness in these Yarmouth boatmen, passed through the fires of unmerited suffering and heroic endurance, take forms half-chivalrous half-sublime. It is one of the cants of critical superiority to make supercilious mention of the serious passages in this great writer; but the storm and shipwreck at the close of *Copperfield*, when

e body of the seducer is flung dead upon the shore amid e ruins of the home he has wasted and by the side of e man whose heart he has broken, the one as unconscious what he had failed to reach as the other of what he has rished to save, is a description that may compare with e most impressive in the language. There are other people wn into this catastrophe who are among the failures of tural delineation in the book. But though Miss Dartle is riously unpleasant, there are some natural traits in her hich Dickens's least life-like people are never without); d it was from one of his lady friends, very familiar to n indeed, he copied her peculiarity of never saying any- ng outright, but hinting it merely, and making more of that way. Of Mrs. Steerforth it may also be worth re- mbering that Thackeray had something of a fondness her. 'I knew how it would be when I began,' says a easant letter all about himself written immediately after e appeared in the story. 'My letters to my mother are ke this, but then she likes 'em—like Mrs. Steerforth: on't you like Mrs. Steerforth?'

Turning to another group there is another elderly lady be liked without a shadow of misgiving; abrupt, angular, ravagant, but the very soul of magnanimity and recti- e; a character thoroughly made out in all its parts; gnarled and knotted piece of female timber, sound to core; a woman Captain Shandy would have loved for startling oddities, and who is linked to the gentlest her sex by perfect womanhood. Dickens has done hing better, for solidness and truth all round, than sey Trotwood. It is one of her oddities to have a fool

LONDON: 1850.

The storm and ship-wreck.

Miss Dartle.

Mrs. Steer-forth.

Betsey Trotwood.

LONDON: 1850.

for a companion; but this is one of them that has al most pertinence and wisdom. By a line thrown out i *Wilhelm Meister*, that the true way of treating the insar was, in all respects possible, to act to them as if they wer sane, Goethe anticipated what it took a century to appl to the most terrible disorder of humanity; and what Mr Trotwood does for Mr. Dick goes a step farther, by show ing how often asylums might be dispensed with, and ho large might be the number of deficient intellects manage able with patience in their own homes. Characters hardl less distinguishable for truth as well as oddity are the kin old nurse and her husband the carrier, whose vicissitude alike of love and of mortality are condensed into the thre words since become part of universal speech, *Barkis i willin'*. There is wholesome satire of much utility in th conversion of the brutal schoolmaster of the earlier scene into the tender Middlesex magistrate at the close. Nor is th humour anywhere more subtle than in the country under taker, who makes up in fullness of heart for scantness o breath, and has so little of the vampire propensity of th town undertaker in *Chuzzlewit*, that he dares not ever inquire after friends who are ill for fear of unkindly mis construction. The test of a master in creative fiction according to Hazlitt, is less in contrasting characters tha are unlike than in distinguishing those that are like and to many examples of the art in Dickens, such as th Shepherd and Chadband, Creakle and Squeers, Charley Bates and the Dodger, the Guppys and the Wemmicks, Mr Jaggers and Mr. Vholes, Sampson Brass and Conversa tion Kenge, Jack Bunsby, Captain Cuttle, and Bill Barley

Wise hint of Goethe's.

Truths in oddities.

A country under-taker.

Perkers and Pells, the Dodsons and Fogs, Sarah Gamp ll Betsy Prig, and a host of others, is to be added the ety of distinction between those eminent furnishers of erals, Mr. Mould and Messrs. Omer and Joram. All the xed mirth and sadness of the story are skilfully drawn into handling of this portion of it; and, amid wooings and parations for weddings and church-ringing bells for bap-ns, the steadily-going rat-tat of the hammer on the coffin eard.

LONDON: 1850.

Characters like yet unlike.

Of the heroines who divide so equally between them the pulsive, easily swayed, not disloyal but sorely distracted ections of the hero, the spoilt foolishness and tenderness the loving little child-wife, Dora, is more attractive than too unfailing wisdom and self-sacrificing goodness of the gel-wife, Agnes. The scenes of the courtship and house-eping are matchless; and the glimpses of Doctors' Com-ns, opening those views, by Mr. Spenlow, of man's vanity expectation and inconsistency of conduct in neglecting sacred duty of making a will, on which he largely ralizes the day before he dies intestate, form a back-und highly appropriate to David's domesticities. This s among the reproductions of personal experience in the k; but it was a sadder knowledge that came with the viction some years later, that David's contrasts in his liest married life between his happiness enjoyed and his piness once anticipated, the 'vague unhappy loss or ant of something' of which he so frequently complains, ected also a personal experience which had not been plied in fact so successfully as in fiction. (A closing word y perhaps be allowed, to connect with Devonshire-terrace

The two heroines.

Doctors' Commons experience.

LONDON: 1853.

the last book written there. On the page opposite engraved a drawing by Maclise of the house where so man of Dickens's masterpieces were composed, done on the firs anniversary of the day when his daughter Kate was born

Bleak House followed *Copperfield*, which in some respect it copied in the autobiographical form by means of extract from the personal relation of its heroine. But the distinc tion between the narrative of David and the diary of Esther like that between Micawber and Skimpole, marks the superiority of the first to its successor. To represent a storyteller as giving the most surprising vividness to manners, motives, and characters of which we are to believe her, all the time, as artlessly unconscious, as she is also entirely ignorant of the good qualities in herself she is naïvely revealing in the story, was a difficult enterprise, full of hazard in any case, not worth success, and certainly not successful. Ingenuity is more apparent than freshness, the invention is neither easy nor unstrained, and though the old marvellous power over the real is again abundantly manifest, there is some alloy of the artificial. Nor can this be said of Esther's relation without some general application to the book of which it forms so large a part. The novel is nevertheless, in the very important particular of construction, perhaps the best thing done by Dickens.

Contrast of Esther and David.

Risks not worth running.

In his later writings he had been assiduously cultivating this essential of his art, and here he brought it very nearly to perfection. Of the tendency of composing a story piecemeal to induce greater concern for the part than for the whole, he had been always conscious; but I remember a remark also made by him to the effect that to read a story

LONDON: 1840.

DEVONSHIRE-TERRACE: 29th October 1840.

LONDON: 1853.

Writing and reading in parts.

in parts had no less a tendency to prevent the reader noticing how thoroughly a work so presented might b calculated for perusal as a whole. Look back from th last to the first page of the present novel, and not eve in the highest examples of this kind of elaborate car will it be found, that event leads more closely to event, o that the separate incidents have been planned with a mor studied consideration of the bearing they are severally t

Plot of the story.

have on the general result. Nothing is introduced a random, everything tends to the catastrophe, the various lines of the plot converge and fit to its centre, and to the larger interest all the rest is irresistibly drawn. The heart of the story is a Chancery suit. On this the plot hinges and on incidents connected with it, trivial or important, the passion and suffering turn exclusively. Chance words, or the deeds of chance people, to appearance irrelevant,

Constructive art.

are found everywhere influencing the course taken by a train of incidents of which the issue is life or death, happiness or misery, to men and women perfectly unknown to them, and to whom they are unknown. Attorneys of all possible grades, law clerks of every conceivable kind, the copyist, the law stationer, the usurer, all sorts of money lenders, suitors of every description, haunters of the Chancery court and their victims, are for ever moving round about the lives of the chief persons in the tale, and drawing them on insensibly, but very certainly, to the issues

Incidents and persons interwoven.

that await them. Even the fits of the little law-stationer's servant help directly in the chain of small things that lead indirectly to Lady Dedlock's death. One strong chain of interest holds together Chesney Wold and its inmates,

lk House and the Jarndyce group, Chancery with its y and sordid neighbourhood. The characters multiply he tale advances, but in each the drift is the same. ere's no great odds betwixt my noble and learned other and myself,' says the grotesque proprietor of the and bottle shop under the wall of Lincoln's-inn, 'they ll me Lord Chancellor and my shop Chancery, and we th of us grub on in a muddle.' *Edax rerum* the motto both, but with a difference. Out of the lumber of the p emerge slowly some fragments of evidence by which chief actors in the story are sensibly affected, and to ich Chancery itself might have succumbed if its devour- capacities had been less complete. But by the time re is found among the lumber the will which puts all rights in the Jarndyce suit, it is found to be too late to t anything to rights. The costs have swallowed up the ate, and there is an end of the matter.

LONDON: 1853.

Two Chancery shops.

Shells of the oyster.

What in one sense is a merit however may in others be lefect, and this book has suffered by the very complete- ss with which its Chancery moral is worked out. The lactic in Dickens's earlier novels derived its strength from ing merely incidental to interest of a higher and more rmanent kind, and not in a small degree from the play- sportiveness and fancy that lighted up its graver illus- ations. Here it is of sterner stuff, too little relieved, d all-pervading. The fog so marvellously painted in e opening chapter has hardly cleared away when there ises, in *Jarndyce* v. *Jarndyce*, as bad an atmosphere to eathe in; and thenceforward to the end, clinging round e people of the story as they come or go, in dreary mist

Defects of *Bleak House*.

LONDON: 1853.

or in heavy cloud, it is rarely absent. Dickens has himse described his purpose to have been to dwell on the roma tic side of familiar things. But it is the romance of di content and misery, with a very restless dissatisfied mora and is too much brought about by agencies disagreeabl and sordid. The Guppys, Weevles, Snagsbys, Chadband Krooks, and Smallweeds, even the Kenges, Vholeses, an

Too little relief.

Tulkinghorns, are much too real to be pleasant; and th necessity becomes urgent for the reliefs and contrasts of finer humanity. These last are not wanting; yet it mus be said that we hardly escape, even with them, into the old freedom and freshness of the author's imaginative worlds and that the too conscious unconsciousness of Esther flings something of a shade on the radiant goodness of John Jarndyce himself. Nevertheless there are very fine delinea-

Set-offs.

tions in the story. The crazed little Chancery lunatic Miss Flite; the loud-voiced tender-souled Chancery victim Gridley; the poor good-hearted youth Richard, broken up in life and character by the suspense of the Chancery suit on whose success he is to 'begin the world,' believing himself to be saving money when he is stopped from squandering it, and thinking that having saved it he is

Successes in character.

entitled to fling it away; trooper George, with the Bagnets and their household, where the most ludicrous points are more forcible for the pathetic touches underlying them; the Jellyby interior, and its philanthropic strong-minded mistress, placid and smiling amid a household muddle out-muddling Chancery itself; the model of deportment, Turveydrop the elder, whose relations to the young people, whom he so superbly patronizes by being dependent on

m for everything, touch delightfully some subtle points truth; the inscrutable Tulkinghorn, and the immortal cket; all these, and especially the last, have been added this book to the list of people more intimately and manently known to us than the scores of actual familiar uaintance whom we see around us living and dying. LONDON: 1853.

But how do we know them? There are plenty to tell that it is by vividness of external observation rather n by depth of imaginative insight, by tricks of manner l phrase rather than by truth of character, by manifesta- n outwardly rather than by what lies behind. Another portunity will present itself for some remark on this nd of criticism, which has always had a special pride in e subtlety of its differences from what the world may ve shown itself prone to admire. 'In my father's brary,' wrote Landor to Southey's daughter Edith, 'was ne *Critical Review* from its commencement; and it ould have taught me, if I could not even at a very early ge teach myself better, that Fielding, Sterne, and Gold- mith were really worth nothing.' It is a style that will ver be without cultivators, and its frequent application to ckens will be shown hereafter. But in speaking of a book which some want of all the freshness of his genius first came apparent, it would be wrong to omit to add that s method of handling a character is as strongly impressed the better portions of it as on the best of his writings. is difficult to say when a peculiarity becomes too gro- que, or an extravagance too farcical, to be within the its of art, for it is the truth of these as of graver things t they exist in the world in just the proportions and

Praise with a grudge.

Value of critical judgments.

What Art has room for.

LONDON : 1853.

degree in which genius can discover them. But no ma had ever so surprising a faculty as Dickens of becomin himself what he was representing; and of entering int mental phases and processes so absolutely, in condition of life the most varied, as to reproduce them completel

Mastery in dialogue.

in dialogue without need of an explanatory word. (H only departed from this method once, with a result whic will then be pointed out.) In speaking on a former pag of the impression of reality thus to a singular degree con veyed by him, it was remarked that where characters s revealed themselves the author's part in them was done and in the book under notice there is none, not excepting those least attractive which apparently present only pro minent or salient qualities, in which it will not be found

Handling of character.

that the characteristic feature embodied, or the main idea personified, contains as certainly also some human truth universally applicable. To expound or discuss his creations, to lay them psychologically bare, to analyse their organisms, to subject to minute demonstration their fibrous and other tissues, was not at all Dickens's way. His genius was his fellow feeling with his race; his mere personality was never the bound or limit to his perceptions, however strongly sometimes it might colour them; he never stopped to dissect or anatomize his own work; but no man could better adjust the outward and visible oddities in a delineation to its inner and unchangeable veracities. The rough estimates we form of character, if we have

The contact of extremes.

any truth of perception, are on the whole correct: but men touch and interfere with one another by the contact of their extremes, and it may very often become necessarily

main business of a novelist to display the salient
its, the sharp angles, or the prominences merely.
he pathetic parts of *Bleak House* do not live largely in
embrance, but the deaths of Richard and of Gridley, the
dering fancies of Miss Flite, and the extremely touching
in which the gentleman-nature of the pompous old
onet, Dedlock, asserts itself under suffering, belong to a
n order of writing. There is another most affecting ex-
ple, taking the lead of the rest, in the poor street-sweeper
which has made perhaps as deep an impression as
thing in Dickens. 'We have been reading *Bleak House*
ud,' the good Dean Ramsay wrote to me very shortly
re his death. 'Surely it is one of his most powerful
d successful! What a triumph is Jo! Uncultured
ture is *there* indeed; the intimations of true heart-
eling, the glimmerings of higher feeling, all are there;
t everything still consistent and in harmony. Won-
rful is the genius that can show all this, yet keep it
ly and really part of the character itself, low or common
it may be, and use no morbid or fictitious colouring.
o my mind, nothing in the field of fiction is to be found
English literature surpassing the death of Jo!' What
urs at and after the inquest is as worth remember-
. Jo's evidence is rejected because he cannot exactly
what will be done to him after he is dead if he should
l a lie;* but he manages to say afterwards very exactly

LONDON: 1853.

Pathetic touches.

Dean Ramsay on *Bleak House* and Jo.

The inquest.

'O! Here's the boy, gentlemen! Here he is, very muddy, very hoarse, ry ragged. Now, boy!—But stop a minute. Caution. This boy must be t through a few preliminary paces. Name, Jo. Nothing else that he ows on. Don't know that everybody has two names. Never heerd of sich hink. Don't know that Jo is short for a longer name. Thinks it long

LONDON: 1853.

what the deceased while he lived did to him. That or cold winter night, when he was shivering in a doorwa near his crossing, a man turned to look at him, and cam back, and, having questioned him and found he had nc a friend in the world, said 'Neither have I. Not one! and gave him the price of a supper and a night's lodging That the man had often spoken to him since, and asked him if he slept of a night, and how he bore cold and hun ger, or if he ever wished to die; and would say in passing 'I am as poor as you to-day, Jo' when he had no money but when he had any would always give some. 'He wos 'wery good to me,' says the boy, wiping his eyes with his wretched sleeve. 'Wen I see him a-layin' so stritched out 'just now, I wished he could have heerd me tell him so. 'He wos werry good to me, he wos!' The inquest over, the body is flung into a pestiferous churchyard in the next street, houses overlooking it on every side, and a reeking little tunnel of a court giving access to its iron gate. 'With 'the night, comes a slouching figure through the tunnel- 'court, to the outside of the iron gate. It holds the gate 'with its hands, and looks in within the bars; stands look- 'ing in, for a little while. It then, with an old broom it

What Jo cannot say exactly.

What he remembers very exactly.

Town graves.

'enough for *him*. *He* don't find no fault with it. Spell it? No. *He* can't 'spell it. No father, no mother, no friends. Never been to school. What's 'home? Knows a broom's a broom, and knows it's wicked to tell a lie. 'Don't recollect who told him about the broom, or about the lie, but knows 'both. Can't exactly say what'll be done to him arter he's dead if he tells a 'lie to the gentleman here, but believes it'll be something wery bad to punish 'him, and serve him right—and so he'll tell the truth. "This won't do, '"gentlemen," says the coroner, with a melancholy shake of the head. . . . '"*Can't exactly say* won't do, you know. . . It's terrible depravity. Put '"the boy aside." Boy put aside; to the great edification of the audience;— 'especially of Little Swills, the Comic Vocalist.'

London: 1853.

ries, softly sweeps the step, and makes the archway an. It does so, very busily, and trimly; looks in again, ittle while; and so departs.' These are among the gs in Dickens that cannot be forgotten; and if *Bleak use* had many more faults than have been found in it, n salt and savour as this might freshen it for some erations.

One last friend.

he first intention was to have made Jo more prominent he story, and its earliest title was taken from the tum- g tenements in Chancery, 'Tom-all-Alone's,' where he s his wretched habitation; but this was abandoned. the other hand, Dickens was encouraged and strength- d in his design of assailing Chancery abuses and delays receiving, a few days after the appearance of his first nber, a striking pamphlet on the subject containing ails so apposite that he took from them, without change any material point, the memorable case related in his enth chapter. Any one who examines the tract* will how exactly true is the reference to it made by Dickens his preface. 'The case of Gridley is in no essential ered from one of actual occurrence, made public by a sinterested person who was professionally acquainted th the whole of the monstrous wrong from beginning end.' The suit, of which all particulars are given, cted a single farm, in value not more than £1200, but that its owner possessed in the world, against which a

Originals of Chancery abuses.

The truth of Gridley's case.

* By W. Challinor Esq. of Leek in Staffordshire, by whom it has been gingly sent to me, with a copy of Dickens's letter acknowledging the receipt from the author on the 11th of March 1852. On the first of that month first number of *Bleak House* had appeared, but two numbers of it were already written.

London: 1853.

bill had been filed for a £300 legacy left in the will bequeathing the farm. In reality there was only one defendant, but in the bill, by the rule of the Court, there were seventeen; and, after two years had been occupied over the seventeen answers, everything had to begin over again because an eighteenth had been accidentally omitted. 'What a mockery of justice this is,' says Mr. Challinor, 'the facts speak for themselves, and I can personally vouch 'for their accuracy. The costs already incurred in reference 'to this £300 legacy are not less than from £800 to £900, 'and the parties are no forwarder. Already near five years 'have passed by, and the plaintiff would be glad to give 'up his chance of the legacy if he could escape from his 'liability to costs, while the defendants who own the little 'farm left by the testator, have scarce any other prospect 'before them than ruin.'

An actual occurrence.

CHAPTER II.

HOME INCIDENTS AND HARD TIMES.

1853—1854—1855.

David Copperfield had been written, in Devonshire-race for the most part, between the opening of 1849 l October 1850, its publication covering that time; and sale, which has since taken the lead of all his books *Pickwick*, never then exceeding twenty-five thousand. t though it remained thus steady for the time, the pularity of the book added largely to the sale of its cessor. *Bleak House* was begun in his new abode of vistock House at the end of November 1851; was ried on, amid the excitements of the Guild perform-ces, through the following year; was finished at Bou-gne in the August of 1853; and was dedicated to 'his iends and companions in the Guild of Literature and rt.'

London: 1852.

Bleak House sale, ii. 417.

Completion. Aug. 1853.

In March 1852 the first number appeared,* and its sale

* I subjoin the dozen titles successively proposed for *Bleak House*. 1. om-all-Alone's. The Ruined House;' 2. 'Tom-all-Alone's. The Solitary ouse that was always shut up;' 3. 'Bleak House Academy;' 4. 'The ast Wind;' 5. 'Tom-all-Alone's. The Ruined [House, Building, Factory, ill] that got into Chancery and never got out;' 6. 'Tom-all-Alone's. The olitary House where the Grass grew;' 7. 'Tom-all-Alone's. The Solitary

Proposed titles.

LONDON : 1852.

was mentioned in the same letter from Tavistock House (7th of March) which told of his troubles in the story at its outset, and of other anxieties incident to the common lot and inseparable equally from its joys and sorrows, through which his life was passing at the time. 'My

Grave at Highgate, ii. 461.

'Highgate journey yesterday was a sad one. Sad to think 'how all journeys tend that way. I went up to the ceme- 'tery to look for a piece of ground. In no hope of a 'Government bill,* and in a foolish dislike to leaving the 'little child shut up in a vault there, I think of pitching 'a tent under the sky. . . Nothing has taken place here: 'but I believe, every hour, that it must next hour. Wild

Restless.

'ideas are upon me of going to Paris—Rouen—Switzer- 'land—somewhere—and writing the remaining two-thirds 'of the next No. aloft in some queer inn room. I have 'been hanging over it, and have got restless. Want a

Sale of his novel.

'change I think. Stupid. We were at 30,000 when I 'last heard. . . I am sorry to say that after all kinds of 'evasions, I am obliged to dine at Lansdowne House to- 'morrow. But maybe the affair will come off to-night

Skimpole portrait.

'and give me an excuse! I enclose proofs of No. 2. Browne 'has done Skimpole, and helped to make him singularly 'unlike the great original. Look it over, and say what

'House that was always shut up and never Lighted;' 8. 'Tom-all-Alone's. 'The Ruined Mill, that got into Chancery and never got out;' 9. 'Tom-all- 'Alone's. The Solitary House where the Wind howled;' 10. 'Tom-all-Alone's. 'The Ruined House that got into Chancery and never got out;' 11. 'Bleak 'House and the East Wind. How they both got into Chancery and never 'got out;' 12. 'Bleak House.'

* He was greatly interested in the movement for closing town and city graves (see the close of the 11th chapter of *Bleak House*), and providing places of burial under State supervision.

urs to you. . . Don't you think Mrs. Gaskell charming? LONDON: 1852.
rth one ill-considered thing that looks like a want of
ural perception, I think it masterly.' His last allusion

TAVISTOCK HOUSE.

o the story by a delightful writer then appearing in
usehold Words; and of the others it only needs to say
t the family affair which might have excused his absence
he Lansdowne dinner did not come off until four days Last child born.
r. On the 13th of March his last child was born; and

DOVER: 1852.

the boy, his seventh son, bears his godfather's distinguishe name, Edward Bulwer Lytton.

The inability to 'grind sparks out of his dull blade,' a he characterized his present labour at *Bleak House*, sti fretting him, he struck out a scheme for Paris. 'I coul 'not get to Switzerland very well at this time of yea

Unsettled.

'The Jura would be covered with snow. And if I wen 'to Geneva I don't know where I might *not* go to.' I ended at last in a flight to Dover; but he found tim before he left, amid many occupations and some anxieties for a good-natured journey to Walworth to see a youth rehearse who was supposed to have talents for the stage

Young stage-aspirant.

and he was able to gladden Mr. Toole's friends by think- ing favourably of his chances of success. 'I remembe 'what I once myself wanted in that way,' he said, 'and I 'should like to serve him.'

At one of the last dinners in Tavistock House before his departure, Mr. Watson of Rockingham was present; and he was hardly settled in Camden-crescent, Dover, when

Death of a friend.

he had news of the death of that excellent friend. 'Poor 'dear Watson! It was this day two weeks when you 'rode with us and he dined with us. We all remarked 'after he had gone how happy he seemed to have got over 'his election troubles, and how cheerful he was. He was 'full of Christmas plans for Rockingham, and was very 'anxious that we should get up a little French piece I 'had been telling him the plot of. He went abroad next

Mr. Watson of Rocking- ham.

'day to join Mrs. Watson and the children at Homburg, 'and then go to Lausanne, where they had taken a house 'for a month. He was seized at Homburg with violent

ternal inflammation, and died—without much pain— four days. . . . I was so fond of him that I am rry you didn't know him better. I believe he was as roughly good and true a man as ever lived; and I am re I can have felt no greater affection for him than he t for me. When I think of that bright house, and his e simple honest heart, both so open to me, the blank d loss are like a dream.' Other deaths followed. 'Poor Orsay!' he wrote after only seven days (8th of August). is a tremendous consideration that friends should fall ound us in such awful numbers as we attain middle e. What a field of battle it is!' Nor had another nth quite passed before he lost, in Mrs. Macready, a y dear family friend. 'Ah me! ah me!' he wrote. his tremendous sickle certainly does cut deep into the rrounding corn, when one's own small blade has ripened. ut *this* is all a Dream, may be, and death will wake us.' Able at last to settle to his work, he stayed in Dover e months; and early in October, sending home his ily caravan, crossed to Boulogne to try it as a resort seaside holiday. 'I never saw a better instance of our untrymen than this place. Because it is accessible it genteel to say it is of no character, quite English, thing continental about it, and so forth. It is as quaint, cturesque, good a place as I know; the boatmen and hing-people quite a race apart, and some of their villages good as the fishing-villages on the Mediterranean. The aute Ville, with a walk all round it on the ramparts, arming. The country walks, delightful. It is the best ixture of town and country (with sea air into the bar-

DOVER: 1852.

Count d'Orsay's death.

Loss of another friend.

BOULOGNE.

Liking for Boulogne.

Boulogne: 1852.

'gain) I ever saw; everything cheap, everything good; a
'please God I shall be writing on those said ramparts ne
'July!'

Publishing agreements ii. 65–6.

Before the year closed, the time to which his publishin arrangements with Messrs. Bradbury and Evans we limited had expired, but at his suggestion the fourth sha in such books as he might write, which they had no received for eight years, was continued to them on th understanding that the publishers' per-centage should n longer be charged in the partnership accounts, and with power reserved to himself to withdraw when he please

Birmingham: 1853.

In the new year his first adventure was an ovation in Bi mingham, where a silver-gilt salver and a diamond rin were presented to him, as well for eloquent service speciall rendered to the Institution, as in general testimony o 'varied literary acquirements, genial philosophy, and hig 'moral teaching.' A great banquet followed on Twelft Night, made memorable by an offer* to give a couple o readings from his books at the following Christmas, in ai of the new Midland Institute. It might seem to have bee drawn from him as a grateful return for the enthusiasti greeting of his entertainers, but it was in his mind befor he left London. It was his first formal undertaking t read in public.

A banquet and a promise.

His eldest son had now left Eton, and, the boy's wishe

C. D. to Mr. Ryland.

* The promise was formally conveyed next morning in a letter to one wh took the lead then and since in all good work for Birmingham, Mr. Arthu Ryland. The reading would, he said in this letter (7th of Jan. 1853), 'tak 'about two hours, with a pause of ten minutes half way through. Ther 'would be some novelty in the thing, as I have never done it in public, thoug 'I have in private, and (if I may say so) with a great effect on the hearers.'

ing at the time to a mercantile career, he was sent LONDON: 1853.
ipzig for completion of his education.* At this date
emed to me that the overstrain of attempting too Eldest son's education.
n, brought upon him by the necessities of his weekly
dical, became first apparent in Dickens. Not unfre-
tly a complaint strange upon his lips fell from him.
ochondriacal whisperings tell me that I am rather
worked. The spring does not seem to fly back again Self-changes.
ctly, as it always did when I put my own work aside,
had nothing else to do. Yet I have everything to keep
going with a brave heart, Heaven knows!' Courage and
fulness he might well derive from the increasing sale
Bleak House, which had risen to nearly forty thousand ;
ne could no longer bear easily what he carried so lightly
l, and enjoyments with work were too much for him.
at with *Bleak House,* and *Household Words,* and Over-doing it.
ld's History' (he dictated from week to week the
rs which formed that little book, and cannot be said
ave quite hit the mark with it), 'and Miss Coutts's
me, and the invitations to feasts and festivals, I really
as if my head would split like a fired shell if I re-
ined here.' He tried Brighton first, but did not find it
er, and returned.† A few days of unalloyed enjoy-

Baron Tauchnitz, describing to me his long and uninterrupted friendly course with Dickens, has this remark : 'I give also a passage from one of letters written at the time when he sent his son Charles, through my ation, to Leipzig. He says in it what he desires for his son. "I want n to have all interest in, and to acquire a knowledge of, the life around n, and to be treated like a gentleman though pampered in nothing. By nctuality in all things, great or small, I set great store."' Baron Tauchnitz.

From one of his letters while there I take a passage of observation full of ter. 'Great excitement here about a wretched woman who has mur-

LONDON: 1853.

ment were afterwards given to the visit of his excellen American friend Felton; and on the 13th of June he wa again in Boulogne, thanking heaven for escape from a breakdown. 'If I had substituted anybody's knowledg 'of myself for my own, and lingered in London, I neve 'could have got through.'

BOULOGNE: 1853.

What befell him in Boulogne will be given, with the incidents of his second and third summer visits to the place, on a later page. He completed, by the third week of August, his novel of *Bleak House;* and it was resolved to celebrate the event by a two months' trip to Italy, in company with Mr. Wilkie Collins and Mr. Augustus Egg. The start was to be made from Boulogne in the middle of October, when he would send his family home; and he described the intervening weeks as a fearful 'reaction and prostration of 'laziness' only broken by the *Child's History.* At the end of September he wrote: 'I finished the little *History* yes- 'terday, and am trying to think of something for the 'Christmas number. After which I shall knock off; 'having had quite enough to do, small as it would have

Projected trip to Italy.

Non sum qualis eram.

'dered her child. Apropos of which I observed a curious thing last night. 'The newspaper offices (local journals) had placards like this outside:

'CHILD MURDER IN BRIGHTON.
'INQUEST.
'COMMITTAL OF THE MURDERESS.

'I saw so many common people stand profoundly staring at these lines for 'half-an-hour together—and even go back to stare again—that I feel quite 'certain they had not the power of thinking about the thing at all connectedly 'or continuously, without having something about it before their sense of 'sight. Having got that, they were considering the case, wondering how the 'devil they had come into that power. I saw one man in a smock frock lose 'the said power the moment he turned away, and bring his hob-nails back 'again.'

Seeing is believing.

ned to me at any other time, since I finished *Bleak* Boulogne: 1853.
se.' He added, a week before his departure: 'I get
ers from Genoa and Lausanne as if I were going
ay in each place at least a month. If I were to mea-
e my deserts by people's remembrance of me, I should
prodigy of intolerability. Have recovered my Ita-
which I had all but forgotten, and am one entire and
fect chrysolite of idleness.'

om this trip, of which the incidents have an interest Birmingham: 1853.
pendent of my ordinary narrative, Dickens was home
n in the middle of December 1853, and kept his
nise to his Birmingham friends by reading in their
n Hall his *Christmas Carol* on the 27th,* and his
ket on the Hearth on the 29th. The enthusiasm was
t, and he consented to read his *Carol* a second time,
Friday the 30th, if seats were reserved for working men First public readings.
rices within their means. The result was an addition
etween four and five hundred pounds to the funds for
blishment of the new Institute; and a prettily worked
er-basket in silver, presented to Mrs. Dickens, com-
norated these first public readings 'to nearly six
usand people,' and the design they had generously
ed. Other applications then followed to such extent
limits to compliance had to be put; and a letter of
16th of May 1854 is one of many that express both Desire to become a public reader: ii. 149, 257.
difficulty in which he found himself, and his much
red expedient for solving it. 'The objection you
ggest to paid public lecturing does not strike me at all.

*The reading occupied nearly three hours: double the time devoted to the later years.

LONDON: 1854.

'It is worth consideration, but I do not think there is any-'thing in it. On the contrary, if the lecturing would have 'any motive power at all (like my poor father this, in the 'sound!) I believe it would tend the other way. In the

Promises made.

Colchester matter I had already received a letter from a 'Colchester magnate; to whom I had honestly replied 'that I stood pledged to Christmas readings at Bradford * 'and at Reading, and could in no kind of reason do more 'in the public way.' The promise to the people of Reading was for Talfourd's sake; the other was given after the Birmingham nights, when an institute in Bradford asked

Argument against paid Readings.

similar help, and offered a fee of fifty pounds. At first this was entertained; but was abandoned, with some reluctance, upon the argument that to become publicly a reader must alter without improving his position publicly as a writer, and that it was a change to be justified only when the higher calling should have failed of the old success. Thus yielding for the time, he nevertheless soon found the question rising again with the same importunity; his own position to it being always that of a man assenting against his will that it should rest in abeyance. But nothing farther was resolved on yet. The readings mentioned came off as promised, in aid of public objects;† and besides others

* 'After correspondence with all parts of England, and every kind of refusal 'and evasion on my part, I am now obliged to decide this question—whether

Offer from Bradford.

'I shall read two nights at Bradford for a hundred pounds. If I do, I may 'take as many hundred pounds as I choose.' 27th of Jan. 1854.

† On the 28th of Dec. 1854 he wrote from Bradford: 'The hall is enormous, 'and they expect to seat 3700 people to-night! Notwithstanding which, it 'seems to me a tolerably easy place—except that the width of the platform is 'so very great to the eye at first.' From Folkestone, on his way to Paris, he wrote in the autumn of 1855: '16th of Sept. I am going to read for them

years later for the family of a friend, he had given the liberal help to institutes in Folkestone, Chatham, and in Birmingham, Peterborough, Sheffield, Coventry, Edinburgh, before the question settled itself finally in announcement for paid public readings issued by him 858. LONDON: 1854.

Carrying memory back to his home in the first half of 4, there are few things that rise more pleasantly in nection with it than the children's theatricals. These an with the first Twelfth Night at Tavistock House, and e renewed until the principal actors ceased to be chil- n. The best of the performances were *Tom Thumb* and *tunio*, in '54 and '55; Dickens now joining first in the el, and Mr. Mark Lemon bringing into it his own clever dren and a very mountain of child-pleasing fun in him- Children's theatricals. Big actors.

Dickens had become very intimate with him, and his ry genial ways had given him unbounded popularity n the 'young 'uns,' who had no such favourite as 'Uncle ark.' In Fielding's burlesque he was the giantess mdalca, and Dickens was the ghost of Gaffer Thumb; names by which they respectively appeared being the nt Phenomenon and the Modern Garrick. But the

, on the 5th of next month, and have answered in the last fortnight ty applications to do the like all over England, Ireland, and Scotland. cy my having to come from Paris in December, to do this, at Peter- ugh, Birmingham, and Sheffield—old promises.' Again: 23rd of Sept. 'I going to read here, next Friday week. There are (as there are everywhere) terary Institution and a Working Men's Institution, which have not the test sympathy or connexion. The stalls are five shillings, but I have e them fix the working men's admission at threepence, and I hope it bring them together. The event comes off in a carpenter's shop, as the est place that can be got.' In 1857, at Paxton's request, he read his at Coventry for the Institute. Gratuitous Readings.

LONDON: 1854.

Small actors.

younger actors carried off the palm. There was a Lord Grizzle, at whose ballad of Miss Villikins, introduced by desire, Thackeray rolled off his seat in a burst of laughter that became absurdly contagious. Yet even this, with hardly less fun from the Noodles, Doodles, and King Arthurs, was not so good as the pretty, fantastic, comic grace of Dollalolla, Huncamunca, and Tom. The girls wore steadily the grave airs irresistible when put on by little children; and an actor not out of his fourth year, who went through the comic songs and the tragic exploits without a wrong note or a victim unslain, represented the small helmeted hero. He was in the bills as Mr. H——, but bore in fact the name of the illustrious author whose conception he embodied; and who certainly would have hugged him for Tom's opening song, delivered in the arms of Huncamunca, if he could have forgiven the later master in his own craft for having composed it afresh to the air of a ditty then wildly popular at the 'Coal Hole.'* The encores were frequent, and for the most part the little fellow responded to them; but the misplaced enthusiasm that took similar form at the heroic intensity with which he stabbed Dollalolla, he rebuked by going gravely on to the close. His Fortunio, the next Twelfth Night, was not so great; yet when, as a prelude to getting the better of the Dragon, he adulterated his drink (Mr. Lemon played the Dragon) with sherry, the sly relish with which he watched the demora-

Henry Fielding Dickens.

Acting of Fortunio.

* My name it is Tom Thumb,
Small my size,
Small my size,
My name it is Tom Thumb,
Small my size.
Yet though I am so sma
I have kill'd the giants tall;
And now I'm paid for all,
Small my size,
Small my size;
And now I'm paid for all,
Small my size.

ion, by this means, of his formidable adversary into a bless imbecility, was perfect. Here Dickens played the y old Baron, and took advantage of the excitement inst the Czar raging in 1855 to denounce him (in a g) as no other than own cousin to the very Bear that ttunio had gone forth to subdue. He depicted him, in desolation of autocracy, as the Robinson Crusoe of abso- state, who had at his court many a show-day and many gh-day, but hadn't in all his dominions a Friday.* The , which attributed these interpolations to 'the Dramatic oet of the Establishment,' deserves also mention for the of the six large-lettered announcements which stood at head of it, and could not have been bettered by Mr. mmles himself. 'Re-engagement of that irresistible median' (the performer of Lord Grizzle) 'Mr. Ainger!' eappearance of Mr. H. who created so powerful an im- ession last year!' 'Return of Mr. Charles Dickens Junior om his German engagements!' 'Engagement of Miss ate, who declined the munificent offers of the Manage-

LONDON: 1855.

Dickens and the Czar.

Mr. Crummles.

*This finds mention, I observe, in a pleasant description of 'Mr. Dickens's mateur Theatricals,' which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* two years by one who had been a member of the Juvenile Company. I quote a age, recommending the whole paper as very agreeably written, with shrewd criticism. 'Mr. Planché had in one portion of the extravaganza into the mouth of one of the characters for the moment a few lines of lesque upon Macbeth, and we remember Mr. Dickens's unsuccessful at- pts to teach the performer how to imitate Macready, whom he (the per- ner) had never seen! And after the performance, when we were restored our evening-party costumes, and the school-room was cleared for dancing, l a stray "property" or two had escaped the vigilant eye of the property- n, for Douglas Jerrold had picked up the horse's head (Fortunio's faithful d *Comrade*), and was holding it up before the greatest living animal nter, who had been one of the audience, with "Looks as if it knew *you*, dwin!"'

Account by one of the actors.

LONDON: 1855.

'ment last season!' 'Mr. Passé, Mr. Mudperiod, Mr. 'Measly Servile, and Mr. Wilkini Collini!' 'First appear-'ance on any stage of Mr. Plornishmaroontigoonter (who

Smallest of the comedians.

'has been kept out of bed at a vast expense).' The last performer mentioned * was yet at some distance from the third year of his age. Dickens was Mr. Passé.

Gravities were mixed with these gaieties. 'I wish you 'would look' (20th of January 1854) 'at the enclosed titles 'for the *H. W.* story, between this and two o'clock or so, 'when I will call. It is my usual day, you observe, on which 'I have jotted them down—Friday! It seems to me that

Titles for a new story.

'there are three very good ones among them. I should 'like to know whether you hit upon the same.' On the paper enclosed was written: 1. According to Cocker. 2. Prove it. 3. Stubborn Things. 4. Mr. Gradgrind's Facts. 5. The Grindstone. 6. Hard Times. 7. Two and Two are Four. 8. Something Tangible. 9. Our Hard-headed Friend. 10. Rust and Dust. 11. Simple Arithmetic. 12. A Matter of Calculation. 13. A Mere Question of Figures. 14. The

* He went with the rest to Boulogne in the summer, and an anecdote transmitted in one of his father's letters will show that he maintained the reputation as a comedian which his early debut had awakened. 'ORIGINAL ANECDOTE 'OF THE PLORNISHGHENTER. This distinguished wit, being at Boulogne with 'his family, made a close acquaintance with his landlord, whose name was 'M. Beaucourt—the only French word with which he was at that time 'acquainted. It happened that one day he was left unusually long in a 'bathing-machine when the tide was making, accompanied by his two young 'brothers and little English nurse, without being drawn to land. The little 'nurse, being frightened, cried "M'soo! M'soo!" The two young brothers 'being frightened, cried "Ici! Ici!" Our wit, at once perceiving that his 'English was of no use to him under the foreign circumstances, immediately 'fell to bawling "Beau-court!" which he continued to shout at the utmost 'pitch of his voice and with great gravity, until rescued.—*New Boulogne Jest 'Book*, page 578.'

From a Boulogne jest-book.

adgrind Philosophy.* The three selected by me were 5, and 11; the three that were his own favourites were 13, and 14; and as 6 had been chosen by both, that e was taken. LONDON: 1854. 'Hard 'Times' chosen.

t was the first story written by him for *Household rds;* and in the course of it the old troubles of the ck came back, with the difference that the greater vity of the weekly portions made it easier to write m up to time, but much more difficult to get sufficient erest into each. 'The difficulty of the space,' he wrote er a few weeks' trial, 'is CRUSHING. Nobody can have idea of it who has not had an experience of patient ction-writing with some elbow-room always, and open aces in perspective. In this form, with any kind of gard to the current number, there is absolutely no such ing.' He went on, however; and, of the two designs started with, accomplished one very perfectly and the er at least partially. He more than doubled the circu- ion of his journal; and he wrote a story which, though among his best, contains things as characteristic as y he has written. I may not go as far as Mr. Ruskin giving it a high place; but to anything falling from that iter, however one may differ from it, great respect is due, d every word here said of Dickens's intention is in the st strict sense just.† 'The essential value and truth i. 180. Difficulties of weekly publication. What was proposed and what was done.

To show the pains he took in such matters I will give other titles also ght of for this tale. 1. Fact; 2. Hard-headed Gradgrind; 3. Hard Heads Soft Hearts; 4. Heads and Tales; 5. Black and White.

It is well to remember, too, what he wrote about the story to Charles ght. It had no design, he said, to damage the really useful truths of Political nomy, but was wholly directed against 'those who see figures and averages, d nothing else; who would take the average of cold in the Crimea during Dickens to Charles Knight.

LONDON: 1854.

Unto this End: note to First Essay, 14-15.

'of Dickens's writings,' he says, 'have been unwisely lost
'sight of by many thoughtful persons, merely because he
'presents his truth with some colour of caricature. Un-
'wisely, because Dickens's caricature, though often gross,
'is never mistaken. Allowing for his manner of telling
'them, the things he tells us are always true. I wish that
'he could think it right to limit his brilliant exaggeration
'to works written only for public amusement; and when
'he takes up a subject of high national importance, such
'as that which he handled in *Hard Times*, that he would
'use severer and more accurate analysis. The useful-
'ness of that work (to my mind, in several respects, the
'greatest he has written) is with many persons seriously
'diminished, because Mr. Bounderby is a dramatic monster,
'instead of a characteristic example of a worldly master;
'and Stephen Blackpool a dramatic perfection, instead of
Mr. Ruskin on *Hard Times*. 'a characteristic example of an honest workman. But let
'us not lose the use of Dickens's wit and insight, because
'he chooses to speak in a circle of stage fire. He is entirely
'right in his main drift and purpose in every book he has
'written; and all of them, but especially *Hard Times*,
'should be studied with close and earnest care by persons
'interested in social questions. They will find much that
'is partial, and, because partial, apparently unjust; but if
'they examine all the evidence on the other side, which
'Dickens seems to overlook, it will appear, after all their

'twelve months as a reason for clothing a soldier in nankeen on a night when
'he would be frozen to death in fur; and who would comfort the labourer in
'travelling twelve miles a day to and from his work, by telling him that the
'average distance of one inhabited place from another, on the whole area of
'England, is not more than four miles.'

uble, that his view was the finally right one, grossly d sharply told.' * The best points in it, out of the lle of stage fire (an expression of wider application to part of Dickens's life than its inventor supposed it to were the sketches of the riding-circus people and the nderby household; but it is a wise hint of Mr. Ruskin's t there may be, in the drift of a story, truths of suffi- nt importance to set against defects of workmanship; here they challenged wide attention. You cannot n any one properly, unless you cultivate the fancy, and w fair scope to the affections. You cannot govern men a principle of averages; and to buy in the cheapest and in the dearest market is not the *summum bonum* ife. You cannot treat the working man fairly unless, dealing with his wrongs and his delusions, you take ally into account the simplicity and tenacity of his ure, arising partly from limited knowledge, but more n honesty and singleness of intention. Fiction cannot

LONDON: 1854.

Best things in the tale.

Truths enforced.

It is curious that with as strong a view in the opposite direction, and with qually mistaken exaltation, above the writer's ordinary level, of a book h on the whole was undoubtedly below it, Mr. Taine speaks of *Hard es* as that one of Dickens's romances which is a summary of all the rest: ing instinct above reason, and the intuitions of the heart above practical rledge; attacking all education based on statistic figures and facts; heap- sorrow and ridicule on the practical mercantile people; fighting against pride, hardness, and selfishness of the merchant and noble; cursing the ufacturing towns for imprisoning bodies in smoke and mud, and souls in hood and factitiousness;—while it contrasts, with that satire of social op- ion, lofty eulogy of the oppressed; and searches out poor workmen, jugglers, llings, and circus people, for types of good sense, sweetness of disposition, rosity, delicacy, and courage, to perpetual confusion of the pretended rledge, pretended happiness, pretended virtue, of the rich and powerful trample upon them! This is a fair specimen of the exaggerations with n exaggeration is rebuked, in Mr. Taine's and much similar criticism.

Exaggerated rebuke of exaggeration.

BOULOGNE: 1854.

Uses of fiction.

prove a case, but it can express forcibly a righteous sentiment; and this is here done unsparingly upon matters of universal concern. The book was finished at Boulogne in the middle of July,* and is inscribed to Carlyle.

An American admirer accounted for the vivacity of the circus-scenes by declaring that Dickens had 'arranged with 'the master of Astley's Circus to spend many hours behind 'the scenes with the riders and among the horses;' a thing just as likely as that he went into training as a stroller to qualify for Mr. Crummles in *Nickleby*. Such successes belonged to the experiences of his youth; he had nothing to add to what his marvellous observation had made familiar from almost childish days; and the glimpses we get of them in the *Sketches by Boz* are in these points as perfect as anything his later experience could supply. There was one thing nevertheless which the choice of his subject made him anxious to verify while *Hard Times* was in hand; and this was a strike in a manufacturing town. He went to Preston to see one at the end of January, and was somewhat disappointed. 'I am afraid I shall not be able 'to get much here. Except the crowds at the street-'corners reading the placards pro and con; and the cold 'absence of smoke from the mill-chimneys; there is very

Horse-riding scenes.

PRESTON.

Manufacturing town on strike.

* Here is a note at the close. 'Tavistock House. Look at that! 'Boulogne, of course. Friday, 14th of July, 1854. I am three parts mad, and 'the fourth delirious, with perpetual rushing at *Hard Times*. I have done 'what I hope is a good thing with Stephen, taking his story as a whole; and 'hope to be over in town with the end of the book on Wednesday night. . . 'I have been looking forward through so many weeks and sides of paper to 'this Stephen business, that now—as usual—it being over, I feel as if nothing 'in the world, in the way of intense and violent rushing hither and thither, 'could quite restore my balance.'

e in the streets to make the town remarkable. I am that the people "sit at home and mope." The dele- s with the money from the neighbouring places come o-day to report the amounts they bring; and to- row the people are paid. When I have seen both e ceremonies, I shall return. It is a nasty place (I ght it was a model town); and I am in the Bull el, before which some time ago the people assembled posing the masters to be here, and on demanding to e them out were remonstrated with by the landlady erson. I saw the account in an Italian paper, in ch it was stated that "the populace then environed e Palazzo Bull, until the padrona of the Palazzo heroi- ly appeared at one of the upper windows and addressed em!" One can hardly conceive anything less likely e represented to an Italian mind by this description, n the old, grubby, smoky, mean, intensely formal red k house with a narrow gateway and a dingy yard, to ch it applies. At the theatre last night I saw *Hamlet*, should have done better to "sit at home and mope" the idle workmen. In the last scene, Laertes on g asked how it was with him replied (verbatim) hy, like a woodcock—on account of my treachery."' Jan.)

PRESTON: 1854.

Palazzo Bull.

Hamlet at Preston.

e home incidents of the summer and autumn of 1855 be mentioned briefly. It was a year of much unsettled ntent with him, and upon return from a short trip ris with Mr. Wilkie Collins, he flung himself rather into agitation with the administrative reformers,*

LONDON: 1855.

have hope of Mr. Morley—whom one cannot see without knowing to

LONDON: 1855.

Speaking at Drury-lane.

and spoke at one of the great meetings in Drury-lane Theatre. In the following month (April) he took occasion even from the chair of the General Theatrical Fund, to give renewed expression to political dissatisfactions.* In the summer he threw open to many friends his Tavistock House Theatre, having secured for its 'lessee and manager Mr. 'Crummles;' for its poet Mr. Wilkie Collins, in 'an en-'tirely new and original domestic melodrama;' and for its scene-painter 'Mr. Stanfield, R.A.'† *The Lighthouse*, by Mr. Wilkie Collins, was then produced, its actors being Mr. Crummles the manager (Dickens in other words), the Author

Tavistock House theatricals.

Administrative reformers.

'be a straightforward, earnest man. Travers, too, I think a man of the 'Anti-corn-law-league order. I also think Higgins will materially help them. 'Generally I quite agree with you that they hardly know what to be at; but 'it is an immensely difficult subject to start, and they must have every allow-'ance. At any rate, it is not by leaving them alone and giving them no help, 'that they can be urged on to success.' 29th of March 1855.

* 'The Government hit took immensely, but I'm afraid to look at the 'report, these things are so ill done. It came into my head as I was walking 'about at Hampstead yesterday . . . On coming away I told B. we must have 'a toastmaster in future less given to constant drinking while the speeches 'are going on. B. replied "Yes sir, you are quite right sir, he has no head '"whatever sir, look at him now sir"—Toastmaster was weakly contemplat-'ing the coats and hats—"do you not find it difficult to keep your hands off '"him sir, he ought to have his head knocked against the wall sir,—and he '"should sir, I assure you sir, if he was not in too debased a condition to be '"aware of it sir."' April 3rd 1855.

Tavern-keeper and toast-master.

Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.

† For the scene of the Eddystone Lighthouse at this little play, afterwards placed in a frame in the hall at Gadshill, a thousand guineas was given at the Dickens sale. It occupied the great painter only one or two mornings, and Dickens will tell how it originated. Walking on Hampstead Heath to think over his Theatrical Fund speech, he met Mr. Lemon, and they went together to Stanfield. 'He has been very ill, and he told us that large pictures are too 'much for him, and he must confine himself to small ones. But I would not 'have this, I declared he must paint bigger ones than ever, and what would 'he think of beginning upon an act-drop for a proposed vast theatre at Tavi-'stock House? He laughed and caught at this, we cheered him up very much, 'and he said he was quite a man again.' April 1855.

e play, Mr. Lemon and Mr. Egg, and the manager's -in-law and eldest daughter. It was followed by the l farce of *Mr. Nightingale's Diary,* in which besides erformers named, and Dickens in his old personation the manager's youngest daughter and Mr. Frank e assisted. The success was wonderful; and in the delighted audiences who crowded to what the bills ibed as 'the smallest theatre in the world,' were not v of the notabilities of London. Mr. Carlyle com- l Dickens's wild picturesqueness in the old lighthouse er to the famous figure in Nicholas Poussin's bac- alian dance in the National Gallery; and at one of oyous suppers that followed on each night of the play, Campbell told the company that he had much rather written *Pickwick* than be Chief Justice of England peer of parliament.*

LONDON: 1855.

ii. 367.

Mr. Carlyle.

Lord Campbell.

en came the beginning of *Nobody's Fault,* as *Little it* continued to be called by him up to the eve of its cation; a flight to Folkestone to help his sluggish ; and his return to London in October to preside at ner to Thackeray on his going to lecture in America. s a muster of more than sixty admiring entertainers, Dickens's speech gave happy expression to the spirit animated all, telling Thackeray not alone how much

Dinner to Thackeray.

tting at Nisi Prius not long before, the Chief Justice, with the same ic liking for literature, had committed what was called at the time h of judicial decorum. (Such indecorums were less uncommon in the lays of the Bench.) 'The name,' he said, 'of the illustrious Charles ns has been called on the jury, but he has not answered. If his great cery suit had been still going on, I certainly would have excused him, as that is over, he might have done us the honour of attending here, he might have seen how we went on at common law.'

LONDON: 1855.

his friendship was prized by those present, and how proud they were of his genius, but offering him in the name of the tens of thousands absent who had never touched his hand or seen his face, life-long thanks for the treasures of mirth, wit, and wisdom within the yellow-covered numbers of *Pendennis* and *Vanity Fair*. Peter Cunningham, one of the sons of Allan, was secretary to the banquet; and for many pleasures given to the subject of this memoir, who had a hearty regard for him, should have a few words to his memory.

Peter Cunningham.

His presence was always welcome to Dickens, and indeed to all who knew him, for his relish of social life was great, and something of his keen enjoyment could not but be shared by his company. His geniality would have carried with it a pleasurable glow even if it had stood alone, and it was invigorated by very considerable acquirements. He had some knowledge of the works of eminent authors and artists; and he had an eager interest in their lives and haunts, which he had made the subject of minute and novel enquiry. This store of knowledge gave substance to his talk, yet never interrupted his buoyancy and pleasantry, because only introduced when called for, and not made matter of parade or display. But the happy combination of qualities that rendered him a favourite companion, and won him many friends, proved in the end injurious to himself. He had done much while young in certain lines of investigation which he had made almost his own, and there was every promise that, in the department of biographical and literary research, he would have produced much weightier works with advancing years. This however

not to be. The fascinations of good fellowship en- LONDON: 1855.
ched more and more upon literary pursuits, until he
lly abandoned his former favourite studies, and sacri- A life wasted.
l all the deeper purposes of his life to the present
ptation of a festive hour. Then his health gave way,
he became lost to friends as well as to literature.
the impression of the bright and amiable intercourse of
better time survived, and his old associates never ceased
nink of Peter Cunningham with regret and kindness.
Dickens went to Paris early in October, and at its close
brought again to London by the sudden death of a
nd, much deplored by himself, and still more so by a dis-
ruished lady who had his loyal service at all times. An
dent before his return to France is worth brief relation.
had sallied out for one of his night walks, full of Incident of a November night.
ughts of his story, one wintery rainy evening (the 8th of
vember), and 'pulled himself up,' outside the door of
itechapel Workhouse, at a strange sight which arrested
there. Against the dreary enclosure of the house were
ning, in the midst of the downpouring rain and storm,
t seemed to be seven heaps of rags: 'dumb, wet, silent
rrors' he described them, 'sphinxes set up against that
ad wall, and no one likely to be at the pains of solving
em until the General Overthrow.' He sent in his card
he Master. Against him there was no ground of com-
nt; he gave prompt personal attention; but the casual
d was full, and there was no help. The rag-heaps were Outside Whitechapel workhouse.
girls, and Dickens gave each a shilling. One girl,
enty or so,' had been without food a day and night.
ok at me,' she said, as she clutched the shilling, and

LONDON : 1855.

without thanks shuffled off. So with the rest. There was not a single 'thank you.' A crowd meanwhile, only less poor than these objects of misery, had gathered round the scene; but though they saw the seven shillings given away they asked for no relief to themselves, they recognized in their sad wild way the other greater wretchedness, and made room in silence for Dickens to walk on.

Degrees in misery.

Not more tolerant of the way in which laws meant to be most humane are too often administered in England, he left in a day or two to resume his *Little Dorrit* in Paris. But before his life there is described, some sketches from his holiday trip to Italy with Mr. Wilkie Collins and Mr. Augustus Egg, and from his three summer visits to Boulogne, claim to themselves two intervening chapters.

CHAPTER III.

SWITZERLAND AND ITALY REVISITED.

1853.

HE first news of the three travellers was from Chamou- on the 20th of October; and in it there was little made ıe fatigue, and much of the enjoyment, of their Swiss el. Great attention and cleanliness at the inns, very ll windows and very bleak passages, doors opening to tery blasts, overhanging eaves and external galleries, ty of milk, honey, cows, and goats, much singing to- ds sunset on mountain sides, mountains almost too mn to look at—that was the picture of it, with the ntry everywhere in one of its finest aspects, as winter an to close in. They had started from Geneva the pre- s morning at four, and in their day's travel Dickens again noticed what he spoke of formerly, the ill- ured look of the people in the valleys owing to their hard stern climate. 'All the women were like used-up men, l all the men like a sort of fagged dogs. But the good, uine, grateful Swiss recognition of the commonest kind rd—not too often thrown to them by our countrymen— de them quite radiant. I walked the greater part of way, which was like going up the Monument.' On

CHAMOUNIX: 1853.

Swiss people.

CHAMOUNIX: 1853.

the day the letter was written they had been up to the Mer de Glace, finding it not so beautiful in colour as in summer, but grander in its desolation; the green ice, like the greater part of the ascent, being covered with snow. 'We 'were alarmingly near to a very dismal accident. We were 'a train of four mules and two guides, going along an im- 'mense height like a chimney-piece, with sheer precipice 'below, when there came rolling from above, with fearful 'velocity, a block of stone about the size of one of the foun- 'tains in Trafalgar-square, which Egg, the last of the party, 'had preceded by not a yard, when it swept over the ledge, 'breaking away a tree, and rolled and tumbled down into 'the valley. It had been loosened by the heavy rains, or 'by some woodcutters afterwards reported to be above.'

Narrow escape.

Berne.

The only place new to Dickens was Berne: 'a surprisingly 'picturesque old Swiss town, with a view of the Alps from 'the outside of it singularly beautiful in the morning light.' Everything else was familiar to him: though at that winter season, when the inns were shutting up, and all who could afford it were off to Geneva, most things in the valley struck him with a new aspect. From such of his old friends as he found at Lausanne, where a day or two's rest was taken, he had the gladdest of greetings; 'and the wonderful manner 'in which they turned out in the wettest morning ever 'beheld for a Godspeed down the Lake was really quite 'pathetic.'

Lausanne.

He had found time to see again the deaf, dumb, and blind youth at Mr. Haldimand's Institution who had aroused so deep an interest in him seven years before, but, in his brief present visit, the old associations would not reawaken.

mendous efforts were made by Hertzel to impress him a an idea of me, and the associations belonging to me; it seemed in my eyes quite a failure, and I much bt if he had the least perception of his old acquaint-e. According to his custom, he went on muttering nge eager sounds like Town and Down and Mown, nothing more. I left ten francs to be spent in cigars my old friend. If I had taken one with me, I think uld, more successfully than his master, have estab-ed my identity.' The child similarly afflicted, the girl whom he saw at the same old time, had been some trial discharged as an idiot. LAUSANNE: 1853. An old friend. ii. 209-214.

efore October closed, the travellers had reached Genoa, ng been thirty-one consecutive hours on the road from m. They arrived in somewhat damaged condition, took up their lodging in the top rooms of the Croce Malta, 'overlooking the port and sea pleasantly and ly enough, but it was no joke to get so high, and the rtment is rather vast and faded.' The warmth of onal greeting that here awaited Dickens was given no to the friends who accompanied him, and though the er may not share in such private confidences as would the sensation created by his reappearance, and the l hours that were passed among old associates, he will aps be interested to know how far the intervening s had changed the aspect of things and places made santly familiar to us in his former letters. He wrote is sister-in-law that the old walks were pretty much same as ever except that there had been building nd the Peschiere up the San Bartolomeo hill, and the Genoa. Personal greetings.

GENOA: 1853.

whole town towards San Pietro d'Arena had been quit changed. The Bisagno looked just the same, stony just ther having very little water in it; the vicoli were fragran

Old and new places.

with the same old flavour of 'very rotten cheese kept i 'very hot blankets;' and everywhere he saw the mezzar as of yore. The Jesuits' College in the Strada Nuov was become, under the changed government, the Hôtel d Ville, and a splendid caffè with a terrace-garden ha arisen between it and Palaviccini's old palace. 'Pal him

Owner of the Peschiere.

'self has gone to the dogs.' Another new and handsom caffè had been built in the Piazza Carlo Felice, betwee the old one of the Bei Arti and the Strada Carlo Felice and the Teatro Diurno had now stone galleries and seats, like an ancient amphitheatre. 'The beastly gate and 'guardhouse in the Albaro road are still in their dear old 'beastly state; and the whole of that road is just as it 'was. The man without legs is still in the Strada Nuova; 'but the beggars in general are all cleared off, and our old 'one-arm'd Belisario made a sudden evaporation a year or

Peschiere revisited. ii. 114-116.

'two ago. I am going to the Peschiere to-day.' To myself he described his former favourite abode as converted into a girls' college; all the paintings of gods and goddesses canvassed over, and the gardens gone to ruin; 'but O! what 'a wonderful place!' He observed an extraordinary increase everywhere else, since he was last in the splendid city, of 'life, growth, and enterprise;' and he declared his old conviction to be confirmed that for picturesque beauty and character there was nothing in Italy, Venice excepted, 'near brilliant old Genoa.'

The voyage thence to Naples, written from the latter

, is too capital a description to be lost. The steamer hich they embarked was 'the new express English ,' but they found her to be already more than full of engers from Marseilles (among them an old friend, Sir rson Tennent, with his family), and everything in con- n. There were no places at the captain's table, dinner co be taken on deck, no berth or sleeping accommoda- was available, and heavy first-class fares had to be paid. they made their way to Leghorn, where worse awaited .. The authorities proved to be not favourable to the k' English-officered vessel (she had just been started ne India mail); and her papers not being examined ne, it was too late to steam away again that day, and ad to lie all night long off the lighthouse. 'The scene oard beggars description. Ladies on the tables; gen- en under the tables; bed-room appliances not usually ld in public airing themselves in positions where -tureens had been lately developing themselves; and s and gentlemen lying indiscriminately on the open , arranged like spoons on a sideboard. No mattresses, lankets, nothing. Towards midnight attempts were e, by means of awning and flags, to make this latter e remotely approach an Australian encampment; and hree (Collins, Egg, and self) lay together on the bare ks covered with our coats. We were all gradually ng off, when a perfectly tropical rain fell, and in a nent drowned the whole ship. The rest of the night passed upon the stairs, with an immense jumble of and women. When anybody came up for any pur- we all fell down, and when anybody came down we

LEGHORN: 1853.

On the way to Naples.

Scene on board steamship.

LEGHORN: 1853.

'all fell up again. Still, the good-humour in the English
'part of the passengers was quite extraordinary. . . There
'were excellent officers aboard, and, in the morning, the
'first mate lent me his cabin to wash in—which I after-
'wards lent to Egg and Collins. Then we, the Emerson
'Tennents, the captain, the doctor, and the second officer,

A jaunt to Pisa.

'went off on a jaunt together to Pisa, as the ship was to
'lie all day at Leghorn. The captain was a capital fellow,
'but I led him, facetiously, such a life the whole day, that
'I got most things altered at night. Emerson Tennent's
'son, with the greatest amiability, insisted on turning out
'of his state-room for me, and I got a good bed there.
'The store-room down by the hold was opened for Collins
'and Egg; and they slept with the moist sugar, the cheese
'in cut, the spices, the cruets, the apples and pears, in a
'perfect chandler's shop—in company with what a friend
'of ours would call a hold gent, who had been so horribly

Night on board.

'wet through over night that his condition frightened the
'authorities; a cat; and the steward, who dozed in an arm-
'chair, and all-night-long fell head foremost, once every
'five minutes, on Egg, who slept on the counter or dresser.
'Last night, I had the steward's own cabin, opening on
'deck, all to myself. It had been previously occupied by
'some desolate lady who went ashore at Civita Vecchia.
'There was little or no sea, thank Heaven, all the trip;
'but the rain was heavier than any I have ever seen, and
'the lightning very constant and vivid. We were, with the
'crew, some 200 people—provided with boats, at the utmost
'stretch, for one hundred perhaps. I could not help think-
'ing what would happen if we met with any accident: the

NAPLES: 1853.

w being chiefly Maltese, and evidently fellows who uld cut off alone in the largest boat, on the least alarm; e speed very high; and the running, thro' all the nar- w rocky channels. Thank God, however, here we are.' . whimsical postscript closed the amusing narrative. e towed from Civita Vecchia the entire Greek navy, believe; consisting of a little brig of war with no ns, fitted as a steamer, but disabled by having burnt e bottoms of her boilers out, in her first run. She was tt big enough to carry the captain and a crew of six or : but the captain was so covered with buttons and gold at there never would have been room for him on board put those valuables away, if he hadn't worn them— ich he consequently did, all night. Whenever any- ng was wanted to be done, as slackening the tow-rope anything of that sort, our officers roared at this miser- e potentate, in violent English, through a speaking mpet; of which he couldn't have understood a word the most favourable circumstances. So he did all the ong things first, and the right thing always last. The sence of any knowledge of anything but English on the rt of the officers and stewards was most ridiculous. I t an Italian gentleman on the cabin steps yesterday rning, vainly endeavouring to explain that he wanted up of tea for his sick wife. And when we were coming of the harbour at Genoa, and it was necessary to ler away that boat of music you remember, the chief cer (called "aft" for the purpose, as "knowing some- hing of Italian") delivered himself in this explicit and ar Italian to the principal performer—"Now Signora,

A Greek war-ship.

English officers and stewards.

English Italian.

NAPLES: 1853.

'"if you don't sheer off you'll be run down, so you ha
'"better trice up that guitar of yours and put about."'

At Naples some days were passed very merrily; going u Vesuvius and into the buried cities, with Layard who ha joined them, and with the Tennents. Here a small adver ture befell Dickens specially, in itself extremely unimpor tant, but told by him with delightful humour in a letter t his sister-in-law. The old idle Frenchman, to whom a things are possible, with his snuff-box and dusty umbrella and all the delicate and kindly observation, would hav enchanted Leigh Hunt, and made his way to the heart o Charles Lamb. After mentioning Mr. Lowther, then Englis chargé d'affaires in Naples, as a very agreeable fellow wh

ii. 449. had been at the Rockingham play, he alludes to a meetin at his house. 'We had an exceedingly pleasant dinner o 'eight, preparatory to which I was near having the ridiculous 'adventure of not being able to find the house and comin 'back dinnerless. I went in an open carriage from the hote 'in all state, and the coachman to my surprise pulled up

Going out to dinner. 'at the end of the Chiaja. "Behold the house," says he '"of Il Signor Larthoor!"—at the same time pointing with 'his whip into the seventh heaven where the early star 'were shining. "But the Signor Larthorr," says I, "lives '"at Pausilippo." "It is true," says the coachman (still 'pointing to the evening star), "but he lives high up the '"Salita Sant' Antonio where no carriage ever yet '"ascended, and that is the house" (evening star as afore- 'said), "and one must go on foot. Behold the Salita

Difficult road. '"Sant' Antonio!" I went up it, a mile and a half I should think. I got into the strangest places among the

est Neapolitans; kitchens, washing-places, archways, les, vineyards; was baited by dogs, and answered, in undly unintelligible language, from behind lonely ed doors in cracked female voices, quaking with fear; could hear of no such Englishman, nor any Eng- man. Bye and bye, I came upon a polenta-shop in clouds, where an old Frenchman with an umbrella a faded tropical leaf (it had not rained in Naples ix weeks) was staring at nothing at all, with a snuff- in his hand. To him I appealed, concerning the or Larthoor. "Sir," said he, with the sweetest polite- "can you speak French?" "Sir," said I, "a little." ," said he, "I presume the Signor Loothere"—you observe that he changed the name according to the m of his country—" is an Englishman?" I ad- ed that he was the victim of circumstances and had misfortune. "Sir," said he, "one word more. s he a servant with a wooden leg?" "Great heaven, " said I, "how do I know? I should think not, but is possible." "It is always," said the Frenchman, sible. Almost all the things of the world are always sible." "Sir," said I—you may imagine my con- n and dismal sense of my own absurdity, by this —" that is true." He then took an immense pinch uff, wiped the dust off his umbrella, led me to an commanding a wonderful view of the Bay of Naples, pointed deep into the earth from which I had nted. "Below there, near the lamp, one finds an glishman with a servant with a wooden leg. It is ays possible that he is the Signor Loothore." I

NAPLES: 1853.

Old Frenchman at the polenta-shop.

All things possible.

NAPLES: 1853.

'had been asked at six o'clock, and it was now getti
'on for seven. I went back in a state of perspiration a
'misery not to be described, and without the fainte
'hope of finding the spot. But as I was going farth
'down to the lamp, I saw the strangest staircase up

A waiter in distress.

'dark corner, with a man in a white waistcoat (evident
'hired) standing on the top of it fuming. I dashed in
'a venture, found it was the house, made the most of th
'whole story, and achieved much popularity. The best
'it was that as nobody ever did find the place, Lowth
'had put a servant at the bottom of the Salita to wa

Dinner at last.

'"for an English gentleman;" but the servant (as he pr
'sently pleaded), deceived by the moustache, had allowe
'the English gentleman to pass unchallenged.'

From Naples they went to Rome, where they foun Lockhart, 'fearfully weak and broken, yet hopeful of him 'self too' (he died the following year); smoked and dran punch with David Roberts, then painting everyday wit

Old friends.

Louis Haghe in St. Peter's; and took the old walks. Th Coliseum, Appian Way, and Streets of Tombs, seeme desolate and grand as ever; but generally, Dickens add 'I discovered the Roman antiquities to be *smaller* than m 'imagination in nine years had made them. The Electri

Time's changes.

'Telegraph now goes like a sunbeam through the cru 'old heart of the Coliseum—a suggestive thing to thin 'about, I fancied. The Pantheon I thought even noble 'than of yore.' The amusements were of course an attrac tion; and nothing at the Opera amused the party of thre English more, than another party of four Americans wh sat behind them in the pit. 'All the seats are numbere

-chairs, and you buy your number at the pay-place, go to it with the easiest direction on the ticket itself. were early, and the four places of the Americans were he next row behind us—all together. After looking ut them for some time, and seeing the greater part of seats empty (because the audience generally wait in affè which is part of the theatre), one of them said aal I dunno—I expect we aint no call to set so nigh one another neither—will you scatter Kernel, will you atter sir?—" Upon this the Kernel "scattered" some nty benches off; and they distributed themselves (for earthly reason apparently but to get rid of one another) over the pit. As soon as the overture began, in came audience in a mass. Then the people who had got numbers into which they had "scattered," had to get m out; and as they understood nothing that was said them, and could make no reply but "A-mericani," you y imagine the number of cocked hats it took to dis-ge them. At last they were all got back into their right ces, except one. About an hour afterwards when Moses *oses in Egypt* was the opera) was invoking the dark-ss, and there was a dead silence all over the house, wonted sounds of disturbance broke out from a distant ner of the pit, and here and there a beard got up to k. "What is it neow sir?" said one of the Americans another;—"some person seems to be getting along, gain streeem." "Waal sir" he replied "I dunno. But xpect 'tis the Kernel sir, a holdin on." So it was. e Kernel was ignominiously escorted back to nis right ce, not in the least disconcerted, and in perfectly good

ROME: 1853.

At the Opera.

A 'scatter-'ing' party.

The Colonel holding on.

ROME: 1853.

'spirits and temper.' The opera was excellently d and the price of the stalls one and threepence Eng At Milan, on the other hand, the Scala was fallen f its old estate, dirty, gloomy, dull, and the perform execrable.

Another theatre of the smallest pretension Dick sought out with avidity in Rome, and eagerly enjo He had heard it said in his old time in Genoa that finest Marionetti were here; and now, after great difficu he discovered the company in a sort of stable attache a decayed palace. 'It was a wet night, and there was 'audience but a party of French officers and ourselves.

Performance of puppets.

'all sat together. I never saw anything more amaz 'than the performance—altogether only an hour long, 'managed by as many as ten people, for we saw them 'go behind, at the ringing of a bell. The saving of a yo 'lady by a good fairy from the machinations of an 'chanter, coupled with the comic business of her serv 'Pulcinella (the Roman Punch) formed the plot of the 'piece. A scolding old peasant woman, who always lea 'forward to scold and put her hands in the pockets of 'apron, was incredibly natural. Pulcinella, so airy, 'merry, so life-like, so graceful, he was irresistible.

Pulcinella, giant, and pony.

'see him carrying an umbrella over his mistress's head 'a storm, talking to a prodigious giant whom he met 'the forest, and going to bed with a pony, were thi 'never to be forgotten. And so delicate are the hands 'the people who move them, that every puppet was 'Italian, and did exactly what an Italian does. If 'pointed at any object, if he saluted anybody, if he laugh

e cried, he did it as never Englishman did it since ain first at Heaven's command arose—arose—arose, There was a ballet afterwards, on the same scale, and really came away quite enchanted with the delicate llery of the thing. French officers more than ditto.' Rome: 1853.

the great enemy to the health of the now capital of ingdom of Italy, Dickens remarked in the same letter. ave been led into some curious speculations by the tence and progress of the Malaria about Rome. Isn't ery extraordinary to think of its encroaching and en-aching on the Eternal City as if it were commissioned wallow it up. This year it has been extremely bad, has long outstayed its usual time. Rome has been unhealthy, and is not free now. Few people care to out at the bad times of sunset and sunrise, and the ets are like a desert at night. There is a church, a little way outside the walls, destroyed by fire some or 18 years ago, and now restored and re-created at an rmous expense. It stands in a wilderness. For any nan creature who goes near it, or can sleep near it, after htfall, it might as well be at the bottom of the upper-st cataract of the Nile. Along the whole extent of the ntine Marshes (which we came across the other day), creature in Adam's likeness lives, except the sallow ple at the lonely posting-stations. I walk out from the iseum through the Street of Tombs to the ruins of the Appian Way—pass no human being, and see no human itation but ruined houses from which the people have , and where it is Death to sleep: these houses being e miles outside a gate of Rome at its farthest extent. Malaria. Desolation.

Rome: 1853.

'Leaving Rome by the opposite side, we travel for m
'many hours over the dreary Campagna, shunned
'avoided by all but the wretched shepherds. Thirt
At Bolsena. 'hours' good posting brings us to Bolsena (I slept th
'once before), on the margin of a stagnant lake whence
'workpeople fly as the sun goes down—where it is a
'to go; where from a distance we saw a mist hang on
'place; where, in the inconceivably wretched inn,
'window can be opened; where our dinner was a pale gh
'of a fish with an oily omelette, and we slept in gr
'mouldering rooms tainted with ruined arches and he
Plague-smitten tract. 'of dung—and coming from which we saw no colour in
'cheek of man, woman, or child for another twenty mi
'Imagine this phantom knocking at the gates of Ro
'passing them; creeping along the streets; haunting
'aisles and pillars of the churches; year by year m
'encroaching, and more impossible of avoidance.'

Venice: November. From Rome they posted to Florence, reaching it in th
days and a half, on the morning of the 20th of Novemb
having then been out six weeks, with only three da
rain; and in another week they were at Venice. 'The
'weather has accompanied us here,' Dickens wrote on
28th of November, 'the place of all others where it
'necessary, and the city has been a blaze of sunlight
'blue sky (with an extremely clear cold air) ever since
'have been in it. If you could see it at this moment
ii. 140. 'would never forget it. We live in the same house tha
'lived in nine years ago, and have the same sitting-ro
'—close to the Bridge of Sighs and the Palace of
'Doges. The room is at the corner of the house,

VENICE: 1853.

e is a narrow street of water running round the side: hat we have the Grand Canal before the two front lows, and this wild little street at the corner window: which, too, our three bedrooms look. We established ndola as soon as we arrived, and we slide out of the on to the water twenty times a day. The gondoliers e queer old customs that belong to their class, and e are sufficiently disconcerting. . . It is a point of our with them, while they are engaged, to be always our disposal. Hence it is no use telling them they go home for an hour or two—for they won't go. y roll themselves in shaggy capuccins, great coats n hoods, and lie down on the stone or marble pave- nt until they are wanted again. So that when I come r go out, on foot—which can be done from this house some miles, over little bridges and by narrow ways— sually walk over the principal of my vassals, whose tom it is to snore immediately across the doorway. nceive the oddity of the most familiar things in this ce, from one instance: Last night we go downstairs at -past eight, step into the gondola, slide away on the k water, ripple and plash swiftly along for a mile or two, l at a broad flight of steps, and instantly walk into most brilliant and beautiful theatre conceivable—all er and blue, and precious little fringes made of glittering ms of glass. There we sit until half-past eleven, come again (gondolier asleep outside the box-door), and in oment are on the black silent water, floating away f there were no dry building in the world. It stops, in a moment we are out again, upon the broad solid

Gondola hired.

Habits of gondoliers.

At the theatre.

VENICE: 1853.

'Piazza of St. Mark, brilliantly lighted with gas, very l
'the Palais Royal at Paris, only far more handsome, a
'shining with no end of caffès. The two old pillars and
'enormous bell-tower are as gruff and solid against t
'exquisite starlight as if they were a thousand miles fr
'the sea or any undermining water; and the front of t
'cathedral, overlaid with golden mosaics and beauti
'colours, is like a thousand rainbows even in the night.'

ii. 142-4.

His formerly expressed notions as to art and pictures
Italy received confirmation at this visit. 'I am more th
'ever confirmed in my conviction that one of the great u
'of travelling is to encourage a man to think for hims
'to be bold enough always to declare without offence th
'he *does* think for himself, and to overcome the villainc
'meanness of professing what other people have profess

Uses of travel.

'when he knows (if he has capacity to originate an opinic
'that his profession is untrue. The intolerable nonser
'against which genteel taste and subserviency are afraid
'rise, in connection with art, is astounding. Egg's hon
'amazement and consternation when he saw some of t

A painter among paintings.

'most trumpeted things was what the Americans call '
'"caution." In the very same hour and minute there we
'scores of people falling into conventional raptures with th
'very poor Apollo, and passing over the most beautiful lit
'figures and heads in the whole Vatican because they we
'not expressly set up to be worshipped. So in this pla

Tintoretto.

'There are pictures by Tintoretto in Venice, more deligh
'ful and masterly than it is possible sufficiently to expre
'His Assembly of the Blest I do believe to be, take it all
'all, the most wonderful and charming picture ever painte

ur guide-book writer, representing the general swarm- ; of humbugs, rather patronizes Tintoretto as a man some sort of merit; and (bound to follow Eustace, rsyth, and all the rest of them) directs you, on pain of ng broke for want of gentility in appreciation, to go o ecstacies with things that have neither imagination, ture, proportion, possibility, nor anything else in them. u immediately obey, and tell your son to obey. He ls his son, and he tells his, and so the world gets at ee-fourths of its frauds and miseries.'

VENICE: 1853.

Conventional praises.

'he last place visited was Turin, where the travellers wed on the 5th of December, finding it, with a brightly ing sun, intensely cold and freezing hard. 'There are uble windows to all the rooms, but the Alpine air comes wn and numbs my feet as I write (in a cap and shawl) thin six feet of the fire.' There was yet something er than this to report of that bracing Alpine air. To kens's remarks on the Sardinian race, and to what he s of the exile of the noblest Italians, the momentous nts of the few following years gave striking comment; could better proof be afforded of the judgment he ght to the observation of what passed before him. letter had in all respects much interest and attrac- ness. 'This is a remarkably agreeable place. A beau- ul town, prosperous, thriving, growing prodigiously, as noa is; crowded with busy inhabitants; full of noble eets and squares. The Alps, now covered deep with w, are close upon it, and here and there seem almost dy to tumble into the houses. The contrast this part Italy presents to the rest, is amazing. Beautifully

TURIN: December.

Liking for the Sardinians.

TURIN: 1853.

Contrasts.

'made railroads, admirably managed; cheerful, act
'people; spirit, energy, life, progress. In Milan, in ev
'street, the noble palace of some exile is a barrack, a
'dirty soldiers are lolling out of the magnificent windo
'—it seems as if the whole place were being gradua
'absorbed into soldiers. In Naples, something like a hu
'dred thousand troops. "I knew," I said to a certain N
'politan Marchese there whom I had known before, a

Enquiry after friends.

'who came to see me the night after I arrived, "I kn
'"a very remarkable gentleman when I was last her
'"who had never been out of his own country, but w
'"perfectly acquainted with English literature, and h
'"taught himself to speak English in that wonderf
'"manner that no one could have known him for a foreigne
'"I am very anxious to see him again, but I forget h
'"name."—He named him, and his face fell direct

Noblest in exile.

'"Dead?" said I.—"In exile."—"O dear me!" said
'"I had looked forward to seeing him again, more tha
'"any one I was acquainted with in the country!"
'"What would you have!" says the Marchese in a lo
'voice. "He was a remarkable man—full of knowledg
'"full of spirit, full of generosity. Where should he h
'"but in exile! Where could he be!" We said n
'another word about it, but I shall always remember th
'short dialogue.'

On the other hand there were incidents of the Austria occupation as to which Dickens thought the ordinary sty of comment unfair; and his closing remark on their polic is well worth preserving. 'I am strongly inclined to thin 'that our countrymen are to blame in the matter of th

Austrian vexations to travellers that have been complained of. Their manner is so very bad, they are so extraordinarily suspicious, so determined to be done by everybody, and give so much offence. Now, the Austrian police are very strict, but they really know how to do business, and they do it. And if you treat them like gentlemen, they will always respond. When we first crossed the Austrian frontier, and were ushered into the police office, I took off my hat. The officer immediately took off his, and was as polite — still doing his duty, without any compromise—as it was possible to be. When we came to Venice, the arrangements were very strict, but were so business-like that the smallest possible amount of inconvenience consistent with strictness ensued. Here is the scene. A soldier has come into the railway carriage (a saloon on the American plan) some miles off, has touched his hat, and asked for my passport. I have given it. Soldier has touched his hat again, and retired as from the presence of superior officer. Alighted from carriage, we pass into a place like a banking-house, lighted up with gas. Nobody bullies us or drives us there, but we must go, because the road ends there. Several soldierly clerks. One very sharp chief. My passport is brought out of an inner room, certified to be en règle. Very sharp chief takes it, looks at it (it is rather longer, now, than *Hamlet*), calls out—"Signor Carlo Dickens!" "Here I am sir." "Do you intend remaining long in Venice sir?" "Probably four days sir!" "Italian is known to you sir. You have been in Venice before?" "Once before sir." "Perhaps you remained longer then sir?"

ITALY: 1853.

Austrian police.

Police arrangements.

Dickens and the Austrian.

Italy: 1853.

'"No indeed; I merely came to see, and went as I came.
'"Truly sir? Do I infer that you are going by Trieste?
'"No. I am going to Parma, and Turin, and by Pari
'"home." "A cold journey sir, I hope it may be
'" pleasant one." "Thank you."—He gives me one ver
'sharp look all over, and wishes me a very happy night
'I wish *him* a very happy night and it's done. The thin
'being done at all, could not be better done, or more politel
'—though I dare say if I had been sucking a gentish can
'all the time, or talking in English to my compatriots, i
'might not unnaturally have been different. At Turin and
'at Genoa there are no such stoppages at all; but in any
'other part of Italy, give me an Austrian in preference to a
'native functionary. At Naples it is done in a beggarly
'shambling, bungling, tardy, vulgar way; but I am
An old dislike.
'strengthened in my old impression that Naples is one o
'the most odious places on the face of the earth. The
'general degradation oppresses me like foul air.'

CHAPTER IV.

THREE SUMMERS AT BOULOGNE.

1853, 1854, AND 1856.

ICKENS was in Boulogne, in 1853, from the middle of e to the end of September, and for the next three ths, as we have seen, was in Switzerland and Italy. In following year he went again to Boulogne in June, and ed, after finishing *Hard Times*, until far into October. February of 1855 he was for a fortnight in Paris with Wilkie Collins; not taking up his more prolonged dence there until the winter. From November 1855 he end of April 1856 he made the French capital his e, working at *Little Dorrit* during all those months. n, after a month's interval in Dover and London, he up his third summer residence in Boulogne, whither younger children had gone direct from Paris; and stayed l September, finishing *Little Dorrit* in London in the ng of 1857.

Boulogne: 1853.

Visits to France.

f the first of these visits, a few lively notes of humour character out of his letters will tell the story suffi-tly. The second and third had points of more attrac-ness. Those were the years of the French-English nce, of the great exposition of English paintings, of

Boulogne: 1853.

the return of the troops from the Crimea, and of the vi of the Prince Consort to the Emperor; such interest Dickens took in these several matters appearing in l letters with the usual vividness, and the story of his co tinental life coming out with amusing distinctness in t successive pictures they paint with so much warmth a colour. Another chapter will be given to Paris. Th deals only with Boulogne.

His first residence.

For his first summer residence, in June 1853, he ha taken a house on the high ground near the Calais roa an odd French place with the strangest little rooms an halls, but standing in the midst of a large garden, wit wood and waterfall, a conservatory opening on a grea bank of roses, and paths and gates on one side to th ramparts, on the other to the sea. Above all there was capital proprietor and landlord, by whom the cost of keep ing up gardens and wood (which he called a forest) wa defrayed, while he gave his tenant the whole range o both and all the flowers for nothing, sold him the garde produce as it was wanted, and kept a cow on the estat to supply the family milk. 'If this were but 300 mile 'farther off,' wrote Dickens, 'how the English would rav 'about it! I do assure you that there are picturesqu 'people, and town, and country, about this place, tha 'quite fill up the eye and fancy. As to the fishing peopl '(whose dress can have changed neither in colour nor i 'form for many many years), and their quarter of the tow 'cobweb-hung with great brown nets across the narro 'up-hill streets, they are as good as Naples, every bit His description both of house and landlord, of which

The 'forest.'

Fisher-man's quarter.

ited the exactness when I visited him, was in the old peasant vein; requiring no connection with himself to give interest, but, by the charm and ease with which everything picturesque or characteristic was disclosed, placed in the domain of art. BOULOGNE: 1853.

'O the rain here yesterday!' (26th of June.) 'A great sea-fog rolling in, a strong wind blowing, and the rain coming down in torrents all day long. . . This house is on a great hill-side, backed up by woods of young trees. It faces the Haute Ville with the ramparts and the unfinished cathedral—which capital object is exactly opposite the windows. On the slope in front, going steep down to the right, all Boulogne is piled and jumbled about in a very picturesque manner. The view is charming—closed in at last by the tops of swelling hills; and the door is within ten minutes of the post-office, and within quarter of an hour of the sea. The garden is made in terraces up the hill-side, like an Italian garden; the top walks being in the before-mentioned woods. The best part of it begins at the level of the house, and goes up at the back, a couple of hundred feet perhaps. There are at present thousands of roses all about the house, and no end of other flowers. There are five great summer-houses, and (I think) fifteen fountains—not one of which (according to the invariable French custom) ever plays. The house is a doll's house of many rooms. It is one story high, with eight and thirty steps up and down—tribune wise—to the front door: the noblest French demonstration I have ever seen I think. It is a double house; and as there are only four windows and a pigeon-hole to be beheld in front, Villa des Moulineaux. Garden and fountains. A doll's house.

Boulogne: 1853.

'you would suppose it to contain about four rooms. Be
'built on the hill-side, the top story of the house at
'back—there are two stories there—opens on the leve
'another garden. On the ground floor there is a v

Rooms.

'pretty hall, almost all glass; a little dining-room open
'on a beautiful conservatory, which is also looked i
'through a great transparent glass in a mirror-frame o
'the chimney-piece, just as in Paxton's room at Cha
'worth; a spare bed-room, two little drawing-rooms ope
'ing into one another, the family bed-rooms, a bath-roo
'a glass corridor, an open yard, and a kind of kitchen wi
'a machinery of stoves and boilers. Above, there a
'eight tiny bed-rooms all opening on one great room
'the roof, originally intended for a billiard-room. In t

Offices.

'basement there is an admirable kitchen with every co
'ceivable requisite in it, a noble cellar, first-rate mar
'room and pantry; coach-house, stable, coal-store ar
'wood-store; and in the garden is a pavilion, containi
'an excellent spare bed-room on the ground floor. T
'getting-up of these places, the looking-glasses, clock
'little stoves, all manner of fittings, must be seen to
'appreciated. The conservatory is full of choice flowe
'and perfectly beautiful.'

Then came the charm of the letter, his description

Landlord.

his landlord, lightly sketched by him in print as M. Loya
Devasseur, but here filled in with the most attractive touch
his loving hand could give. 'But the landlord—M. Beau
'court—is wonderful. Everybody here has two surnames

Wife's name and his own.

'cannot conceive why), and M. Beaucourt, as he is alway
'called, is by rights M. Beaucourt-Mutuel. He is a portl

lly fellow with a fine open face; lives on the hill hind, just outside the top of the garden; and was a ien draper in the town, where he still has a shop, but supposed to have mortgaged his business and to be in fficulties—all along of this place, which he has planted th his own hands; which he cultivates all day; and ich he never on any consideration speaks of but as he Property." He is extraordinarily popular in Bou- gne (the people in the shops invariably brightening up the mention of his name, and congratulating us on ing his tenants), and really seems to deserve it. He is h a liberal fellow that I can't bear to ask him for ything, since he instantly supplies it whatever it is. e things he has done in respect of unreasonable bed- eads and washing-stands, I blush to think of. I observed e other day in one of the side gardens—there are gar- ns at each side of the house too—a place where I ought the Comic Countryman' (a name he was giving then to his youngest boy) 'must infallibly trip over, d make a little descent of a dozen feet. So I said, M. Beaucourt"—who instantly pulled off his cap and od bareheaded—"there are some spare pieces of wood ying by the cow-house, if you would have the kind- ness to have one laid across here I think it would be afer." "Ah, mon dieu sir," said M. Beaucourt, "it must e iron. This is not a portion of the property where you would like to see wood." "But iron is so expen- ive," said I, "and it really is not worth while——" Sir, pardon me a thousand times," said M. Beaucourt, t shall be iron. Assuredly and perfectly it shall be

Boulogne: 1853.

Bon garçon.

i. 159. ii. 221, 288.

Tenant and landlord.

BOULOGNE: 1853.

'"iron." "Then M. Beaucourt," said I, "I shall be g
'"to pay a moiety of the cost." "Sir," said M. Beauco
'"Never!" Then to change the subject, he slided fr
'his firmness and gravity into a graceful conversatio
'tone, and said, "In the moonlight last night, the flow
'"on the property appeared, O Heaven, to be *bathi*
'"*themselves in the sky.* You like the property?" "
'"Beaucourt," said I, "I am enchanted with it; I a
'"more than satisfied with everything." "And I si
'said M. Beaucourt, laying his cap upon his breast, a
'kissing his hand—"I equally!" Yesterday two blac
'smiths came for a day's work, and put up a good sol
'handsome bit of iron-railing, morticed into the sto
'parapet. . . If the extraordinary things in the house de
'description, the amazing phenomena in the gardens nev
'could have been dreamed of by anybody but a Frenc
'man bent upon one idea. Besides a portrait of the hou
'in the dining-room, there is a plan of the property in t
'hall. It looks about the size of Ireland; and to eve
'one of the extraordinary objects, there is a referen
'with some portentous name. There are fifty-one su
'references, including the Cottage of Tom Thumb, t
'Bridge of Austerlitz, the Bridge of Jena, the Hermitag
'the Bower of the Old Guard, the Labyrinth (I have no id
'which is which); and there is guidance to every room
'the house, as if it were a place on that stupendous sca
'that without such a clue you must infallibly lose yo
'way, and perhaps perish of starvation between bedroo
'and bedroom.' *

Mr. Beaucourt and the 'property.'

Making the most of it.

* Prices are reported in one of the letters; and, considering what they ha

n the 3rd of July there came a fresh trait of the good w of a landlord. 'Fancy what Beaucourt told me last ht. When he "conceived the inspiration" of planting property ten years ago, he went over to England to the trees, took a small cottage in the market-gardens Putney, lived there three months, held a symposium ry night attended by the principal gardeners of Ful-m, Putney, Kew, and Hammersmith (which he calls msterdam), and wound up with a supper at which the rket-gardeners rose, clinked their glasses, and exclaimed h one accord (I quote him exactly) VIVE BEAUCOURT! was a captain in the National Guard, and Cavaignac general. Brave Capitaine Beaucourt! said Cavaignac, must receive a decoration. My General, said Beau-rt, No! It is enough for me that I have done my duty. o to lay the first stone of a house upon a Property I ve—that house shall be my decoration. (Regard that se!)' Addition to the picture came in a letter of the of July: with a droll glimpse of Shakespeare at the tre, and of the Saturday's pig-market.

may mention that the great Beaucourt daily changes orthography of this place. He has now fixed it, by ing painted up outside the garden gate, "Entrée par-culière de la Villa des Moulineaux." On another gate

BOULOGNE: 1853.

Beaucourt's visit to England.

Among the Putney market-gardeners.

since, the touch of disappointment hinted at may raise a smile. 'Pro-ns are scarcely as cheap as I expected, though very different from London: les which, a pound weight here, is a pound and a quarter English. So meat at 7*d.* a pound, is actually a fourth less. A capital dish of ragus costs us about fivepence; a fowl, one and threepence; a duck, a halfpence more; a dish of fish, about a shilling. The very best wine at ence that I ever drank—I used to get it very good for the same money fenoa, but not so good. The common people very engaging and obliging.'

Prices.

Boulogne: 1853.

Pride in the Property.

'a little higher up, he has had painted "Entrée des Ecu
'"de la Villa des Moulineaux." On another gate a li
'lower down (applicable to one of the innumerable bu
'ings in the garden), "Entrée du Tom Pouce." On
'highest gate of the lot, leading to his own house, "Ent
'"du Château Napoléonienne." All of which inscripti
'you will behold in black and white when you come. I
'little of him now, as, all things being "bien arrangé
Absence of Madame B.
'he is delicate of appearing. His wife has been makin
'trip in the country during the last three weeks, but
'he mentioned to me with his hat in his hand) it v
'necessary that he should remain here, to be continua
'at the disposition of the tenant of the Property. (T
'better to do this, he has had roaring dinner parties
'fifteen daily; and the old woman who milks the cows h
'been fainting up the hill under vast burdens of champagn

Shakespearian performance.

'We went to the theatre last night, to see the *Mi
'*summer Night's Dream*—of the Opera Comique. It
'a beautiful little theatre now, with a very good compan
'and the nonsense of the piece was done with a sense qui
'confounding in that connexion. Willy Am Shay K
'Peer; Sirzhon Foll Stayffe; Lor Lattimeer; and th
'celebrated Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth, Mee
'Oleeveeir—were the principal characters.

Preparations for the Fair.

'Outside the old town, an army of workmen are (ar
'have been for a week or so, already) employed upon a
'immense building which I supposed might be a Fort,
'a Monastery, or a Barrack, or other something designe
'to last for ages. I find it is for the annual fair, whic
'begins on the fifth of August and lasts a fortnight. Almo

ry Sunday we have a fête, where there is dancing in open air, and where immense men with prodigious rds revolve on little wooden horses like Italian irons, what we islanders call a roundabout, by the hour to- her. But really the good humour and cheerfulness very delightful. Among the other sights of the place, re is a pig-market every Saturday, perfectly insup- table in its absurdity. An excited French peasant, le or female, with a determined young pig, is the most azing spectacle. I saw a little Drama enacted yester- week, the drollery of which was perfect. *Dram. Pers.* A pretty young woman with short petticoats and trim e stockings, riding a donkey with two baskets and a in each. 2. An ancient farmer in a blouse, driving r pigs, his four in hand, with an enormous whip—and ng drawn against walls and into smoking shops by any of the four. 3. A cart, with an old pig (manacled) king out of it, and terrifying six hundred and fifty ng pigs in the market by his terrific grunts. 4. Col- or of Octroi in an immense cocked hat, with a stream young pigs running, night and day, between his mili- y boots and rendering accounts impossible. 5. Inimit- e, confronted by a radiation of elderly pigs, fastened n by one leg to a bunch of stakes in the ground. John Edmund Reade, poet, expressing eternal devotion nd admiration of Landor, unconscious of approaching recently escaped from barrow. 7. Priests, peasants, iers, &c. &c.'

Boulogne: 1853.

Pictures at the Pig-market.

e had meanwhile gathered friendly faces round him. k Stone went over with his family to a house taken

Boulogne : 1853.

English friends.

for him on the St. Omer road by Dickens, who was join in the chateau by Mr. and Mrs. Leech and Mr. Wil Collins. 'Leech says that when he stepped from the b 'after their stormy passage, he was received by the cong 'gated spectators with a distinct round of applause as 'far the most intensely and unutterably miserable looki 'object that had yet appeared. The laughter was tum 'tuous, and he wishes his friends to know that altogether 'made an immense hit.' So passed the summer month excursions with these friends to Amiens and Beauva relieving the work upon his novel, and the trip to Ita already described, following on its completion.

June 1854.

In June, 1854, M. Beaucourt had again received h famous tenant, but in another cottage or chateau (to hi convertible terms) on the much cherished property, place on the very summit of the hill with a private road leadi out to the Column, a really pretty place, rooms larger tha in the other house, a noble sea view, everywhere nice pro

Change of Villa on 'the pro- 'perty.'

pects, good garden, and plenty of sloping turf.* It wa called the Villa du Camp de Droite, and here Dicke stayed, as I have intimated, until the eve of his winte residence in Paris.

Ante, 48.

The formation of the Northern Camp at Boulogne bega the week after he had finished *Hard Times*, and he watche

Thackeray.

* Besides the old friends before named, Thackeray and his family we here in the early weeks, living 'in a melancholy but very good chateau on th 'Paris road, where their landlord (a Baron) has supplied them, T. tells m 'with one milk-jug as the entire crockery of the establishment.' Our frien soon tired of this, going off to Spa, and on his return, after ascending th hill to smoke a farewell cigar with Dickens, left for London and Scotland i October.

ogress, as it increased and extended itself along the towards Calais, with the liveliest amusement. At ie was startled by the suddenness with which soldiers an the roads, became billeted in every house, made ridges red with their trowsers, and 'sprang upon the like fantastic mustard and cress when boats were ected, many of them never having seen the sea before.' he good behaviour of the men had a reconciling effect, their ingenuity delighted him. The quickness with n they raised whole streets of mud-huts, less pictu- e than the tents,* but (like most unpicturesque things) comfortable, was like an Arabian Nights' tale. 'Each e street holds 144 men, and every corner-door has number of the street upon it as soon as it is put up; the postmen can fall to work as easily as in the Rue ivoli at Paris.' His patience was again a little tried he found baggage-wagons ploughing up his favourite s, and trumpeters in twos and threes teaching newly- ited trumpeters in all the sylvan places, and making choes hideous. But this had its amusement too. 'I to-day a weazen sun-burnt youth from the south with an immense regimental shako on, that he looked like ort of lucifer match-box, evidently blowing his life dly out, under the auspices of two magnificent creatures air and lungs, of such breadth across the shoulders I couldn't see their breast-buttons when I stood in t of them.'

Boulogne: 1854.

Northern Camp.

Mud-huts and tents.

A trumpeter recruit.

nother of his letters questioned even the picturesqueness a little, for he red that on a sunny day the white tents, seen from a distance, looked like an immense washing establishment with all the linen put out to

BOULOGNE: 1854.

Visit of Prince Albert.

The interest culminated as the visit of the Prince Cons approached with its attendant glories of illuminations a reviews. Beaucourt's excitement became intense. T Villa du Camp de Droite was to be a blaze of triumph the night of the arrival; Dickens, who had carried ov with him the meteor flag of England and set it streamin over a haystack in his field,* now hoisted the Frenc colours over the British Jack in honour of the nation alliance; the Emperor was to subside to the station of general officer, so that all the rejoicings should be in honou

Grand review.

of the Prince; and there was to be a review in the ope country near Wimereux, when 'at one stage of th 'maneuvres (I am too excited to spell the word but yo 'know what I mean)' the whole hundred thousand men i the camp of the North were to be placed before the Prince' eyes, to show him what a division of the French army might be. 'I believe everything I hear,' said Dickens. I was the state of mind of Hood's country gentleman afte

Beaucourt's excitement.

the fire at the Houses of Parliament. 'Beaucourt, as one 'of the town council, receives summonses to turn out and 'debate about something, or receive somebody, every five 'minutes. Whenever I look out of window, or go to the 'door, I see an immense black object at Beaucourt's porch 'like a boat set up on end in the air with a pair of white 'trowsers below it. This is the cocked hat of an official 'Huissier, newly arrived with a summons, whose head is 'thrown back as he is in the act of drinking Beaucourt's 'wine.' The day came at last, and all Boulogne turned

* 'Whence it can be seen for miles and miles, to the glory of England and 'the joy of Beaucourt.'

or its holiday; 'but I' Dickens wrote, 'had by this ed down a little, and, reserving myself for the illumi- ons, I abandoned the great men and set off upon my l country walk. See my reward. Coming home by Calais road, covered with dust, I suddenly find myself to face with Albert and Napoleon, jogging along in pleasantest way, a little in front, talking extremely about the view, and attended by a brilliant staff of e sixty or seventy horsemen, with a couple of our royal ms with their red coats riding oddly enough in the st of the magnates. I took off my wide-awake with- stopping to stare, whereupon the Emperor pulled off cocked hat; and Albert (seeing, I suppose, that it was Englishman) pulled off his. Then we went our several s. The Emperor is broader across the chest than in old times when we used to see him so often at Gore- use, and stoops more in the shoulders. Indeed his iage thereabouts is like Fonblanque's.'* The town escribed as 'one great flag' for the rest of the visit; to the success of the illuminations he contributed ly himself by leading off splendidly with a hundred twenty wax candles blazing in his seventeen front lows, and visible from that great height over all the e. 'On the first eruption Beaucourt *danced and eamed* on the grass before the door; and when he was

Boulogne: 1854.

Meeting the great.

Emperor, Prince, and Dickens.

The illuminations.

* he picture had changed drearily in less than a year and a half, when of Feb. 1856) Dickens thus wrote from Paris. 'I suppose mortal man f bed never looked so ill and worn as the Emperor does just now. He d close by me on horseback, as I was coming in at the door on Friday, I never saw so haggard a face. Some English saluted him, and he lifted and to his hat as slowly, painfully, and laboriously, as if his arm were of lead. I think he *must* be in pain.'

A changed Emperor.

Boulogne: 1854.

'more composed, set off with Madame Beaucourt to look
'the house from every possible quarter, and, he said, colle
'the suffrages of his compatriots.'

Their suffrages seem to have gone, however, main
in another direction. 'It was wonderful,' Dickens wro
'to behold about the streets the small French soldiers
'the line seizing our Guards by the hand and embracir
'them. It was wonderful, too, to behold the Englis
'sailors in the town, shaking hands with everybody an

Jack-Tars.

'generally patronizing everything. When the people coul
'not get hold of either a soldier or a sailor, they rejoice
'in the royal grooms, and embraced *them*. I don't thin
'the Boulogne people were surprised by anything so much

English cheers.

'as by the three cheers the crew of the yacht gave whe
'the Emperor went aboard to lunch. The prodigious volum
'of them, and the precision, and the circumstance that n
'man was left straggling on his own account either before
'or afterwards, seemed to strike the general mind with

'Like 'boxing.'

'amazement. Beaucourt said it was *like boxing*.' That
was written on the 10th of September; but in a very few
days Dickens was unwillingly convinced that whatever
the friendly disposition to England might be, the war with
Russia was decidedly unpopular. He was present when
the false report of the taking of Sebastopol reached the
Emperor and Empress. 'I was at the Review' (8th of
October) 'yesterday week, very near the Emperor and
'Empress, when the taking of Sebastopol was announced.

Supposed fall of Sebastopol.

'It was a magnificent show on a magnificent day; and if
'any circumstance could make it special, the arrival of the
'telegraphic despatch would be the culminating point one

ght suppose. It quite disturbed and mortified me to Boulogne: 1854.
l how faintly, feebly, miserably, the men responded to
e call of the officers to cheer, as each regiment passed
Fifty excited Englishmen would make a greater
n and sound than a thousand of these men do. . . The
mpress was very pretty, and her slight figure sat capi-
ly on her grey horse. When the Emperor gave her the
spatch to read, she flushed and fired up in a very plea-
nt way, and kissed it with as natural an impulse as one
uld desire to see.'

n the night of that day Dickens went up to see a play A play at the Camp.
d at a café at the camp, and found himself one of an
ience composed wholly of officers and men, with only
ladies among them, officers' wives. The steady, work-
sensible faces all about him told their own story; 'and
to kindness and consideration towards the poor actors,
was real benevolence.' Another attraction at the camp
a conjuror, who had been called to exhibit twice before
imperial party, and whom Dickens always afterwards A French conjuror.
rred to as the most consummate master of legerdemain
had seen. Nor was he a mean authority as to this,
ng himself, with his tools at hand, a capital conjuror;*
the Frenchman scorned help, stood among the company
nout any sort of apparatus, and, by the mere force of
ght of hand and an astonishing memory, performed feats
ing no likeness to anything Dickens had ever seen
e, and totally inexplicable to his most vigilant reflec-

* I permit myself to quote from the bill of one of his entertainments in
ld merry days at Bonchurch (ii. 394—406), of course drawn up by him-
whom it describes as 'The Unparalleled Necromancer Rhia Rhama
os, educated cabalistically in the Orange Groves of Salamanca and the

BOULOGNE: 1854.

Legerdemain in perfection.

tion. 'So far as I know, a perfectly original genius, a
'that puts any sort of knowledge of legerdemain, such
'I supposed that I possessed, at utter defiance.' The accou
he gave dealt with two exploits only, the easiest to descri

'Ocean Caves of Alum Bay,' some of whose proposed wonders it thus p
figures :

THE LEAPING CARD WONDER.

Two Cards being drawn from the Pack by two of the company, and placed, with the Pack, in the Necromancer's box, will leap forth at the command of any lady of not less than eight, or more than eighty, years of age.

*** *This wonder is the result of nine years' seclusion in the mines of Russia.*

THE PYRAMID WONDER.

A shilling being lent to the Necromancer by any gentleman of not less than twelve months, or more than one hundred years, of age, and carefully marked by the said gentleman, will disappear from within a brazen box at the word of command, and pass through the hearts of an infinity of boxes, which will afterwards build themselves into pyramids and sink into a small mahogany box, at the Necromancer's bidding.

Conjuring by Dickens.

*** *Five thousand guineas were paid for the acquisition of this wonder, to a Chinese Mandarin, who died of grief immediately after parting with the secret.*

THE CONFLAGRATION WONDER.

A Card being drawn from the Pack by any lady, not under a direct and positive promise of marriage, will be immediately named by the Necromancer, destroyed by fire, and reproduced from its own ashes.

*** *An annuity of one thousand pounds has been offered to the Necromancer by the Directors of the Sun Fire Office for the secret of this wonder—and refused ! ! !*

THE LOAF OF BREAD WONDER.

The watch of any truly prepossessing lady, of any age, single or married, being locked by the Necromancer in a strong box, will fly at the word of command from within that box into the heart of ordinary half-quartern loaf, whence shall be cut out in the presence of t whole company, whose cries of astonis ment will be audible at a distance of sor miles.

*** *Ten years in the Plains of Tarta were devoted to the study of this wonder.*

THE TRAVELLING DOLL WONDER.

The travelling doll is composed of sol wood throughout, but, by putting on travelling dress of the simplest constru tion, becomes invisible, performs eno mous journeys in half a minute, an passes from visibility to invisibility wit an expedition so astonishing that no ey can follow its transformations.

*** *The Necromancer's attendant usuall faints on beholding this wonder, and is onl to be revived by the administration of brand and water.*

THE PUDDING WONDER.

The company having agreed amon themselves to offer to the Necromance by way of loan, the hat of any gentlema whose head has arrived at maturity c size, the Necromancer, without removin that hat for an instant from before th eyes of the delighted company, will ligh a fire in it, make a plum-pudding in hi magic saucepan, boil it over the said fire produce it in two minutes, thoroughl done, cut it, and dispense it in portion to the whole company, for their consump tion then and there; returning the ha at last, wholly uninjured by fire, to it lawful owner.

*** *The extreme liberality of this wonde awakening the jealousy of the beneficent Aus trian Government, when exhibited in Milan the Necromancer had the honour to be seized and confined for five years in the fortress o that city.*

l, not being with cards, not the most remarkable; for would also say of this Frenchman that he transformed ds into very demons. He never saw a human hand ch them in the same way, fling them about so amaz-ly, or change them in his, one's own, or another's hand, h a skill so impossible to follow.

Boulogne: 1854.

Making demons of cards.

You are to observe that he was *with the company*, t in the least removed from them; and that we occu-ed the front row. He brought in some writing paper ith him when he entered, and a black-lead pencil; and wrote some words on half-sheets of paper. One of ese half-sheets he folded into two, and gave to Catherine hold. Madame, he says aloud, will you think of any ss of objects? I have done so.—Of what class, Madame? nimals.—Will you think of a particular animal, Madame? have done so.—Of what animal? The Lion.—Will u think of another class of objects, Madame? I have ne so.—Of what class? Flowers.—The particular wer? The Rose.—Will you open the paper you hold your hand? She opened it, and there was neatly and ainly written in pencil—*The Lion. The Rose.* No-ing whatever had led up to these words, and they were e most distant conceivable from Catherine's thoughts en she entered the room. He had several common hool-slates about a foot square. He took one of these to field-officer from the camp, decoré and what not, who sat out six from us, with a grave saturnine friend next him. y General, says he, will you write a name on this slate, er your friend has done so? Don't show it to me. e friend wrote a name, and the General wrote a name.

Examples of a conjuror's art.

BOULOGNE: 1854.

'The conjuror took the slate rapidly from the officer, thr
'it violently down on the ground with its written side
'the floor, and asked the officer to put his foot upon it a
'keep it there: which he did. The conjuror consider
'for about a minute, looking devilish hard at the Gener
'—My General, says he, your friend wrote Dagobert, up
'the slate under your foot. The friend admits it.—A
'you, my General, wrote Nicholas. General admits it, a

The conjuror compliments England;

'everybody laughs and applauds.—My General, will yo
'excuse me, if I change that name into a name expressive
'the power of a great nation, which, in happy alliance wit
'the gallantry and spirit of France will shake that nam
'to its centre? Certainly I will excuse it.—My Genera
'take up the slate and read. General reads: DAGOBER
'VICTORIA. The first in his friend's writing; the secon
'in a new hand. I never saw anything in the least lik
'this; or at all approaching to the absolute certainty, th
'familiarity, quickness, absence of all machinery, and actua
'face-to-face, hand-to-hand fairness between the conjuro
'and the audience, with which it was done. I have no
'the slightest idea of the secret.—One more. He wa
'blinded with several table napkins, and then a grea
'cloth was bodily thrown over them and his head too, s
'that his voice sounded as if he were under a bed. Perhap
'half a dozen dates were written on a slate. He takes th
'slate in his hand, and throws it violently down on th
'floor as before, remains silent a minute, seems to becom

and sees London in 1666.

'agitated, and bursts out thus: "What is this I see? A
'"great city, but of narrow streets and old-fashioned house
'"many of which are of wood, resolving itself into ruins

How is it falling into ruins? Hark! I hear the crack- Boulogne: 1854.
ling of a great conflagration, and, looking up, I behold a vast cloud of flame and smoke. The ground is covered with hot cinders too, and people are flying into the fields and endeavouring to save their goods. This great fire, this great wind, this roaring noise! This is the great fire of London, and the first date upon the slate must be one, six, six, six—the year in which it happened!" And so on with all the other dates. There! ow, if you will take a cab and impart these mysteries Rogers, I shall be very glad to have his opinion of em.' Rogers had taxed our credulity with some wonful clairvoyant experiences of his own in Paris to which e was a parallel at last!

When leaving Paris for his third visit to Boulogne, at June 1856.
beginning of June 1856, he had not written a word of ninth number of his new book, and did not expect for other month to 'see land from the running sea of *Little orrit*.' He had resumed the house he first occupied, the Old residence resumed.
tage or villa 'des Moulineaux,' and after dawdling about his den for a few days with surprising industry in a French mer garb of blue blouse, leathern belt, and military cap, ich he had mounted as 'the only one for complete comfort,' wrote to me that he was getting 'Now to work again—work! The story lies before me, I hope, strong and clear. ot to be easily told; but nothing of that sort is to be asily done that *I* know of.' At work it became his bit to sit late, and then, putting off his usual walk until ht, to lie down among the roses reading until after tea middle-aged Love in a blouse and belt'), when he went

Boulogne: 1856.

down to the pier. 'The said pier at evening is a phase
'the place we never see, and which I hardly knew. I
The Pier at evening.
'I never did behold such specimens of the youth of
'country, male and female, as pervade that place. Th
'are really, in their vulgarity and insolence, quite d
'heartening. One is so fearfully ashamed of them, a
'they contrast so very unfavourably with the natives.' M
Wilkie Collins was again his companion in the summ
weeks, and the presence of Jerrold for the greater pa
of the time added much to his enjoyment.

Last of the Camp.

The last of the camp was now at hand. It had only
battalion of men in it, and a few days would see them ou
At first there was horrible weather, 'storms of wind, rush
'of rain, heavy squalls, cold airs, sea fogs, banging shutter
'flapping doors, and beaten down rose-trees by the hur
'dred;' but then came a delightful week among the cor
fields and bean fields, and afterwards the end. 'It look
'very singular and very miserable. The soil being sand
'and the grass having been trodden away these two years
'the wind from the sea carries the sand into the chink
'and ledges of all the doors and windows, and choke
'them;—just as if they belonged to Arab huts in th
'desert. A number of the non-commissioned officers mad
'turf-couches outside their huts, and there were turf or
'chestras for the bands to play in; all of which are fas
'getting sanded over in a most Egyptian manner. Th
'Fair is on, under the walls of the haute ville over the way
Crimean exploits at a Fair.
'At one popular show, the Malakhoff is taken every half
'hour between 4 and 11. Bouncing explosions announce
'every triumph of the French arms (the English have

othing to do with it); and in the intervals a man out- Boulogne: 1856.
de blows a railway whistle—straight into the dining- Old grudges.
om. Do you know that the French soldiers call the nglish medal "The Salvage Medal"—meaning that they t it for saving the English army? I don't suppose there e a thousand people in all France who believe that we d anything but get rescued by the French. And I am nfident that the no-result of our precious Chelsea enquiry s wonderfully strengthened this conviction. Nobody at me has yet any adequate idea, I am deplorably sure, what the Barnacles and the Circumlocution Office have me for us. But whenever we get into war again, the ople will begin to find out.'

His own household had got into a small war already, of A household war.
ch the commander-in-chief was his man-servant 'French,' bulk of the forces engaged being his children, and the aders two cats. Business brought him to London on hostilities breaking out, and on his return after a few s the story of the war was told. 'Dick,' it should be 'Dick' in danger.
, was a canary very dear both to Dickens and his eldest ghter, who had so tamed to her loving hand its wild e heart that it was become the most docile of com- ions.* 'The only thing new in this garden is that war raging against two particularly tigerish and fearful cats m the mill, I suppose), which are always glaring in k corners, after our wonderful little Dick. Keeping e house open at all points, it is impossible to shut them The two invaders.
, and they hide themselves in the most terrific manner:

*Dick died at Gadshill in 1866, in the sixteenth year of his age, and was ured with a small tomb and epitaph.

Boulogne: 1856.

Feline foes.

'hanging themselves up behind draperies, like bats, a
'tumbling out in the dead of night with frightful cat
'waulings. Hereupon, French borrows Beaucourt's gu
'loads the same to the muzzle, discharges it twice in va
'and throws himself over with the recoil, exactly like
'clown. But at last (while I was in town) he aims at t
'more amiable cat of the two, and shoots that animal dea
'Insufferably elated by this victory, he is now engag
'from morning to night in hiding behind bushes to g
'aim at the other. He does nothing else whatever. A
'the boys encourage him and watch for the enemy—
'whose appearance they give an alarm which immediate
'serves as a warning to the creature, who runs away. The

Household troops.

'are at this moment (ready dressed for church) all lying o
'their stomachs in various parts of the garden. Horrib
'whistles give notice to the gun what point it is to a
'proach. I am afraid to go out, lest I should be shot. M
'Plornish says his prayers at night in a whisper, lest th
'cat should overhear him and take offence. The trade
'men cry out as they come up the avenue, "Me voic

State of siege.

'"C'est moi—boulanger—ne tirez pas, Monsieur Franche!
'It is like living in a state of siege; and the wonderf
'manner in which the cat preserves the character of bein
'the only person not much put out by the intensity of th
'monomania, is most ridiculous.' (6th of July.) . . . 'Abou
'four pounds of powder and half a ton of shot have bee
'(13th of July) fired off at the cat (and the public in general
'during the week. The finest thing is that immediatel
'after I have heard the noble sportsman blazing away a
'her in the garden in front, I look out of my room doo

o the drawing-room, and am pretty sure to see her ming in after the birds, in the calmest manner, by the ck window. Intelligence has been brought to me from ource on which I can rely, that French has newly con- ved the atrocious project of tempting her into the coach- use by meat and kindness, and there, from an elevated rtmanteau, blowing her head off. This I mean sternly interdict, and to do so to-day as a work of piety.'

BOULOGNE: 1856.

Indifference of the enemy.

esides the graver work which Mr. Wilkie Collins and self were busy with, in these months, and by which *usehold Words* mainly was to profit, some lighter matters pied the leisure of both. There were to be, at Christ- theatricals again at Tavistock House; in which the dren, with the help of their father and other friends, e to follow up the success of the *Lighthouse* by again itting themselves as grown-up actors; and Mr. Collins busy preparing for them a new drama to be called *The zen Deep*, while Dickens was sketching a farce for Mr. on to fill in. But this pleasant employment had sudden sad interruption.

Preparing for Christmas.

n epidemic broke out in the town, affecting the chil- n of several families known to Dickens, among them of his friend Mr. Gilbert A'Becket; who, upon arriv- from Paris, and finding a favourite little son stricken gerously, sank himself under an illness from which he been suffering, and died two days after the boy. had for three days shown symptoms of rallying, and had some hope of his recovery; but he sank and d, and never even knew that the child had gone before n. A sad, sad story.' Dickens meanwhile had sent

Deaths in the town.

Gilbert A'Becket.

Boulogne: 1856.

his own children home with his wife, and the rest st followed. Poor M. Beaucourt was inconsolable. 'The de 'lation of the place is wretched. When Mamey and Ka 'went, Beaucourt came in and wept. He really is alm 'broken-hearted about it. He had planted all manner 'flowers for next month, and has thrown down the spa 'and left off weeding the garden, so that it looks son 'thing like a dreary bird-cage with all manner of grass 'and chickweeds sticking through the bars and lying 'the sand. "Such a loss too," he says, "for Monsie '"Dickens!" Then he looks in at the kitchen windo '(which seems to be his only relief), and sighs himself u 'the hill home.' *

Leaving for England.

M. Beaucourt's grief.

The interval of residence in Paris between these tw last visits to Boulogne is now to be described.

* I cannot take leave of M. Beaucourt without saying that I am necessari silent as to the most touching traits recorded of him by Dickens, because th refer to the generosity shown by him to an English family in occupation another of his houses, in connection with whom his losses must have been co siderable, but for whom he had nothing but help and sympathy. Replying some questions about them, put by Dickens one day, he had only enlarged their sacrifices and self-denials. 'Ah that family, unfortunate! "Ar '"you, Monsieur Beaucourt," I said to him, "you are unfortunate too, G '"knows!" Upon which he said in the pleasantest way in the world, A 'Monsieur Dickens, thank you, don't speak of it!—And backed himself dow 'the avenue with his cap in his hand, as if he were going to back himse 'straight into the evening star, without the ceremony of dying first. I nev 'did see such a gentle, kind heart.'

The goodness of M. Beaucourt.

CHAPTER V.

RESIDENCE IN PARIS.

1855—1856.

PARIS: 1855-6.

W Paris Dickens's life was passed among artists, and ne exercise of his own art. His associates were writers, tters, actors, or musicians, and when he wanted relief a any strain of work he found it at the theatre. years since his last residence in the great city had e him better known, and the increased attentions sed him. He had to help in preparing for a trans- n of his books into French; and this, with continued ur at the story he had in hand, occupied him as long e remained. It will be all best told by extracts from letters; in which the people he met, the theatres isited, and the incidents, public or private, that seemed im worthy of mention, reappear with the old force and iiness.

Actors and dramas.

or is anything better worth preserving from them than e bits of description of an actor or a drama, for this shable enjoyment has only so much as may survive out ch recollections to witness for itself to another genera- ; and an unusually high place may be challenged for subtlety and delicacy of what is said in these letters of gs theatrical, when the writer was especially attracted

PARIS: 1855-6.

Ante, 75.

by a performer or a play. Frédéric Lemaitre has ne
had a higher tribute than Dickens paid to him during
few days' earlier stay at Paris in the spring.

'Incomparably the finest acting I ever saw, I saw l
'night at the Ambigu. They have revived that old pie
'once immensely popular in London under the name
'*Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life.* Old Lemaitre pla
'his famous character,* and never did I see anything, in a
'so exaltedly horrible and awful. In the earlier acts he w
'so well made up, and so light and active, that he real
'looked sufficiently young. But in the last two, when h

Criticism of Frédéric Lemaitre.

'had grown old and miserable, he did the finest things,
'really believe, that are within the power of acting. Tw
'or three times, a great cry of horror went all round th
'house. When he met, in the inn yard, the traveller whon
'he murders, and first saw his money, the manner in whic
'the crime came into his head—and eyes—was as truthfu
'as it was terrific. This traveller, being a good fellow, give
'him wine. You should see the dim remembrance of hi
'better days that comes over him as he takes the glass, an
'in a strange dazed way makes as if he were going to touc
'the other man's, or do some airy thing with it; and the
'stops and flings the contents down his hot throat, as if h
'were pouring it into a lime-kiln. But this was nothing t
'what follows after he has done the murder, and come
'home, with a basket of provisions, a ragged pocket full o
'money, and a badly-washed bloody right hand—whic

* Twenty-one years before this date, in this same part, Lemaitre had mad
a deep impression in London; and now, eighteen years later, he is appearing i
one of the revivals of Victor Hugo in Paris. (1873.)

little girl finds out. After the child asked him if he l hurt his hand, his going aside, turning himself round, l looking over all his clothes for spots, was so inex-ssibly dreadful that it really scared one. He called wine, and the sickness that came upon him when he w the colour, was one of the things that brought out curious cry I have spoken of, from the audience. en he fell into a sort of bloody mist, and went on to end groping about, with no mind for anything, except king his fortune by staking this money, and a faint l kind of love for the child. It is quite impossible to isfy one's-self by saying enough of such a magnificent rformance. I have never seen him come near its finest nts, in anything else. He said two things in a way t alone would put him far apart from all other actors. e to his wife, when he has exultingly shewn her the ney and she has asked him how he got it—"I found "—and the other to his old companion and tempter, en he charged him with having killed that traveller, l he suddenly went headlong mad and took him by throat and howled out, "It wasn't I who murdered im—it was Misery!" And such a dress; such a face; l, above all, such an extraordinary guilty wicked thing he made of a knotted branch of a tree which was his lking-stick, from the moment when the idea of the rder came into his head! I could write pages about n. It is an impression quite ineffaceable. He got f-boastful of that walking-staff to himself, and half-aid of it; and didn't know whether to be grimly pleased t it had the jagged end, or to hate it and be horrified

Last scene in the *Gambler's Life* described.

PARIS: 1855-6.

'at it. He sat at a little table in the inn-yard, drinki
'with the traveller; and this horrible stick got betwe
'them like the Devil, while he counted on his fingers t
'uses he could put the money to.'

That was at the close of February. In October, Dickens
longer residence began. He betook himself with his famil
after two unsuccessful attempts in the new region of t
Rue Balzac and Rue Lord Byron, to an apartment in th
Avenue des Champs Elysées. Over him was an Englis
bachelor with an establishment consisting of an Englis
Bachelor 'Six.' groom and five English horses. 'The concierge and his wif
'told us that his name was *Six*, which drove me nearl
'mad until we discovered it to be *Sykes*.' The situatio
was a good one, very cheerful for himself and with amuse
ment for his children. It was a quarter of a mile abov
Franconi's on the other side of the way, and within a doo
or two of the Jardin d'Hiver. The Exposition was jus
below; the Barrière de l'Etoile from a quarter to half a
mile below; and all Paris, including Emperor and Empres
coming from and returning to St. Cloud, thronged past th
windows in open carriages or on horseback, all day long
Increase of celebrity. Now it was he found himself more of a celebrity than whe
he had wintered in the city nine years before;* th

* 'It is surprising what a change nine years have made in my notoriet
'here. So many of the rising French generation now read English (and *Chuz*
'*zlewit* is now being translated daily in the *Moniteur*), that I can't go into a
'shop and give my card without being acknowledged in the pleasantest wa
Personal attentions. 'possible. A curiosity-dealer brought home some little knick-knacks I ha
'bought, the other night, and knew all about my books from beginning to en
'of 'em. There is much of the personal friendliness in my readers, here, that i
'so delightful at home; and I have been greatly surprised and pleased by th
'unexpected discovery.' To this I may add a line from one of his letters si

...lleton of the *Moniteur* was filled daily with a translation ... *Thuzzlewit;* and he had soon to consider the proposal ...ave named, to publish in French his collected novels and ...s.* Before he had been a week in his new abode, Ary ...effer, 'a frank and noble fellow,' had made his acquaint...e; introduced him to several distinguished Frenchmen; ... expressed the wish to paint him. To Scheffer was ... due an advantage obtained for my friend's two little ...ghters of which they may always keep the memory with

PARIS: 1855-6.

Ary Scheffer.

Daniel Manin.

... later. 'I see my books in French at every railway station great and ...all.'—13th of Oct. 1862.

French translation of Dickens.

... 'I forget whether' (6th of Jan. 1856) 'I have already told you that I have ...ived a proposal from a responsible bookselling house here, for a complete ...tion, authorized by myself, of a French translation of all my books. The ...ms involve questions of space and amount of matter; but I should say, ...a rough calculation, that I shall get about £300 by it—perhaps £50 ...re.' 'I have arranged' (30th of Jan.) 'with the French bookselling house ...receive, by monthly payments of £40, the sum of £440 for the right to ...nslate all my books: that is, what they call my Romances, and what I ... my Stories. This does not include the Christmas Books, *American Notes*, ...*tures from Italy*, or the *Sketches;* but they are to have the right to ...nslate them for extra payments if they choose. In consideration of this ...ture as to the unprotected property, I cede them the right of translating ... future Romances at a thousand francs (£40) each. Considering that I ... so much for what is otherwise worth nothing, and get my books before ...clever and important a people, I think this is not a bad move?' The first ...d with whom he advised about it, I should mention, was the famous ...ig publisher, M. Tauchnitz, in whose judgment, as well as in his honour ...good faith, he had implicit reliance, and who thought the offer fair. On ...17th of April he wrote: 'On Monday I am going to dine with all my ...nslators at Hachette's, the bookseller who has made the bargain for the ...plete edition, and who began this week to pay his monthly £40 for a ...r. I don't mean to go out any more. Please to imagine me in the ...st of my French dressers.' He wrote an address for the Edition in which ...raised the liberality of his publishers and expressed his pride in being so ...ented to the French people whom he sincerely loved and honoured. ...ther word may be added. 'It is rather appropriate that the French ...nslation edition will pay my rent for the whole year, and travelling ...rges to boot.'—24th of Feb. 1856.

M. von Tauchnitz.

PARIS: 1855-6.

pride. 'Mamey and Katey are learning Italian, and th
'master is Manin of Venetian fame, the best and the nobl
'of those unhappy gentlemen. He came here with a w
'and a beloved daughter, and they are both dead. Schefi
'made him known to me, and has been, I understand, wo
'derfully generous and good to him.' Nor may I omit to sta
the enjoyment afforded him, not only by the presence
Paris during the winter of Mr. Wilkie Collins and of M
and Mrs. White of Bonchurch, but by the many friends fro
England whom the Art Exposition brought over. Sir Ale
ander Cockburn was one of these; Edwin Landseer, Charl
Robert Leslie, and William Boxall, were others. Macread
left his retreat at Sherborne to make him a visit of sever
days. Thackeray went to and fro all the time betwee
London and his mother's house, also in the Champs El
sées, where his daughters were. And Paris for the tim
was the home of Robert Lytton, who belonged to the Em
bassy, of the Sartorises, of the Brownings, and of othe
whom Dickens liked and cared for.

English friends. ii. 394-5.

At the first play he went to, the performance wa
stopped while the news of the last Crimean engagemen
just issued in a supplement to the *Moniteur*, was rea
from the stage. 'It made not the faintest effect upon th
'audience; and even the hired claqueurs, who had bee
'absurdly loud during the piece, seemed to consider th
'war not at all within their contract, and were as stagna
'as ditch-water. The theatre was full. It is quite impo
'sible to see such apathy, and suppose the war to be popu
'lar, whatever may be asserted to the contrary.' The da
before, he had met the Emperor and the King of Sardini

Unpopularity of the war.

Victor Emmanuel's visit.

the streets, 'and, as usual, no man touching his hat, and very very few so much as looking round.' PARIS: 1855-6.

The success of a most agreeable little piece by our old friend Regnier took him next to the Français, where Bressy's acting enchanted him. 'Of course the interest of it turns upon a flawed piece of living china (*that* seems to be positively essential), but, as in most of these cases, if you will accept the position in which you find the people, you have nothing more to bother your morality about.' The theatre in the Rue Richelieu, however, was not generally his favourite resort. He used to talk of it whimsically as a kind of tomb, where you went, as the Eastern people did in the stories, to think of your unsuccessful loves and dead relations. 'There is a dreary classicality at that establishment calculated to freeze the marrow. Between ourselves, even one's best friends there are at times very aggravating. One tires of seeing a man, through any number of acts, remembering everything by patting his forehead with the heat of his hand, jerking out sentences by shaking himself, and piling them up in pyramids over his head with his right forefinger. And they have a generic small comedy-piece, where you see two sofas and three little tables, to which a man enters with his hat on, to talk to another man—and in respect of which you know exactly when he will get up from one sofa to sit on the other, and take his hat off one table to put it upon the other—which strikes one quite as ludicrously as a good farce.*

Flawed pieces of china.

Classicality.

Conventionalities of the Français.

* He wrote a short and very comical account of one of these stock performances at the Français in which he brought out into strong relief all their conventionalities and formal habits, their regular surprises surprising nobody,

PARIS: 1855-6.

'. . . There seems to be a good piece at the Vaudeville, I
'the idea of the *Town and Country Mouse.* It is i
'respectable and inoffensive for me to-night, but I hope
'see it before I leave . . . I have a horrible idea of maki
'friends with Franconi, and sauntering when I am at wo
'into their sawdust green-room.'

At a theatre of a yet heavier school than the Franç he had a drearier experience. 'On Wednesday we went 'the Odéon to see a new piece, in four acts and in ver

Michel Cervantes.

'called *Michel Cervantes.* I suppose such an infernal dose 'ditch water never was concocted. But there were certa 'passages, describing the suppression of public opinion 'Madrid, which were received with a shout of sava 'application to France that made one stare again! A 'once more, here again, at every pause, steady, compac 'regular as military drums, the Ça Ira!' On another nig even at the Porte St. Martin, drawn there doubtless by t attraction of repulsion, he supped full with the horrors

Dumas' Orestes.

classicality at a performance of *Orestes* versified by Ale andre Dumas. 'Nothing have I ever seen so weighty a 'so ridiculous. If I had not already learnt to tremble 'the sight of classic drapery on the human form, I shou 'have plumbed the utmost depths of terrified boredom 'this achievement. The chorus is not preserved otherwi 'than that bits of it are taken out for characters to spea 'It is really so bad as to be almost good. Some of t 'Frenchified classical anguish struck me as so unspeakab 'ridiculous that it puts me on the broad grin as I write.'

and their mysterious disclosures of immense secrets known to everybody befo hand, which he meant for *Household Words;* but it occurred to him tha might give pain to Regnier, and he destroyed it.

At the same theatre, in the early spring, he had a somewhat livelier entertainment. 'I was at the Porte St. Martin last night, where there is a rather good melodrama called *Sang Mêlé*, in which one of the characters is an English lord—Lord William Falkland—who is called throughout the piece Milor Williams Fack Lorn, and is a hundred times described by others and described by himself as Williams. He is admirably played; but two English travelling ladies are beyond expression ridiculous, and there is something positively vicious in their utter want of truth. One "set," where the action of a whole act is supposed to take place in the great wooden verandah of a Swiss hotel overhanging a mountain ravine, is the best piece of stage carpentering I have seen in France. Next week we are to have at the Ambigu *Paradise Lost*, with the murder of Abel, and the Deluge. The wildest rumours are afloat as to the un-dressing of our first parents.' Anticipation far outdoes a reality of this kind; and at the fever-pitch to which rumours raised it here, Dickens might vainly have attempted to get admission on the first night, if Mr. Webster, the English manager and comedian, had not obtained a ticket for him. He went with Mr. Wilkie Collins. 'We were rung in (out of the café below the Ambigu) at 8, and the play was over at half-past 1: the waits between the acts being very much longer than the acts themselves. The house was crammed to excess in every part, and the galleries awful with Blouses, who again, during the whole of the waits, beat with the regularity of military drums the revolutionary tune of famous memory—Ça Ira! The play is a compound of *Paradise*

PARIS: 1855-6.

Milor Williams Fack Lorn.

Paradise Lost at the Ambigu.

Ça Ira!

PARIS: 1855-6.

'*Lost* and Byron's *Cain;* and some of the controv
'sies between the archangel and the devil, when
'celestial power argues with the infernal in conversatio
'French, as "Eh bien! Satan, crois-tu donc que no
'"Seigneur t'aurait exposé aux tourments que t'endure
'"présent, sans avoir prévu," &c. &c. are very ridiculo

Natural and supernatural.

'All the supernatural personages are alarmingly natu
'(as theatre nature goes), and walk about in the stupid
'way. Which has occasioned Collins and myself to ins
'tute a perquisition whether the French ever have sho
'any kind of idea of the supernatural; and to decide t
'rather in the negative. The people are very well dress
'and Eve very modestly. All Paris and the provinces h
'been ransacked for a woman who had brown hair that wo
'fall to the calves of her legs—and she was found at l
'at the Odéon. There was nothing attractive until the
'act, when there was a pretty good scene of the child
'of Cain dancing in, and desecrating, a temple, while A
'and his family were hammering hard at the Ark, outsi

Profane nonsense.

'in all the pauses of the revel. The Deluge in the fi
'act was up to about the mark of a drowning scene at
'Adelphi; but it had one new feature. When the r
'ceased, and the ark drove in on the great expanse
'water, then lying waveless as the mists cleared and
'sun broke out, numbers of bodies drifted up and do
'These were all real men and boys, each separate, o
'new kind of horizontal sloat. They looked horrible a
'real. Altogether, a merely dull business; but I dare
'it will go for a long while.'

A piece of honest farce is a relief from these profa

surdities. 'An uncommonly droll piece with an original PARIS: 1855-6.
pmic idea in it has been in course of representation here.
; is called *Les Cheveux de ma Femme.* A man who is
otingly fond of his wife, and who wishes to know whether
ne loved anybody else before they were married, cuts off
lock of her hair by stealth, and takes it to a great mes- Good farce.
eriser, who submits it to a clairvoyante who never was
rong. It is discovered that the owner of this hair has
en up to the most frightful dissipations, insomuch that
e clairvoyante can't mention half of them. The dis-
acted husband goes home to reproach his wife, and she
en reveals that she wears a wig, and takes it off.'

The last piece he went to see before leaving Paris was a
nch version of *As You Like It;* but he found two acts
t to be more than enough. 'In *Comme il vous Plaira* French *As You Like It.*
body had anything to do but to sit down as often as
ssible on as many stones and trunks of trees as possible.
hen I had seen Jacques seat himself on 17 roots of trees,
d 25 grey stones, which was at the end of the second act,
came away.' Only one more sketch taken in a theatre,
l perhaps the best, I will give from these letters. It
ply tells us what is necessary to understand a particular
g' to a play, but it is related so prettily that the thing
elebrates could not have a nicer effect than is produced
this account of it. The play in question, *Mémoires du*
ble, and another piece of enchanting interest, the
*decin des Enfants,** were his favourites among all he

*Before he saw this he wrote: 'That piece you spoke of (the *Médecin des Enfants*) is one of the very best melodramas I have ever read. Situations, admirable. I will send it to you by Landseer. I am very curious indeed to read and see it; and it is an instance to me of the powerful emotions from which *Médecin des Enfants.*

Paris: 1855–6.

saw at this time. 'As I have no news, I may as well t
'you about the tag that I thought so pretty to the *Mémoi*
'*du Diable;* in which piece by the way, there is a m
'admirable part, most admirably played, in which a m
'says merely "Yes" or "No" all through the piece, ur
'the last scene. A certain M. Robin has got hold of t
'papers of a deceased lawyer, concerning a certain est
'which has been swindled away from its rightful owner
'Baron's widow, into other hands. They disclose so mu
'roguery that he binds them up into a volume letter

Story of a French drama.

'"Mémoires du Diable." The knowledge he derives fr
'these papers not only enables him to unmask the hyp
'crites all through the piece (in an excellent manner), b
'induces him to propose to the Baroness that if he resto
'to her her estate and good name—for even her marria
'to the deceased Baron is denied—she shall give him h
'daughter in marriage. The daughter herself, on heari
'the offer, accepts it; and a part of the plot is, her going
'a masked ball, to which he goes as the Devil, to see h
'she likes him (when she finds, of course, that she lik
'him very much). The country people about the Châte
'in dispute, suppose him to be really the Devil, because
'his strange knowledge, and his strange comings and going

'art is shut out in England by the conventionalities.' After seeing it writes: 'The low cry of excitement and expectation that goes round the ho
'when any one of the great situations is felt to be coming, is very remarka
'indeed. I suppose there has not been so great a success of the genuine
'worthy kind (for the authors have really taken the French dramatic bull
'the horns, and put the adulterous wife in the right position), for m
'years. When you come over and see it, you will say you never saw anyth
'so admirably done. There is one actor, Bignon (M. Delormel), who ha
'good deal of Macready in him; sometimes looks very like him; and w
'seems to me the perfection of manly good sense.' 17th of April 1856.

nd he, being with this girl in one of its old rooms, in ne beginning of the 3rd act, shews her a little coffer on he table with a bell in it. "They suppose," he tells her, that whenever this bell is rung, I appear and obey the summons. Very ignorant, isn't it? But, if you ever want me particularly—very particularly—ring the little bell and try." The plot proceeds to its development. he wrong-doers are exposed; the missing document, roving the marriage, is found; everything is finished; ey are all on the stage; and M. Robin hands the paper the Baroness. "You are reinstated in your rights, Madame; you are happy; I will not hold you to a com-pact made when you didn't know me; I release you and your fair daughter; the pleasure of doing what I have done, is my sufficient reward; I kiss your hand and take my leave. Farewell!" He backs himself courteously out; e piece seems concluded, everybody wonders, the girl ttle Mdlle. Luther) stands amazed; when she suddenly members the little bell. In the prettiest way possible, e runs to the coffer on the table, takes out the little ll, rings it, and he comes rushing back and folds her to s heart. I never saw a prettier thing in my life. It ade me laugh in that most delightful of ways, with the rs in my eyes; so that I can never forget it, and must and see it again.'

PARIS: 1855-6.

Mémoires du Diable.

Delightful close to a play.

But great as was the pleasure thus derived from the atre, he was, in the matter of social intercourse, even re indebted to distinguished men connected with it by horship or acting. At Scribe's he was entertained fre-ntly; and 'very handsome and pleasant' was his account

At M. Scribe's.

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of the dinners, as of all the belongings, of the prol
dramatist—a charming place in Paris, a fine estate in t
country, capital carriage, handsome pair of horses, '
'made, as he says, by his pen.' One of the guests the fi
evening was Auber, 'a stolid little elderly man, rath
'petulant in manner,' who told Dickens he had once liv
'at Stock Noonton' (Stoke Newington) to study Englis
Auber and Queen Victoria.
but had forgotten it all. 'Louis Philippe had invited hi
'to meet the Queen of England, and when L. P. present
'him, the Queen said "We are such old acquaintanc
'"through M. Auber's works, that an introduction is qui
'"unnecessary."' They met again a few nights later, wi
the author of the *History of the Girondins*, at the ho
Lamartine.
pitable table of M. Pichot, to whom Lamartine had e
pressed a strong desire again to meet Dickens as 'un d
'grands amis de son imagination.' 'He continues to
ii. 303.
'precisely as we formerly knew him, both in appearan
'and manner; highly propossessing, and with a sort
'calm passion about him, very taking indeed. We talk
'of De Foe* and Richardson, and of that wonderful geni

* I subjoin from another of these French letters of later date a remark
Robinson Crusoe. 'You remember my saying to you some time ago how curio
'I thought it that *Robinson Crusoe* should be the only instance of an univ
'sally popular book that could make no one laugh and could make no one c
'I have been reading it again just now, in the course of my numerous refre
'ings at those English wells, and I will venture to say that there is not
Robinson Crusoe.
'literature a more surprising instance of an utter want of tenderness and se
'timent, than the death of Friday. It is as heartless as *Gil Blas*, in a ve
'different and far more serious way. But the second part altogether will n
'bear enquiry. In the second part of *Don Quixote* are some of the fin
'things. But the second part of *Robinson Crusoe* is perfectly contemptib
'in the glaring defect that it exhibits the man who was 30 years on th
'desert island with no visible effect made on his character by that experienc
'De Foe's women too—Robinson Crusoe's wife for instance—are terrible d

Paris: 1855-6.

the minutest details in a narrative, which has given m so much fame in France. I found him frank and affected, and full of curious knowledge of the French mmon people. He informed the company at dinner t he had rarely met a foreigner who spoke French so ily as your inimitable correspondent, whereat your respondent blushed modestly, and almost immediately erwards so nearly choked himself with the bone of a l (which is still in his throat), that he sat in torture ten minutes with a strong apprehension that he was ng to make the good Pichot famous by dying like the le Hunchback at his table. Scribe and his wife were he party, but had to go away at the ice-time because vas the first representation at the Opéra Comique of a opera by Auber and himself, of which very great ex-tations have been formed. It was very curious to see —the author of 400 pieces—getting nervous as the e approached, and pulling out his watch every minute. last he dashed out as if he were going into what a nd of mine calls a plunge-bath. Whereat she rose followed. She is the most extraordinary woman I beheld; for her eldest son must be thirty, and she the figure of five-and-twenty, and is strikingly hand-e. So graceful too, that her manner of rising, curt-ng, laughing, and going out after him, was pleasanter n the pleasantest thing I have ever seen done on the e.' The opera Dickens himself saw a week later, and

A compliment and its result.

Scribe's author-anxieties.

Madame Scribe.

onplace fellows without breeches; and I have no doubt he was a pre-dry and disagreeable article himself—I mean De Foe: not Robinson. dear Goldsmith (I remember as I write) derived the same impression.'

PARIS: 1855-6.

wrote of it as 'most charming. Delightful music, an e
'cellent story, immense stage tact, capital scenic arrang
'ments, and the most delightful little prima donna ev
'seen or heard, in the person of Marie Cabel. It is call

Manon Lescaut.

'*Manon Lescaut*—from the old romance—and is charmi
'throughout. She sings a laughing song in it which
'received with madness, and which is the only real laug
'ing song that ever was written. Auber told me that wh
'it was first rehearsed, it made a great effect upon t
'orchestra; and that he could not have had a better co
'pliment upon its freshness than the musical director pa
'him, in coming and clapping him on the shoulder wi
'"Bravo, jeune homme! Cela promet bien!"'

At M. Regnier's.

At dinner at Regnier's he met M. Legouvet, in who
tragedy Rachel, after its acceptance, had refused to a
Medea; a caprice which had led not only to her condem
ation in costs of so much a night until she did act it, b
to a quasi rivalry against her by Ristori, who was now
her way to Paris to play it in Italian. To this performan
Dickens and Macready subsequently went together, a
pronounced it to be hopelessly bad. 'In the day ente

Ristori.

'tainments, and little melodrama theatres, of Italy, I ha
'seen the same thing fifty times, only not at once so co
'ventional and so exaggerated. The papers have all bee
'in fits respecting the sublimity of the performance, a
'the genuineness of the applause—particularly of the bo
'quets; which were thrown on at the most prepostero
'times in the midst of agonizing scenes, so that the chara
'ters had to pick their way among them, and a certain sto
'gentleman who played King Creon was obliged to keep

ary eye, all night, on the proscenium boxes, and dodge em as they came down. Now Scribe, who dined here next y (and who follows on the Ristori side, being offended, everybody has been, by the insolence of Rachel), could t resist the temptation of telling us, that, going round the end of the first act to offer his congratulations, he t all the bouquets coming back in men's arms to be rown on again in the second act. . . . By the bye, I a fine actor lost in Scribe. In all his pieces he has erything done in his own way; and on that same night was showing what Rachel did not do, and wouldn't do, the last scene of Adrienne Lecouvreur, with extraordiry force and intensity.'

t the house of another great artist, Madame Viardot,* sister of Malibran, Dickens dined to meet Georges Sand, lady having appointed the day and hour for the insting festival, which came off duly on the 10th of

PARIS: 1855-6.

Serviceable bouquets.

An actor lost in Scribe.

Meets Georges Sand.

*When in Paris six years later Dickens saw this fine singer in an opera by , and the reader will not be sorry to have his description of it. 'Last night w Madame Viardot do Gluck's Orphée. It is a most extraordinary perance—pathetic in the highest degree, and full of quite sublime acting. gh it is unapproachably fine from first to last, the beginning of it, at tomb of Eurydice, is a thing that I cannot remember at this moment of ing, without emotion. It is the finest presentation of grief that I can gine. And when she has received hope from the Gods, and encouragement o into the other world and seek Eurydice, Viardot's manner of taking the quished lyre from the tomb and becoming radiant again, is most noble. she recognizes Eurydice's touch, when at length the hand is put in hers behind, like a most transcendant genius. And when, yielding to Eurys entreaties she has turned round and slain her with a look, her despair the body is grand in the extreme. It is worth a journey to Paris to for there is no such Art to be otherwise looked upon. Her husband bled over me by mere chance, and took me to her dressing-room. Nothing l have happened better as a genuine homage to the performance, for I disfigured with crying.'—30th of November 1862.

Viardot in Orphée.

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January. 'I suppose it to be impossible to imagine an
'body more unlike my preconceptions than the illustrio
'Sand. Just the kind of woman in appearance whom y
'might suppose to be the Queen's monthly nurse. Chubb
'matronly, swarthy, black-eyed. Nothing of the blu
'stocking about her, except a little final way of settli
'all your opinions with hers, which I take to have be
'acquired in the country where she lives, and in the dom
'nation of a small circle. A singularly ordinary woman
'appearance and manner. The dinner was very good a
'remarkably unpretending. Ourselves, Madame and h
'son, the Scheffers, the Sartorises, and some Lady som
'body (from the Crimea last) who wore a species of paleto
'and smoked. The Viardots have a house away in th
'new part of Paris, which looks exactly as if they ha
'moved into it last week and were going away nex
'Notwithstanding which, they have lived in it eight yea
'The opera the very last thing on earth you would associa
'with the family. Piano not even opened. Her husban
'is an extremely good fellow, and she is as natural as it
'possible to be.'

Madame Dudevant at the Viardots.

Dickens was hardly the man to take fair measure
Madame Dudevant in meeting her thus. He was n
familiar with her writings, and had no very special likin
for such of them as he knew. But no disappointmen
nothing but amazement, awaited him at a dinner tha
followed soon after. Emile de Girardin gave a banqu
in his honour. His description of it, which he declares t
be strictly prosaic, sounds a little Oriental, but not in
appropriately so. 'No man unacquainted with my dete

Banquet at Girardin's.

nination never to embellish or fancify such accounts, PARIS: 1855-6.
ould believe in the description I shall let off when we
neet of dining at Emile Girardin's—of the three gorgeous Dining-room.
rawing rooms with ten thousand wax candles in golden
conces, terminating in a dining-room of unprecedented
nagnificence with two enormous transparent plate-glass
oors in it, looking (across an ante-chamber full of clean
lates) straight into the kitchen, with the cooks in their Kitchen.
hite paper caps dishing the dinner. From his seat in
ne midst of the table, the host (like a Giant in a Fairy
ory) beholds the kitchen, and the snow-white tables,
nd the profound order and silence there prevailing.
orth from the plate-glass doors issues the Banquet—the
ost wonderful feast ever tasted by mortal: at the pre-
nt price of Truffles, that article alone costing (for eight Truffles.
eople) at least five pounds. On the table are ground
ass jugs of peculiar construction, laden with the finest
rowth of Champagne and the coolest ice. With the third
urse is issued Port Wine (previously unheard of in a
od state on this continent), which would fetch two
ineas a bottle at any sale. The dinner done, Oriental
owers in vases of golden cobweb are placed upon the
oard. With the ice is issued Brandy, buried for 100 Dessert.
ars. To that succeeds Coffee, brought by the brother of
e of the convives from the remotest East, in exchange
r an equal quantity of Californian gold dust. The com-
ny being returned to the drawing-room—tables roll in
unseen agency, laden with Cigarettes from the Hareem Cigarettes.
the Sultan, and with cool drinks in which the flavour of
e Lemon arrived yesterday from Algeria, struggles volup-

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'tuously with the delicate Orange arrived this morni
'from Lisbon. That period past, and the guests reposi
'on Divans worked with many-coloured blossoms, big tal
'rolls in, heavy with massive furniture of silver, and breat
'ing incense in the form of a little present of Tea dire
'from China—table and all, I believe; but cannot swear

What the host thought of the dinner.

'it, and am resolved to be prosaic. All this time the hc
'perpetually repeats "Ce petit dîner-ci n'est que pour fai
'"la connaissance de Monsieur Dickens; il ne comp
'"pas; ce n'est rien." And even now I have forgotten
'set down half of it—in particular the item of a far larg
'plum pudding than ever was seen in England at Chris
'mas time, served with a celestial sauce in colour like tl
'orange blossom, and in substance like the blossom po
'dered and bathed in dew, and called in the carte (car
'in a gold frame like a little fish-slice to be handed abou

National and personal compliment.

'"Hommage à l'illustre écrivain d'Angleterre." That illu
'trious man staggered out at the last drawing-room doc
'speechless with wonder, finally; and even at that mome
'his host, holding to his lips a chalice set with precio
'stones and containing nectar distilled from the air tha
'blew over the fields of beans in bloom for fifteen summe
'remarked "Le diner que nous avons eu, mon cher, n'e
'"rien—il ne compte pas—il a été tout-à-fait en famille-

Au revoir.

'"il faut dîner (en vérité, dîner) bientôt. Au plaisir! A
'"revoir! Au dîner!"'

The second dinner came, wonderful as the first; amon the company were Regnier, Jules Sandeau, and the ne

Second banquet.

Director of the Français; and his host again playe Lucullus in the same style, with success even more co

mmate. The only absolutely new incident however was at 'After dinner he asked me if I would come into another room and smoke a cigar? and on my saying Yes, coolly opened a drawer, containing about 5000 inestimable igars in prodigious bundles—just as the Captain of the Robbers in *Ali Baba* might have gone to a corner of the ave for bales of brocade. A little man dined who was lacking shoes 8 years ago, and is now enormously rich—ne richest man in Paris—having ascended with rapidity p the usual ladder of the Bourse. By merely observing at perhaps he might come down again, I clouded so many ces as to render it very clear to me that *everybody present* was at the same game for some stake or other!' He urned to that subject in a letter a few days later. 'If ou were to see the steps of the Bourse at about 4 in the fternoon, and the crowd of blouses and patches among the peculators there assembled, all howling and haggard with peculation, you would stand aghast at the consideration of hat must be going on. Concierges and people like that erpetually blow their brains out, or fly into the Seine, à cause des pertes sur la Bourse." I hardly ever take p a French paper without lighting on such a paragraph. n the other hand, thoroughbred horses without end, and ed velvet carriages with white kid harness on jet black orses, go by here all day long; and the pedestrians who urn to look at them, laugh, and say "C'est la Bourse!" uch crashes must be staved off every week as have not een seen since Law's time.'

Another picture connects itself with this, and throws ht on the speculation thus raging. The French loans

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One of the guests.

The Bourse and its victims.

Type of the Empire.

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connected with the war, so much puffed and praised England at the time for the supposed spirit in which th were taken up, had in fact only ministered to the commone and lowest gambling; and the war had never in the lea been popular. 'Emile Girardin,' wrote Dickens on th 23rd of March, 'was here yesterday, and he says that Pea 'is to be formally announced at Paris to-morrow amid gener 'apathy.' But the French are never wholly apathetic their own exploits; and a display with a touch of excit ment in it had been witnessed a couple of months befo on the entry of the troops from the Crimea,* when th Zouaves, as they marched past, pleased Dickens most. ' 'remarkable body of men,' he wrote, 'wild, dangerous, ar 'picturesque. Close-cropped head, red skull cap, Gree 'jacket, full red petticoat trowsers trimmed with yello 'and high white gaiters—the most sensible things for th 'purpose I know, and coming into use in the line. A ma 'with such things on his legs is always free there, ar 'ready for a muddy march; and might flounder throug

Feeling as to the war.

Entry of troops from Crimea.

* Here is another picture of Regiments in the Streets of which the date the 30th of January. 'It was cold this afternoon, as bright as Italy, ar 'these Elysian Fields crowded with carriages, riders, and foot passengers. A 'the fountains were playing, all the Heavens shining. Just as I went out '4 o'clock, several regiments that had passed out at the Barrière in the mor 'ing to exercise in the country, came marching back, in the straggling Frenc 'manner, which is far more picturesque and real than anything you can imagi 'in that way. Alternately great storms of drums played, and then the mo 'delicious and skilful bands, "Trovatore" music, "Barber of Seville" musi 'all sorts of music with well-marked melody and time. All bloused Par '(led by the Inimitable, and a poor cripple who works himself up and dow 'all day in a big-wheeled car) went at quick march down the avenue, in 'sort of hilarious dance. If the colours with the golden eagle on the top ha 'only been unfurled, we should have followed them anywhere, in any cause- 'much as the children follow Punches in the better cause of Comedy. Napoleo 'on the top of the Column seemed up to the whole thing, I thought.'

Regiments in the streets.

ads two feet deep in mud, and, simply by changing his Paris: 1855-6.
iters (he has another pair in his haversack), be clean
d comfortable and wholesome again, directly. Plenty
beard and moustache, and the musket carried reverse-
ise with the stock over the shoulder, make up the sun-
rnt Zouave. He strides like Bobadil, smoking as he The Zouave.
es; and when he laughs (they were under my window
r half-an-hour or so), plunges backward in the wildest
ay, as if he were going to throw a sommersault. They
ve a black dog belonging to the regiment, and, when
ey now marched along with their medals, this dog marched
ter the one non-commissioned officer he invariably
llows with a profound conviction that he was decorated.
couldn't see whether he had a medal, his hair being Dog of the regiment.
ng; but he was perfectly up to what had befallen his
giment; and I never saw anything so capital as his way
regarding the public. Whatever the regiment does, he
always in his place; and it was impossible to mistake
e air of modest triumph which was now upon him. 'A
all dog corporeally, but of a great mind.'* On that
at there was an illumination in honour of the army, when
'whole of Paris, bye streets and lanes and all sorts of
t of the way places, was most brilliantly illuminated. It Paris illuminated.
ked in the dark like Venice and Genoa rolled into one,
d split up through the middle by the Corso at Rome in
e carnival time. The French people certainly do know
w to honour their own countrymen, in a most marvel-
s way.' It was the festival time of the New Year, and

*Apropos of this, I may mention that the little shaggy white terrier who with him from America, so long a favourite in his household, had died age a few weeks before (5th of Oct. 1855) in Boulogne. Timber's death. ii. 4.

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Dickens was fairly lost in a mystery of amazement where the money could come from that everybody v spending on the étrennes they were giving to everybo else. All the famous shops on the Boulevards had be blockaded for more than a week. 'There is now a line 'wooden stalls, three miles long, on each side of th 'immense thoroughfare; and wherever a retiring hou 'or two admits of a double line, there it is. All sorts 'objects from shoes and sabots, through porcelain a 'crystal, up to live fowls and rabbits which are played 'at a sort of dwarf skittles (to their immense disturban 'as the ball rolls under them and shakes them off th 'shelves and perches whenever it is delivered by a vigoro 'hand), are on sale in this great Fair. And what you m 'get in the way of ornament for twopence, is astoundin Unhappily there came dark and rainy weather, and one the improvements of the Empire ended, as so many othe did, in slush and misery.*

Streets on New Year's Day.

Results of Imperial improvement.

* 'We have wet weather here—and dark too for these latitudes—and oce 'of mud. Although numbers of men are perpetually scooping and sweep 'it away in this thoroughfare, it accumulates under the windows so fast, a 'in such sludgy masses, that to get across the road is to get half over on 'shoes in the first outset of a walk.' . . . 'It is difficult,' he added (20th of Ja 'to picture the change made in this place by the removal of the paving sto '(too ready for barricades), and macadamization. It suits neither the clim 'nor the soil. We are again in a sea of mud. One cannot cross the road 'the Champs Elysées here, without being half over one's boots.' A few m days brought a welcome change. 'Three days ago the weather changed h 'in an hour, and we have had bright weather and hard frost ever since. 'the mud disappeared with marvellous rapidity, and the sky became Itali 'Taking advantage of such a happy change, I started off yesterday morni '(for exercise and meditation) on a scheme I have taken into my head, to wa 'round the walls of Paris. It is a very odd walk, and will make a go 'description. Yesterday I turned to the right when I got outside the Barri 'de l'Etoile, walked round the wall till I came to the river, and then enter

Round the walls.

Some sketches connected with the Art Exposition in the ter of 1855, and with the fulfilment of Ary Scheffer's ign to paint the portrait of Dickens, may close these is pictures. He did not think that English art showed dvantage beside the French. It seemed to him small, unken, insignificant, 'niggling.' He thought the gene- absence of ideas horribly apparent; 'and even when one mes to Mulready, and sees two old men talking over a uch-too-prominent table-cloth, and reads the French planation of their proceedings, "La discussion sur les rincipes de Docteur Whiston," one is dissatisfied. mehow or other they don't tell. Even Leslie's Sancho nts go, and Stanny is too much like a set-scene. It is no use disguising the fact that what we know to be nting in the men is wanting in their works—cha- ter, fire, purpose, and the power of using the vehicle l the model as mere means to an end. There is a rrible respectability about most of the best of them—a le, finite, systematic routine in them, strangely expres- e to me of the state of England itself. As a mere fact, th, Ward, and Egg, come out the best in such pictures are here, and attract to the greatest extent. The first, the picture from the Good-natured Man; the second, the Royal Family in the Temple; the third, in the er the Great first seeing Catherine—which I always ught a good picture, and in which foreigners evidently cry a sudden dramatic touch that pleases them. There no end of bad pictures among the French, but, Lord!

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Art-Exposition.

English and French art.

Popular English pictures.

s beyond the site of the Bastille. To-day I mean to turn to the left when outside the Barrière, and see what comes of that.'

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'the goodness also!—the fearlessness of them; the b
'drawing; the dashing conception; the passion and act
'in them!* The Belgian department is full of merit.
'has the best landscape in it, the best portrait, and
'best scene of homely life, to be found in the build

What English Art wants.

'Don't think it a part of my despondency about pu
'affairs, and my fear that our national glory is on the
'cline, when I say that mere form and conventionali
'usurp, in English art, as in English government a
'social relations, the place of living force and truth.
'tried to resist the impression yesterday, and went to
'English gallery first, and praised and admired with gr
'diligence; but it was of no use. I could not make a
'thing better of it than what I tell you. Of course thi
'between ourselves. Friendship is better than criticis
'and I shall steadily hold my tongue. Discussion is wo
'than useless when you cannot agree about what you

French and English nature.

'going to discuss.' French nature is all wrong, said the E
lish artists whom Dickens talked to; but surely not becau
it is French, was his reply. The English point of view
not the only one to take men and women from. The Fren
pictures are 'theatrical,' was the rejoinder. But the Fren
themselves are a demonstrative and gesticulating peop

* This was much the tone of Edwin Landseer also, whose praise of Hor
Vernet was nothing short of rapture; and how well I remember the hum
of his description of the Emperor on the day when the prizes were given, a
as his old friend the great painter came up, the comical expression in his f
that said plainly 'What a devilish odd thing this is altogether, isn't it
composing itself to gravity as he took Edwin by the hand, and said in cor
English 'I am very glad to see you.' He stood, Landseer told us, in a rec
so arranged as to produce a clear echo of every word he said, and this ha
startling effect. In the evening of that day Dickens, Landseer, Boxall, Le
'and three others' dined together in the Palais Royal.

The Emperor and Edwin Landseer.

; Dickens's retort ; and what thus is rendered by their sts is the truth through an immense part of the world. never saw anything so strange. They seem to me to ve got a fixed idea that there is no natural manner but e English manner (in itself so exceptional that it is a ing apart, in all countries) ; and that unless a French- n—represented as going to the guillotine for example is as calm as Clapham, or as respectable as Richmond- l, he cannot be right.' PARIS. 1855-6.

o the sittings at Ary Scheffer's some troubles as well many pleasures were incident, and both had mention his letters. 'You may faintly imagine what I have ffered from sitting to Scheffer every day since I came k. He is a most noble fellow, and I have the greatest asure in his society, and have made all sorts of uaintances at his house ; but I can scarcely express w uneasy and unsettled it makes me to have to sit, sit, with *Little Dorrit* on my mind, and the Christmas siness too—though that is now happily dismissed. On nday afternoon, *and all day on Wednesday,* I am ng to sit again. And the crowning feature is, that I not discern the slightest resemblance, either in his trait or his brother's ! They both peg away at me at same time.' The sittings were varied by a special rtainment, when Scheffer received some sixty people is 'long atelier'—'including a lot of French who *say* t I don't believe it) that they know English '—to whom ens, by special entreaty, read his *Cricket on the Hearth.* at was at the close of November. January came, and nd of the sittings was supposed to be at hand. 'The Sitting to Ary Scheffer; and to Henri Scheffer. A Reading in Scheffer's studio.

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'nightmare portrait is nearly done; and Scheffer promi
'that an interminable sitting next Saturday, beginning
'10 o'clock in the morning, shall finish it. It is a fi
'spirited head, painted at his very best, and with a ve
Doubts of the likeness.
'easy and natural appearance in it. But it does not lo
'to me at all like, nor does it strike me that if I saw it
'a gallery I should suppose myself to be the original.
'is always possible that I don't know my own face. It
'going to be engraved here, in two sizes and ways—t
'mere head and the whole thing.' A fortnight later, t
interminable sitting came. 'Imagine me if you plea
More sittings. January.
'with No. 5 on my head and hands, sitting to Scheff
'yesterday four hours! At this stage of a story, no o
'can conceive how it distresses me.' Still this was n
the last. March had come before the portrait was don
'Scheffer finished yesterday; and Collins, who has a goo
'eye for pictures, says that there is no man living wh
'could do the painting about the eyes. As a work of a
'I see in it spirit combined with perfect ease, and yet
'don't see myself. So I come to the conclusion that
'never *do* see myself. I shall be very curious to know th
'effect of it upon you.' March had then begun; and
its close Dickens, who had meanwhile been in Englan
thus wrote: 'I have not seen Scheffer since I came bac
Scheffer's own opinion.
'but he told Catherine a few days ago that he was no
'satisfied with the likeness after all, and thought he mu
'do more to it. My own impression of it, you remember
In these few words he anticipated the impression mad
upon myself. I was not satisfied with it. The picture ha
much merit, but not as a portrait. From its very resem

nce in the eyes and mouth one derived the sense of a eral unlikeness. But the work of the artist's brother, nri Scheffer, painted from the same sittings, was in all s greatly inferior. PARIS: 1855-6.

efore Dickens left Paris in May he had sent over two riptions that the reader most anxious to follow him new scene would perhaps be sorry to lose. A Duchess murdered in the Champs Elysées. 'The murder over way (the third or fourth event of that nature in the amps Elysées since we have been here) seems to dis- e the strangest state of things. The Duchess who is rdered lived alone in a great house which was always t up, and passed her time entirely in the dark. In a le lodge outside lived a coachman (the murderer), and re had been a long succession of coachmen who had n unable to stay there, and upon whom, whenever y asked for their wages, she plunged out with an mense knife, by way of an immediate settlement. The chman never had anything to do, for the coach hadn't n driven out for years; neither would she ever allow horses to be taken out for exercise. Between the e and the house, is a miserable bit of garden, all over- vn with long rank grass, weeds, and nettles; and in the horses used to be taken out to swim—in a dead n vegetable sea, up to their haunches. On the day he murder, there was a great crowd, of course; and he midst of it up comes the Duke her husband (from m she was separated), and rings at the gate. The e open the grate. "C'est vrai donc," says the Duke, e Madame la Duchesse n'est plus?"—"C'est trop

A Duchess murdered.

Arrival of the Duke.

PARIS: 1855-6.

'"vrai, Monseigneur."—"Tant mieux," says the Duke, a
'walks off deliberately, to the great satisfaction of t
'assemblage.'

The second description relates an occurrence in Engla
of only three years previous date, belonging to that wil

Truth stranger than fiction.

improbable class of realities which Dickens always held, wi
Fielding, to be (properly) closed to fiction. Only, he wou
add, critics should not be so eager to assume that what h
never happened to themselves could not, by any hum
possibility, ever be supposed to have happened to anybo
else. 'B. was with me the other day, and, among oth
'things that he told me, described an extraordinary adve
'ture in his life, at a place not a thousand miles from n
'"property" at Gadshill, three years ago. He lived at t

A chance encounter:

'tavern and was sketching one day when an open carria
'came by with a gentleman and lady in it. He was sittin
'in the same place working at the same sketch, next da
'when it came by again. So, another day, when the ge
'tleman got out and introduced himself. Fond of ar
'lived at the great house yonder, which perhaps he knew
'was an Oxford man and a Devonshire squire, but n
'resident on his estate, for domestic reasons; would

and what came of it.

'glad to see him to dinner to-morrow. He went, and foun
'among other things a very fine library. "At your disp
'"sition," said the Squire, to whom he had now describe
'himself and his pursuits. "Use it for your writing an
'"drawing. Nobody else uses it." He stayed in the hou

Guest and entertainers.

'*six months*. The lady was a mistress, aged five-and-twent
'and very beautiful, drinking her life away. The Squi
'was drunken, and utterly depraved and wicked; but a

cellent scholar, an admirable linguist, and a great ologian. Two other mad visitors stayed the six months. e, a man well known in Paris here, who goes about world with a crimson silk stocking in his breast pocket, taining a tooth-brush and an immense quantity of dy money. The other, a college chum of the Squire's, w ruined; with an insatiate thirst for drink; who con- ntly got up in the middle of the night, crept down to dining-room, and emptied all the decanters . . . B. ved on in the place, under a sort of devilish fascination discover what might come of it . . . Tea or coffee never n in the house, and very seldom water. Beer, cham- me, and brandy, were the three drinkables. Break- : leg of mutton, champagne, beer, and brandy. Lunch: ilder of mutton, champagne, beer, and brandy. Dinner: ry conceivable dish (Squire's income, £7,000 a-year), mpagne, beer, and brandy. The Squire had married oman of the town from whom he was now separated, by whom he had a daughter. The mother, to spite father, had bred the daughter in every conceivable . Daughter, then 13, came from school once a month. nsely coarse in talk, and always drunk. As they drove nt the country in two open carriages, the drunken mis- s would be perpetually tumbling out of one, and the aken daughter perpetually tumbling out of the other. ast the drunken mistress drank her stomach away, and n to die on the sofa. Got worse and worse, and was ys raving about Somebody's where she had once been dger, and perpetually shrieking that she would cut ebody else's heart out. At last she died on the sofa,

PARIS: 1855-6.

A strange interior.

Persons composing it.

End of the drama.

PARIS: 1855-6.

'and, after the funeral, the party broke up. A few mor
'ago, B. met the man with the crimson silk stocking
'Brighton, who told him that the Squire was dead
'"a broken heart"; that the chum was dead of deliri
'tremens; and that the daughter was heiress to the fortu
'He told me all this, which I fully believe to be true, w
'out any embellishment—just in the off-hand way in wh
'I have told it to you.'

What became of the actors.

Dickens left Paris at the end of April, and, after summer in Boulogne which has been described, passed winter in London, giving to his theatrical enterprise nea all the time that *Little Dorrit* did not claim from h His book was finished in the following spring; was inscri to Clarkson Stanfield; and now claims to have someth said about it.

CHAPTER VI.

LITTLE DORRIT, AND A LAZY TOUR.

1855—1857.

ETWEEN *Hard Times* and *Little Dorrit*, Dickens's prin- literary work had been the contribution to *Household ds* of two tales for Christmas (1854 and 1855) which readings afterwards made widely popular, the Story chard Doubledick,* and Boots at the Holly-Tree Inn. e latter was related, with a charming naturalness and , the elopement, to get married at Gretna Green, of ittle children of the mature respective ages of eight even. At Christmas 1855 came out the first number *ttle Dorrit*, and in April 1857 the last.

e book took its origin from the notion he had of a

LONDON: 1855-7.

Christmas tales.

ae framework for this sketch was a graphic description, also done by s, of the celebrated Charity at Rochester founded in the sixteenth century aard Watts, 'for six poor travellers, who, not being Rogues or Proctors, eceive gratis for one night, lodging, entertainment, and fourpence each.' nt monument to Watts is the most prominent object on the wall of the rest transept of the cathedral, and underneath it is now placed a brass thus ed: 'CHARLES DICKENS. Born at Portsmouth, seventh of February 1812. at Gadshill Place by Rochester, ninth of June 1870. Buried in West- r Abbey. To connect his memory with the scenes in which his earliest is latest years were passed, and with the associations of Rochester dral and its neighbourhood which extended over all his life, this Tablet, he sanction of the Dean and Chapter, is placed by his Executors.'

Brass tablet to Dickens in Rochester Cathedral.

LONDON: 1855-7.

leading man for a story who should bring about all
mischief in it, lay it all on Providence, and say at ev
fresh calamity, 'Well it's a mercy, however, nobody
'to blame you know!' The title first chosen, out of ma
suggested, was *Nobody's Fault;* and four numbers
been written, of which the first was on the eve of appe
ance, before this was changed. When about to fall
work he excused himself from an engagement he sho
have kept because 'the story is breaking out all round
'and I am going off down the railroad to humour it.' T
humouring was a little difficult, however; and such in

Nobody's Fault.

Difficulties.

cations of a droop in his invention as presented themsel
in portions of *Bleak House,* were noticeable again. 'As
'the story I am in the second number, and last night a
'this morning had half a mind to begin again, and wo

Aug. 19th, 1855.

'in what I have done, afterwards.' It had occurred
him, that, by making the fellow-travellers at once kno
to each other, as the opening of the story stands, he h
missed an effect. 'It struck me that it would be a n
'thing to show people coming together, in a chance w
'as fellow-travellers, and being in the same place, ignora

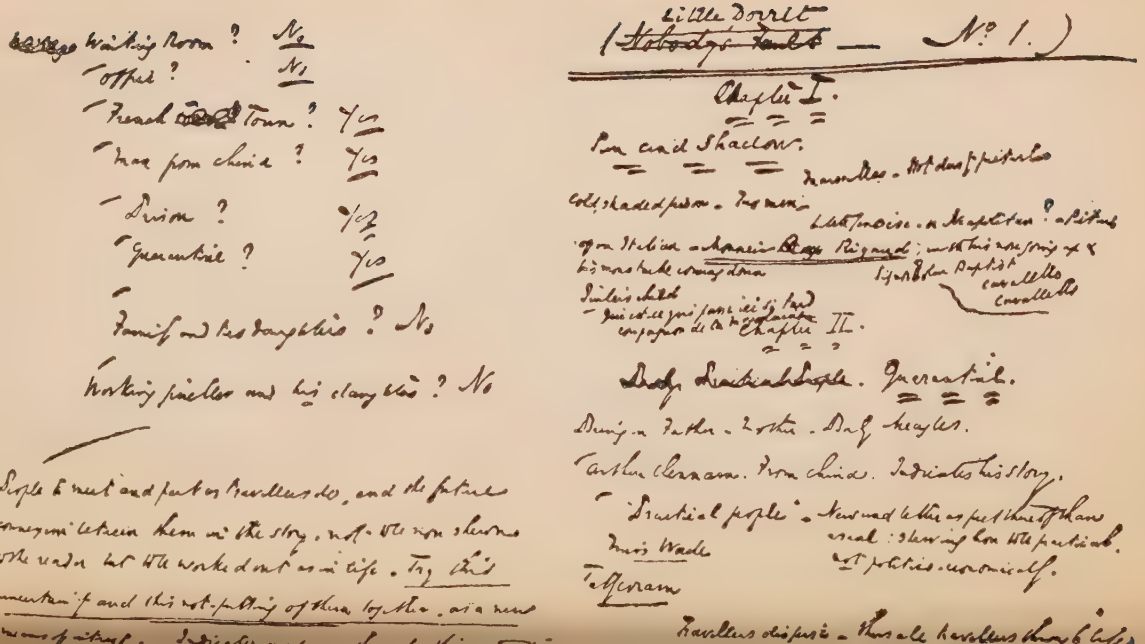
A proposed opening.

'of one another, as happens in life; and to connect the
'afterwards, and to make the waiting for that connecti
'a part of the interest.' The change was not made; b
the mention of it was one of several intimations to me
the altered conditions under which he was writing, a
that the old, unstinted, irrepressible flow of fancy h
received temporary check. In this view I have found
very interesting to compare the original notes, which
usual he prepared for each number of the tale, and whi

Plan prepared for first number of *David Copperfield*.

LONDON: 1855-7.

Plan prepared for first number of *Little Dorrit*.



LONDON: 1855-7.

a the rest are in my possession, with those of *Chuzzle-* or *Copperfield;* observing in the former the labour and s, and in the latter the lightness and confidence of dling.* 'I am just now getting to work on number ee: sometimes enthusiastic, more often dull enough. ere is an enormous outlay in the Father of the Mar-lsea chapter, in the way of getting a great lot of matter o a small space. I am not quite resolved, but I have great idea of overwhelming that family with wealth. ir condition would be very curious. I can make Dorrit y strong in the story, I hope.' The Marshalsea part of tale undoubtedly was excellent, and there was masterly tment of character in the contrasts of the brothers it; but of the family generally it may be said that its important members had most of his genius in them. younger of the brothers, the scapegrace son, and ny dear,' are perfectly real people in what makes n unattractive; but what is meant for attractiveness ne heroine becomes often tiresome by want of reality. he first number appeared in December 1855, and on 2nd there was an exultant note. '*Little Dorrit* has ten even *Bleak House* out of the field. It is a most mendous start, and I am overjoyed at it;' to which he d, writing from Paris on the 6th of the month follow-'You know that they had sold 35,000 of number two new year's day.' He was still in Paris on the day he appearance of that portion of the tale by which it

How the story grew.

Sept. 16th (Folkestone).

The Dorrits.

Dec. 2nd.

Sale of the book.

*So curious a contrast, taking *Copperfield* for the purpose, I have thought giving in fac-simile; and can assure the reader that the examples express very fairly the general character of the Notes to the two respectively.

LONDON : 1856-7.

will always be most vividly remembered, and thus wrote the 30th of January 1856 : 'I have a grim pleasure up 'me to-night in thinking that the Circumlocution Offi

Circum-locution Office.

'sees the light, and in wondering what effect it will mak 'But my head really stings with the visions of the boo 'and I am going, as we French say, to disembarrass it 'plunging out into some of the strange places I glide in 'of nights in these latitudes.' The Circumlocution hero led to the Society scenes, the Hampton-court dowage

Satirical scenes :

sketches, and Mr. Gowan ; all parts of one satire levelle against prevailing political and social vices. Aim ha been taken, in the course of it, at some living original disguised sufficiently from recognition to enable him make his thrust more sure ; but there was one exceptio self-revealed. 'I had the general idea,' he wrote whi engaged on the sixth number, 'of the Society busine 'before the Sadleir affair, but I shaped Mr. Merdle hin

Parts of general design.

'self out of that precious rascality. Society, the Ci 'cumlocution Office, and Mr. Gowan, are of course thre 'parts of one idea and design. Mr. Merdle's complain 'which you will find in the end to be fraud and forgery 'came into my mind as the last drop in the silver cream 'jug on Hampstead-heath. I shall beg, when you hav 'read the present number, to enquire whether you conside '"Bar" an instance, in reference to K F, of a suggested 'likeness in not many touches?' The likeness no on

From the life.

could mistake ; and, though that particular Bar has since been moved into a higher and happier sphere, Westmin ster-hall is in no danger of losing 'the insinuating Jury 'droop, and persuasive double-eyeglass,' by which this keen

server could express a type of character in half a dozen rds. LONDON: 1856-7.

Of the other portions of the book that had a strong per- al interest for him I have spoken on a former page, and i. 71-74. rill now only add an allusion of his own. 'There are April 7th, 1856. me things in Flora in number seven that seem to me be extraordinarily droll, with something serious at the ttom of them after all. Ah, well! was there *not* some- ing very serious in it once? I am glad to think of being the country with the long summer mornings as I proach number ten, where I have finally resolved to ake Dorrit rich. It should be a very fine point in the ory . . . Nothing in Flora made me laugh so much the confusion of ideas between gout flying upwards, d its soaring with Mr. F—— to another sphere.' He himself no inconsiderable enjoyment also of Mr. F.'s t; and in the old rascal of a patriarch, the smooth- Flora and her sur- aced Casby, and other surroundings of poor Flora, there roundings. fun enough to float an argosy of second-rates, assuming to have formed the staple of the tale. It would be rom fair to say they did. The defect in the book was the absence of excellent character or keen observation, the want of ease and coherence among the figures of story, and of a central interest in the plan of it. agencies that bring about its catastrophe, too, are agreeable even than in *Bleak House;* and, most un- Weak points in that well-constructed story, some of the most deeply the book. idered things that occur in it have really little to do the tale itself. The surface-painting of both Miss e and Tattycoram, to take an instance, is anything but

LONDON: 1856-7.

attractive, yet there is under it a rare force of likeness i
the unlikeness between the two which has much subtlet
of intention; and they must both have had, as well as M
Gowan himself, a striking effect in the novel, if they ha
been made to contribute in a more essential way to it
interest or development. The failure nevertheless had nc
been for want of care and study, as well of his own desig
as of models by masters in his art. A happier hint c
apology, for example, could hardly be given for Fielding'
introduction of such an episode as the Man of the Hi
between the youth and manhood of Blifil and Tom Jone
than is suggested by what Dickens wrote of the least inte
resting part of *Little Dorrit*. In the mere form, Fieldin
of course was only following the lead of Cervantes and L
Sage; but Dickens rightly judged his purpose also to hav
been, to supply a kind of connection between the episod
and the story. 'I don't see the practicability of makin
'the History of a Self-Tormentor, with which I took grea
'pains, a written narrative. But I do see the possibility
(he saw the other practicability before the number wa
published) 'of making it a chapter by itself, which migh
'enable me to dispense with the necessity of the turne
'commas. Do you think that would be better? I have n
'doubt that a great part of Fielding's reason for th
'introduced story, and Smollett's also, was, that it
'sometimes really impossible to present, in a full book, th
'idea it contains (which yet it may be on all accounts de
'sirable to present), without supposing the reader to be po
'sessed of almost as much romantic allowance as would pu
'him on a level with the writer. In Miss Wade I ha

Characters good but not essential.

Episodes in novels.

an idea, which I thought a new one, of making the intro- LONDON : 1856-7.
duced story so fit into surroundings impossible of separa-
tion from the main story, as to make the blood of the book Miss Wade's narrative.
circulate through both. But I can only suppose, from what
you say, that I have not exactly succeeded in this.'

Shortly after the date of his letter he was in London
on business connected with the purchase of Gadshill Place,
and he went over to the Borough to see what traces were Coming to the close.
left of the prison of which his first impression was taken
in his boyhood, which had played so important a part in
his latest novel, and every brick and stone of which he had
been able to rebuild in his book by the mere vividness of
his marvellous memory. 'Went to the Borough yesterday Remains of Marshalsea visited.
morning before going to Gadshill, to see if I could find
any ruins of the Marshalsea. Found a great part of the
original building—now "Marshalsea Place." Found the
rooms that have been in my mind's eye in the story.
Found, nursing a very big boy, a very small boy, who,
seeing me standing on the Marshalsea pavement, looking
about, told me how it all used to be. God knows how he
learned it (for he was a world too young to know anything
about it), but he was right enough. . . There is a room
there—still standing, to my amazement—that I think of A scene of his boy-trials. i. 45-6.
taking! It is the room through which the ever-memorable
signers of Captain Porter's petition filed off in my boy-
hood. The spikes are gone, and the wall is lowered,
and anybody can go out now who likes to go, and is not
bedridden; and I said to the boy "Who lives there?"
and he said, "Jack Pithick." "Who is Jack Pithick?"
asked him. And he said, "Joe Pithick's uncle."'

LONDON: 1856-7.

Mention was made of this visit in the preface tha appeared with the last number; and all it is necessary t add of the completed book will be, that, though in th humour and satire of its finer parts not unworthy of him and though it had the clear design, worthy of him in a especial degree, of contrasting, both in private and in publi life, and in poverty equally as in wealth, duty done an duty not done, it made no material addition to his reputa tion. His public, however, showed no falling-off in its enor mous numbers; and what is said in one of his letters, notice able for this touch of character, illustrates his anxiety t avoid any set-off from the disquiet that critical discourtesie might give. 'I was ludicrously foiled here the other nigh 'in a resolution I have kept for twenty years not to kno 'of any attack upon myself, by stumbling, before I coul 'pick myself up, on a short extract in the *Globe* fro '*Blackwood's Magazine*, informing me that *Little Dorr* 'is "Twaddle." I was sufficiently put out by it to be angr 'with myself for being such a fool, and then pleased wit 'myself for having so long been constant to a good resolu 'tion.' There was a scene that made itself part of histor not four months after his death, which, if he could hav lived to hear of it, might have more than consoled him It was the meeting of Bismarck and Jules Favre unde the walls of Paris. The Prussian was waiting to open fi on the city; the Frenchman was engaged in the arduou task of showing the wisdom of not doing it; and 'we learn say the papers of the day, 'that while the two eminen 'statesmen were trying to find a basis of negotiation, Vo 'Moltke was seated in a corner reading *Little Dorrit*

Reception of the novel.

Criticism and its set-off.

Pall Mall Gazette of 3rd of Oct. Paris letter of 25th of Sept. 1870.

Who will doubt that the chapter on How Not to do it was then absorbing the old soldier's attention? London: 1856-7.

Preparations for the private play had gone on incessantly to Christmas, and, in turning the schoolroom into a theatre, sawing and hammering worthy of Babel continued for weeks. The priceless help of Stanfield had again been secured, and I remember finding him one day at Tavistock House in the act of upsetting some elaborate arrangements of Dickens, with a proscenium before him made up of chairs, and the scenery planned out with walking-sticks. But Dickens's art in a matter of this kind was to know how to take advice; and no suggestion came to him that he was not ready to act upon, if it presented the remotest likelihood. In one of his great difficulties of obtaining more space, for audience as well as actors, he was told that Mr. Cooke of Astley's was a man of much resource in that way; and to Mr. Cooke he applied, with the following result. 'One of the finest things' (18th of October 1856) I have ever seen in my life of that kind was the arrival of my friend Mr. Cooke one morning this week, in an open phaeton drawn by two white ponies with black spots all over them (evidently stencilled), who came in at the gate with a little jolt and a rattle, exactly as they come into the Ring when they draw anything, and went round and round the centre bed of the front court, apparently looking for the clown. A multitude of boys who felt them to be no common ponies rushed up in a breathless state—twined themselves like ivy about the railings—and were only deterred from storming the en-

Christmas theatricals preparing.

A visit from Astley's.

Outside Tavistock House.

LONDON: 1856-7.

'closure by the glare of the Inimitable's eye. Some o
'these boys had evidently followed from Astley's. I griev
'to add that my friend, being taken to the point of diffi
'culty, had no sort of suggestion in him; no gleam of a
'idea; and might just as well have been the popula
'minister from the Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road

Dickens and his visitor.

'All he could say was—answering me, posed in the garden
'precisely as if I were the clown asking him a riddle a
'night—that two of their stable tents would be home i
'November, and that they were "20 foot square," and
'was heartily welcome to 'em. Also, he said, "You migh
'"have half a dozen of my trapezes, or my middle-distance
'"tables, but they're all 6 foot and all too low sir." Since
'then, I have arranged to do it in my own way, and with

Theatre-making.

'my own carpenter. You will be surprised by the look o
'the place. It is no more like the schoolroom than it is
'like the sign of the Salutation Inn at Ambleside i
'Westmoreland. The sounds in the house remind me, as
'to the present time, of Chatham Dockyard—as to a remote
'epoch, of the building of Noah's ark. Joiners are never
'out of the house, and the carpenter appears to be un-
'settled (or settled) for life.'

Of course time did not mend matters, and as Christmas approached the house was in a state of siege. 'All day 'long, a labourer heats size over the fire in a great crucible. 'We eat it, drink it, breathe it, and smell it. Seventy 'paint-pots (which came in a van) adorn the stage; and

Scene-painting.

'thereon may be beheld, Stanny, and three Dansons (from 'the Surrey Zoological Gardens), all painting at once!! 'Meanwhile, Telbin, in a secluded bower in Brewer-street,

Golden-square, plies *his* part of the little undertaking.' LONDON: 1856-7.
ow worthily it turned out in the end, the excellence of
e performances and the delight of the audiences, became
own to all London; and the pressure for admittance at
t took the form of a tragi-comedy, composed of ludicrous
nkeshifts and gloomy disappointments, with which even
ckens's resources could not deal. 'My audience is now 93,' Rush for places.
wrote one day in despair, 'and at least 10 will neither
ear nor see.' There was nothing for it but to increase
e number of nights; and it was not until the 20th of
nuary he described 'the workmen smashing the last
toms of the theatre.'

His book was finished soon after at Gadshill Place, to be At Gadshill.
esently described, which he had purchased the previous
ar, and taken possession of in February; subscribing him-
f, in the letter announcing the fact, as 'the Kentish Free-
older on his native heath, his name Protection.' * The
w abode occupied him in various ways in the early part
the summer; and Hans Andersen the Dane had just
rived upon a visit to him there, when Douglas Jerrold's
expected death befell. It was a shock to every one, and
especial grief to Dickens. Jerrold's wit, and the bright
ewd intellect that had so many triumphs, need no
ebration from me; but the keenest of satirists was one Douglas Jerrold[1]
the kindliest of men, and Dickens had a fondness for

[1] In the same letter was an illustration of the ruling passion in death, Ruling passion in death.
h, even in so undignified a subject, might have interested Pope. 'You
member little Wieland who did grotesque demons so well. Did you ever
ar how he died? He lay very still in bed with the life fading out of him—
ddenly sprung out of it, threw what is professionally called a flip-flap, and
l dead on the floor.'

LONDON: 1856-7.

Jerrold as genuine as his admiration for him. 'I chance t
'know a good deal about the poor fellow's illness, for I wa
'with him on the last day he was out. It was ten day
'ago, when we dined at a dinner given by Russell at Green
'wich. He was complaining much when we met, said he ha
'been sick three days, and attributed it to the inhaling o
'white paint from his study window. I did not think muc
'of it at the moment, as we were very social; but whil

Last meeting of Jerrold and Dickens.

'we walked through Leicester-square he suddenly fell int
'a white, hot, sick perspiration, and had to lean agains
'the railings. Then, at my urgent request, he was to let m
'put him in a cab and send him home; but he rallied a littl
'after that, and, on our meeting Russell, determined t
'come with us. We three went down by steamboat tha
'we might see the great ship, and then got an open fly an
'rode about Blackheath: poor Jerrold mightily enjoying
'the air, and constantly saying that it set him up. He wa
'rather quiet at dinner—sat next Delane—but was ver
'humorous and good, and in spirits, though he took hardl
'anything. We parted with references to coming dow
'here' (Gadshill) 'and I never saw him again. Nex
'morning he was taken very ill when he tried to get up

Jerrold's death.

'On the Wednesday and Thursday he was very bad, bu
'rallied on the Friday, and was quite confident of getting
'well. On the Sunday he was very ill again, and on th
'Monday forenoon died; "at peace with all the world"
'he said, and asking to be remembered to friends. H
'had become indistinct and insensible, until for but a few
'minutes at the end. I knew nothing about it, except tha
'he had been ill and was better, until, going up by railway

esterday morning, I heard a man in the carriage, unfold- LONDON: 1856-7.
ng his newspaper, say to another "Douglas Jerrold is
dead." I immediately went up there, and then to
Whitefriars . . . I propose that there shall be a night at a
eatre when the actors (with old Cooke) shall play the
ent Day and *Black-ey'd Susan;* another night else- Proposed memorial tribute.
here, with a lecture from Thackeray; a day reading by
e; a night reading by me; a lecture by Russell; and a
bscription performance of the *Frozen Deep,* as at Tavis-
ck House. I don't mean to do it beggingly; but merely
announce the whole series, the day after the funeral,
In memory of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold," or some
ch phrase. I have got hold of Arthur Smith as the best
an of business I know, and go to work with him to-
rrow morning—inquiries being made in the meantime
to the likeliest places to be had for these various pur-
ses. My confident hope is that we shall get close upon
o thousand pounds.'

The friendly enterprise was carried to the close with a Exertions of Dickens and result.
our, promptitude, and success, that well corresponded
n this opening. In addition to the performances named,
re were others in the country also organized by Dickens,
which he took active personal part; and the result did
fall short of his expectations. The sum was invested
mately for our friend's unmarried daughter, who still
ives the income from myself, the last surviving trustee.
o passed the greater part of the summer,* and when

*One of its incidents made such an impression on him that it will be worth Seeing the serpents fed.
to preserve his description of it. "I have been (by mere accident) see-
the serpents fed to-day, with the live birds, rabbits, and guinea pigs—a
t so very horrible that I cannot get rid of the impression, and am, at

LONDON: 1856–7.

the country performances were over at the end of August had this intimation. 'I have arranged with Collins th 'he and I will start next Monday on a ten or twelve day 'expedition to out-of-the-way places, to do (in inns a

Lazy Tour projected.

'coast-corners) a little tour in search of an article and 'avoidance of railroads. I must get a good name for 'and I propose it in five articles, one for the beginning 'every number in the October part.' Next day: 'O 'decision is for a foray upon the fells of Cumberland; 'having discovered in the books some promising moors a 'bleak places thereabout.' Into the lake-country th went accordingly; and The Lazy Tour of Two Idle A prentices, contributed to *Household Words*, was a narr tive of the trip. But his letters had descriptive touch

At the Zoological Gardens.

'this present, imagining serpents coming up the legs of the table, with th 'infernal flat heads, and their tongues like the Devil's tail (evidently tak 'from that model, in the magic lanterns and other such popular represen 'tions), elongated for dinner. I saw one small serpent, whose father w 'asleep, go up to a guinea pig (white and yellow, and with a gentle eye—ev 'hair upon him erect with horror); corkscrew himself on the tip of his ta 'open a mouth which couldn't have swallowed the guinea pig's nose; dilat 'throat which wouldn't have made him a stocking; and show him what 'father meant to do with him when he came out of that ill-looking Hookah i 'which he had resolved himself. The guinea pig backed against the side 'the cage—said "I know it, I know it!"—and his eye glared and his c 'turned wiry, as he made the remark. Five small sparrows crouchi 'together in a little trench at the back of the cage, peeped over the brim 'it, all the time; and when they saw the guinea pig give it up, and the you 'serpent go away looking at him over about two yards and a quarter 'shoulder, struggled which should get into the innermost angle and be seiz 'last. Everyone of them then hid his eyes in another's breast, and then th 'all shook together like dry leaves—as I daresay they may be doing now, 'old Hookah was as dull as laudanum . . . . Please to imagine two sm 'serpents, one beginning on the tail of a white mouse, and one on the hea 'and each pulling his own way, and the mouse very much alive all the tim 'with the middle of him madly writhing.'

l some whimsical personal experiences, not in the pub- ed account. CUMBERLAND: 1857.

ooking over the *Beauties of England and Wales* pre he left London, his ambition was fired by mention Scene chosen.
Carrick Fell, 'a gloomy old mountain 1500 feet high,' ch he secretly resolved to go up. 'We came straight it yesterday' (9th of September). 'Nobody goes up. uides have forgotten it. Master of a little inn, excellent rth-countryman, volunteered. Went up, in a tremen- Up Carrick Fell.
is rain. C. D. beat Mr. Porter (name of landlord) in f a mile. Mr. P. done up in no time. Three never- eless went on. Mr. P. again leading; C. D. and C.' Wilkie Collins) 'following. Rain terrific, black mists, rkness of night. Mr. P. agitated. C. D. confident. C. long way down in perspective) submissive. All wet ough. No poles. Not so much as a walking-stick in party. Reach the summit, at about one in the day. Summit reached.
ad darkness as of night. Mr. P. (excellent fellow to the) uneasy. C. D. produces compass from pocket. Mr. reassured. Farm-house where dog-cart was left, N.N.W. P. complimentary. Descent commenced. C. D. with mpass triumphant, until compass, with the heat and wet D. D.'s pocket, breaks. Mr. P. (who never had a com- s), inconsolable, confesses he has not been on Carrick l for twenty years, and he don't know the way down. ker and darker. Nobody discernible, two yards off, by other two. Mr. P. makes suggestions, but no way. It Way lost in coming down.
omes clear to C. D. and to C. that Mr. P. is going round round the mountain, and never coming down. Mr. P. on angular granite, and says he is "just fairly doon."

CUMBERLAND: 1857.

'C. D. revives Mr. P. with laughter, the only restorati
'in the company. Mr. P. again complimentary. Desce
'tried once more. Mr. P. worse and worse. Council
'war. Proposals from C. D. to go "slap down." Second
'by C. Mr. P. objects, on account of precipice called Tl
'Black Arches, and terror of the country-side. More wa
'dering. Mr. P. terror-stricken, but game. Watercours
'thundering and roaring, reached. C. D. suggests that
'must run to the river, and had best be followed, subject
'all gymnastic hazards. Mr. P. opposes, but gives in. Wate
'course followed accordingly. Leaps, splashes, and tumble
Accident to Wilkie Collins.
'for two hours. C. lost. C. D. whoops. Cries for assis
'ance from behind. C. D. returns. C. with horribly sprain
'ankle, lying in rivulet!'

All the danger was over when Dickens sent his descri
tion; but great had been the trouble in binding up t
sufferer's ankle and getting him painfully on, shovin
shouldering, carrying alternately, till terra firma w
Down at last.
reached. 'We got down at last in the wildest place, pr
'posterously out of the course; and, propping up C. again
'stones, sent Mr. P. to the other side of Cumberland f
'dog-cart, so got back to his inn, and changed. Shoe
'stocking on the bad foot, out of the question. Fo
'tumbled up in a flannel waistcoat. C. D. carrying
'melo-dramatically (Wardour to the life!)* everywher
'into and out of carriages; up and down stairs; to be
'every step. And so to Wigton, got doctor, and here
'are!! A pretty business, we flatter ourselves!'

* There was a situation in the *Frozen Deep* where Richard Wardour, play by Dickens, had thus to carry about Frank Aldersley in the person of Will Collins.

Wigton, Dickens described as a place of little houses all half-mourning, yellow stone or white stone and black, h the wonderful peculiarity that though it had no pulation, no business, and no streets to speak of, it had e linendrapers within range of their single window, one endraper's next door, and five more linendrapers round corner. 'I ordered a night light in my bed-room. A neer little old woman brought me one of the common hild's night lights, and, seeming to think that I looked it with interest, said, "It's joost a vara keeyourious hing, sir, and joost new coom oop. It'll burn awt hoors n' end, and no gootther, nor no waste, nor ony sike a thing, if you can creedit what I say, seein' the airticle."' these primitive quarters there befell a difficulty about ers, which Dickens solved in a fashion especially his n. 'The day after Carrick there was a mess about our tters, through our not going to a place called Mayport. o, while the landlord was planning how to get them (they ere only twelve miles off), I walked off, to his great tonishment, and brought them over.' The night after ving Wigton they were at the Ship-hotel in Allonby.

CUMBERLAND: 1857.

At Wigton.

Wonders of a night-light.

A difficulty solved.

Allonby his letters presented as a small untidy out- odish place; rough stone houses in half mourning, a few rse yellow-stone lodging houses with black roofs (bills all the windows), five bathing-machines, five girls in aw hats, five men in straw hats (wishing they had not ne); very much what Broadstairs would have been if it l been born Irish, and had not inherited a cliff. 'But is is a capital little homely inn, looking out upon the a; with the coast of Scotland, mountainous and romantic,

At Allonby.

CUMBERLAND: 1857.

'over against the windows; and though I can just sta
'upright in my bedroom, we are really well lodged. It
'a clean nice place in a rough wild country, and we have
'very obliging and comfortable landlady.' He had fou

An old acquaintance.

indeed, in the latter, an acquaintance of old date. 'Th
'landlady at the little inn at Allonby, lived at Greta-Brid
'in Yorkshire when I went down there before *Nickleby*
'and was smuggled into the room to see me, after I w
'secretly found out. She is an immensely fat woman no
'"But I could tuck my arm round her waist then, M
'" Dickens," the landlord said when she told me the sto
'as I was going to bed the night before last. "And can
'"you do it now?" I said. "You insensible dog! Look

A picture.

'"me! Here's a picture!" Accordingly I got round
'much of her as I could; and this gallant action was th
'most successful I have ever performed, on the whole.'

At Doncaster.

On their way home the friends were at Doncaster, an
this was Dickens's first experience of the St. Leger and i
saturnalia. His companion had by this time so far re
covered as to be able, doubled-up, to walk with a thick stick
in which condition, 'being exactly like the gouty admira
'in a comedy I have given him that name.' The impres
sions received from the race-week were not favourable.
was noise and turmoil all day long, and a gathering of vaga
bonds from all parts of the racing earth. Every bad fac

The race-week.

that had ever caught wickedness from an innocent hors
had its representative in the streets; and as Dickens, lik
Gulliver looking down upon his fellow-men after comin
from the horse-country, looked down into Doncaster High
street from his inn-window, he seemed to see everywhere

en notorious personage who had just poisoned his betting- Doncaster: 1857.
mpanion. 'Everywhere I see the late Mr. Palmer with
is betting-book in his hand. Mr. Palmer sits next me at
ne theatre; Mr. Palmer goes before me down the street;
r. Palmer follows me into the chemist's shop where I
o to buy rose water after breakfast, and says to the
emist "Give us soom sal volatile or soom damned thing Betting-men.
o' that soort, in wather—my head's bad!" And I look at
ne back of his bad head repeated in long, long lines on
ne race course, and in the betting stand and outside the
tting rooms in the town, and I vow to God that I can
e nothing in it but cruelty, covetousness, calculation,
sensibility, and low wickedness.'

Even a half-appalling kind of luck was not absent from Racing prophecy by Dickens!
friend's experiences at the race course, when, what he
led a 'wonderful, paralysing, coincidence' befell him. He
ught the card; facetiously wrote down three names for the
nners of the three chief races (never in his life having
ard or thought of any of the horses, except that the
nner of the Derby, who proved to be nowhere, had been
ntioned to him); 'and, if you can believe it without your
air standing on end, those three races were won, one after
nother, by those three horses!!!' That was the St. Leger-
y, of which he also thought it noticeable, that, though
e losses were enormous, nobody had won, for there was
hing but grinding of teeth and blaspheming of ill-luck.
r had matters mended on the Cup-day, after which
ebration 'a groaning phantom' lay in the doorway of The 'horrors.'
bed-room and howled all night. The landlord came up
the morning to apologise, 'and said it was a gentleman

Doncaster: 1857.

'who had lost £1500 or £2000; and he had drunk
'deal afterwards; and then they put him to bed, and the
'he—took the 'orrors, and got up, and yelled till morning.'
Dickens might well believe, as he declared at the end o
his letter, that if a boy with any good in him, but with
dawning propensity to sporting and betting, were bu
brought to the Doncaster races soon enough, it would cur
him.

A performance of *Money*.

* The mention of a performance of Lord Lytton's *Money* at the theatre wi
supply the farce to this tragedy. 'I have rarely seen anything finer than Lor
'Glossmore, a chorus-singer in bluchers, drab trowsers, and a brown sack; an
'Dudley Smooth, in somebody else's wig, hindside before. Stout also, in any
'thing he could lay hold of. The waiter at the club had an immense moustache
'white trowsers, and a striped jacket; and he brought everybody who came in
'a vinegar-cruet. The man who read the will began thus: "I so-and-so, bein
'" of unsound mind but firm in body. ." In spite of all this, however, the rea
'character, humour, wit, and good writing of the comedy, made themselve
'apparent; and the applause was loud and repeated, and really seemed genuine
'Its capital things were not lost altogether. It was succeeded by a Jocke
'Dance by five ladies, who put their whips in their mouths and worked imagi
'nary winners up to the float—an immense success.'

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THIS TIME.

1857—1858.

AN unsettled feeling greatly in excess of what was usual with Dickens, more or less observable since his first residence at Boulogne, became at this time almost habitual, and the satisfactions which home should have supplied, and which indeed were essential requirements of his nature, he had failed to find in his home. He had not the alternative that under this disappointment some can discover in what is called society. It did not suit him, and he set no store by it. No man was better fitted to adorn any circle he entered, but beyond that of friends and equals he rarely passed. He would take as much pains to keep out of the houses of the great as others take to get into them. Not always wisely, it may be admitted. Mere contempt for toadyism and flunkeyism was not at all times the prevailing motive with him which he supposed it to be. Beneath his horror of those vices of Englishmen in his own rank of life, there was a still stronger resentment at the social inequalities that engender them, of which he was not so conscious and to which he owned less freely. Not the less it served secretly to justify what he might other-

LONDON: 1857.

Disappointments and distastes.

LONDON: 1857.

wise have had no mind to. To say he was not a gentleman would be as true as to say he was not a writer; but if any one should assert his occasional preference for what was even beneath his level over that which was above it, this would be difficult of disproof. It was among those defects of temperament for which his early trials and his early successes were accountable in perhaps equal measure. He was sensitive in a passionate degree to praise and blame, which yet he made it for the most part a point of pride to assume indifference to; the inequalities of rank which he secretly resented took more galling as well as glaring prominence from the contrast of the necessities he had gone through with the fame that had come to him; and when the forces he most affected to despise assumed the form of barriers he could not easily overleap, he was led to appear frequently intolerant (for he very seldom was really so) in opinions and language. His early sufferings brought with them the healing powers of energy, will, and persistence, and taught him the inexpressible value of a determined resolve to live down difficulties; but the habit, in small as in great things, of renunciation and self-sacrifice, they did not teach; and, by his sudden leap into a world-wide popularity and influence, he became master of everything that might seem to be attainable in life, before he had mastered what a man must undergo to be equal to its hardest trials.

What we seem and are.

Contrasted influences.

Nothing of all this has yet presented itself to notice, except in occasional forms of restlessness and desire of change of place, which were themselves, when his books were in progress, so incident as well to the active requirements of his fancy as to call, thus far, for no other explanation. Up

o the date of the completion of *Copperfield* he had felt LONDON: 1857.
imself to be in possession of an all-sufficient resource. Compensations of art.
gainst whatever might befall he had a set-off in his
maginative creations, a compensation derived from his art
nat never failed him, because there he was supreme. It
as the world he could bend to his will, and make sub-
rve to all his desires. He had otherwise, underneath
s exterior of a singular precision, method, and strictly
derly arrangement in all things, and notwithstanding a
mperament to which home and home interests were
ally a necessity, something in common with those eager,
petuous, somewhat overbearing natures, that rush at Hidden perils.
istence without heeding the cost of it, and are not more
ady to accept and make the most of its enjoyments than
be easily and quickly overthrown by its burdens.* But
e world he had called into being had thus far borne him
fely through these perils. He had his own creations
ways by his side. They were living, speaking companions.
ith them only he was everywhere thoroughly identified.

* Anything more completely opposed to the Micawber type could hardly be
nceived, and yet there were moments (really and truly only moments) when
e fancy would arise that if the conditions of his life had been reversed, some-
ing of a vagabond existence (using the word in Goldsmith's meaning) might
ve supervened. It would have been an unspeakable misery to him, but it
ght have come nevertheless. The question of hereditary transmission had Hereditary transmission.
curious attraction for him, and considerations connected with it were
equently present to his mind. Of a youth who had fallen into a father's
eaknesses without the possibility of having himself observed them for imita-
n, he thus wrote on one occasion: 'It suggests the strangest consideration
s to which of our own failings we are really responsible, and as to which
f them we cannot quite reasonably hold ourselves to be so. What A.
vidently derived from his father cannot in his case be derived from associa-
ion and observation, but must be in the very principles of his individuality
s a living creature.'

LONDON: 1857.

He laughed and wept with them; was as much elated by their fun as cast down by their grief; and brought to the consideration of them a belief in their reality as well as in the influences they were meant to exercise, which in every circumstance sustained him.

Misgivings.

It was during the composition of *Little Dorrit* that I think he first felt a certain strain upon his invention which brought with it other misgivings. In a modified form this was present during the later portions of *Bleak House*, of which not a few of the defects might be traced to the acting excitements amid which it was written; but the succeeding book made it plainer to him; and it is remarkable that in the interval between them he resorted for the first and only time in his life to a practice, which he abandoned at the close of his next and last story published in the twenty-number form, of putting down written 'Memoranda' of suggestions for characters or incidents by way of resource to him in his writing. Never before had his teeming fancy seemed to want such help; the need being less to contribute to its fullness than to check its overflowing; but it is another proof that he had been secretly bringing before himself, at least, the possibility that what had ever been his great support might some day desert him. It was strange that he should have had such doubt, and he would hardly have confessed it openly; but apart from that wonderful world of his books, the range of his thoughts was not always proportioned to the width and largeness of his nature. His ordinary circle of activity, whether in likings or thinkings, was full of such surprising animation, that one was apt to believe it more comprehensive than it really

Written suggestions for stories.

as; and again and again, when a wide horizon might seem be ahead of him, he would pull up suddenly and stop ort, as though nothing lay beyond. For the time, though ch had its term and change, he was very much a man of e idea, each having its turn of absolute predominance; and is was one of the secrets of the thoroughness with which erything he took in hand was done. As to the matter his writings, the actual truth was that his creative genius ver really failed him. Not a few of his inventions of cha- cter and humour, up to the very close of his life, his Mari- olds, Lirripers, Gargerys, Pips, Sapseas and many others, re as fresh and fine as in his greatest day. He had how- er lost the free and fertile method of the earlier time. e could no longer fill a wide-spread canvas with the same cility and certainty as of old; and he had frequently a uite unfounded apprehension of some possible break-down, which the end might be at any moment beginning. There me accordingly, from time to time, intervals of unusual patience and restlessness, strange to me in connection ith his home; his old pursuits were too often laid aside r other excitements and occupations; he joined a public olitical agitation, set on foot by administrative reformers; e got up various quasi-public private theatricals, in which e took the leading place; and though it was but part of s always generous devotion in any friendly duty to organize e series of performances on his friend Jerrold's death, t the eagerness with which he flung himself into them, arranging them as to assume an amount of labour in ting and travelling that might have appalled an ex- rienced comedian, and carrying them on week after week

LONDON: 1857.

A defect and a merit.

Unfounded fear.

Restlessness and impatience.

LONDON: 1857.

Jerrold performances.

unceasingly in London and the provinces, expressed but the craving which still had possession of him to get by some means at some change that should make existence easier. What was highest in his nature had ceased for the time to be highest in his life, and he had put himself at the mercy of lower accidents and conditions. The mere effect of the strolling wandering ways into which this acting led him could not be other than unfavourable. But remonstrance as yet was unavailing.

Reply to a remonstrance.

To one very earnestly made in the early autumn of 1857, in which opportunity was taken to compare his recent rush up Carrick Fell to his rush into other difficulties, here was the reply. 'Too late to say, put the curb on, and don't rush 'at hills—the wrong man to say it to. I have now no relief 'but in action. I am become incapable of rest. I am quite 'confident I should rust, break, and die, if I spared myself. 'Much better to die, doing. What I am in that way, nature 'made me first, and my way of life has of late, alas! con-'firmed. I must accept the drawback—since it is one— 'with the powers I have; and I must hold upon the tenure 'prescribed to me.' Something of the same sad feeling, it is right to say, had been expressed from time to time, in connection also with home dissatisfactions and misgivings, through the three years preceding; but I attributed it to other causes, and gave little attention to it. During his absences abroad for the greater part of 1854, '55, and '56, while the elder of his children were growing out of childhood, and his books were less easy to him than in his earlier manhood, evidences presented themselves in his letters of the old 'unhappy loss or want of something' to

LONDON: 1857.

hich he had given a pervading prominence in *Copperfield.* n the first of those years he made express allusion to the nd of experience which had been one of his descriptions . that favourite book, and, mentioning the drawbacks of s present life, had first identified it with his own: 'the o happy and yet so unhappy existence which seeks its ealities in unrealities, and finds its dangerous comfort in perpetual escape from the disappointment of heart round it.'

Dangerous comfort.

Later in the same year he thus wrote from Boulogne: have had dreadful thoughts of getting away somewhere ltogether by myself. If I could have managed it, I think ossibly I might have gone to the Pyreennees (you know what I mean that word for, so I won't re-write it) for six nonths! I have put the idea into the perspective of ix months, but have not abandoned it. I have visions f living for half a year or so, in all sorts of inaccessible llaces, and opening a new book therein. A floating idea f going up above the snow-line in Switzerland, and ving in some astonishing convent, hovers about me. If *Household Words* could be got into a good train, in short, don't know in what strange place, or at what remote levation above the level of the sea, I might fall to work ext. *Restlessness*, you will say. Whatever it is, it is ways driving me, and I cannot help it. I have rested ine or ten weeks, and sometimes feel as if it had been a ear—though I had the strangest nervous miseries before stopped. If I couldn't walk fast and far, I should just xplode and perish.' Again, four months later he wrote: ou will hear of me in Paris, probably next Sunday, and

Visions of places to write books in.

LONDON: 1857.

'I *may* go on to Bordeaux. Have general ideas of emi-
'grating in the summer to the mountain-ground betweer
'France and Spain. Am altogether in a dishevelled state
'of mind—motes of new books in the dirty air, miseries o
'older growth threatening to close upon me. Why is it
'that as with poor David, a sense comes always crushing
'on me now, when I fall into low spirits, as of one happiness
'I have missed in life, and one friend and companion I
'have never made?'

One happiness missed.

Early in 1856 (20th of January) the notion revisited him of writing a book in solitude. 'Again I am beset by 'my former notions of a book whereof the whole story 'shall be on the top of the Great St. Bernard. As I accept 'and reject ideas for *Little Dorrit*, it perpetually comes 'back to me. Two or three years hence, perhaps you'll 'find me living with the Monks and the Dogs a whole 'winter—among the blinding snows that fall about that 'monastery. I have a serious idea that I shall do it, if I 'live.' He was at this date in Paris; and during the visit to him of Macready in the following April, the self-revelations were resumed. The great actor was then living in retirement at Sherborne, to which he had gone on quitting the stage; and Dickens gave favourable report of his enjoyment of the change to his little holiday at Paris. Then after recurring to his own old notion of having some slight idea of going to settle in Australia, only he could not do it until he should have finished *Little Dorrit*, he went on to say that perhaps Macready, if he could get into harness again, would not be the worse for some such troubles as were worrying himself. 'It fills me with pity to think o

More book projects.

An old friend retired.

m away in that lonely Sherborne place. I have always tlt of myself that I must, please God, die in harness, but have never felt it more strongly than in looking at, and linking of, him. However strange it is to be never at st, and never satisfied, and ever trying after something at is never reached, and to be always laden with plot d plan and care and worry, how clear it is that it must , and that one is driven by an irresistible might until e journey is worked out! It is much better to go on d fret, than to stop and fret. As to repose—for some n there's no such thing in this life. The foregoing has e appearance of a small sermon; but it is so often in v head in these days that it cannot help coming out. ae old days—the old days! Shall I ever, I wonder, get e frame of mind back as it used to be then? Some- ing of it perhaps—but never quite as it used to be. I d that the skeleton in my domestic closet is becoming pretty big one.'

LONDON: 1857.

Homily on life.

Fruitless aspirations.

t would be unjust and uncandid not to admit that se and other similar passages in the letters that ex- ded over the years while he lived abroad, had served ome degree as a preparation for what came after his rn to England in the following year. It came with a at shock nevertheless; because it told plainly what re had never been avowed, but only hinted at more ess obscurely. The opening reference is to the reply ch had been made to a previous expression of his wish some confidences as in the old time. I give only what rictly necessary to account for what followed, and even with deep reluctance. 'Your letter of yesterday was

What lay behind.

LONDON: 1857.

'so kind and hearty, and sounded so gently the mai
'chords we have touched together, that I cannot leave
'unanswered, though I have not much (to any purpose)
Confidences. 'say. My reference to "confidences" was merely to th
'relief of saying a word of what has long been pent up
'my mind. Poor Catherine and I are not made for eac
'other, and there is no help for it. It is not only that sh
'makes me uneasy and unhappy, but that I make her
'too—and much more so. She is exactly what you kno
'in the way of being amiable and complying; but we a
'strangely ill-assorted for the bond there is between u
'God knows she would have been a thousand times happi
'if she had married another kind of man, and that h
'avoidance of this destiny would have been at least equal
Sorrowful convictions. 'good for us both. I am often cut to the heart by thinkir
'what a pity it is, for her own sake, that I ever fell in h
'way; and if I were sick or disabled to-morrow, I kno
'how sorry she would be, and how deeply grieved myse
'to think how we had lost each other. But exactly th
'same incompatibility would arise, the moment I was we
'again; and nothing on earth could make her understar
'me, or suit us to each other. Her temperament will n
'go with mine. It mattered not so much when we ha
'only ourselves to consider, but reasons have been growir
'since which make it all but hopeless that we should eve
Hopeless of help. 'try to struggle on. What is now befalling me I have see
'steadily coming, ever since the days you remember whe
'Mary was born; and I know too well that you cannc
'and no one can, help me. Why I have even written
'hardly know; but it is a miserable sort of comfort th

ou should be clearly aware how matters stand. The mere LONDON: 1857.
ention of the fact, without any complaint or blame of
y sort, is a relief to my present state of spirits—and
can get this only from you, because I can speak of
to no one else.' In the same tone was his rejoinder Rejoinder to a reply.
ny reply. 'To the most part of what you say—Amen!
ou are not so tolerant as perhaps you might be of
e wayward and unsettled feeling which is part (I
ppose) of the tenure on which one holds an imagi- Tenure of imaginative life.
tive life, and which I have, as you ought to know well,
en only kept down by riding over it like a dragoon
but let that go by. I make no maudlin complaint.
agree with you as to the very possible incidents,
en not less bearable than mine, that might and must
en occur to the married condition when it is entered
o very young. I am always deeply sensible of the
nderful exercise I have of life and its highest sensa-
ns, and have said to myself for years, and have honestly
d truly felt, This is the drawback to such a career, No complaint made.
d is not to be complained of. I say it and feel it now
strongly as ever I did; and, as I told you in my last,
lo not with that view put all this forward. But the
ars have not made it easier to bear for either of us;
d, for her sake as well as mine, the wish will force itself
on me that something might be done. I know too
ll it is impossible. There is the fact, and that is all
e can say. Nor are you to suppose that I disguise from No desire for immunity from blame.
rself what might be urged on the other side. I claim
immunity from blame. There is plenty of fault on
side, I dare say, in the way of a thousand uncertain-

LONDON : 1857.

'ties, caprices, and difficulties of disposition ; but only o
'thing will alter all that, and that is, the end which alte
'everything.'

It will not seem to most people that there was anythi
here which in happier circumstances might not have bee
Opportunity missed. susceptible of considerate adjustment ; but all the circun
stances were unfavourable, and the moderate midd
course which the admissions in that letter might wise
have prompted and wholly justified, was unfortunate
not taken. Compare what before was said of his tempe
ament, with what is there said by himself of its defects, a
the explanation will not be difficult. Every counteracti
influence against the one idea which now predominat
Counteracting influences weakened. over him had been so weakened as to be almost powerle
His elder children were no longer children ; his books h
lost for the time the importance they formerly had ov
every other consideration in his life ; and he had not
himself the resource that such a man, judging him fro
the surface, might be expected to have had. Not
genius only, but his whole nature, was too exclusive
made up of sympathy for, and with, the real in its mo
intense form, to be sufficiently provided against failu
in the realities around him. There was for him no 'ci
'of the mind' against outward ills, for inner consolation a
shelter. It was in and from the actual he still stretch
forward to find the freedom and satisfactions of an ide
and by his very attempts to escape the world he was driv
What the world cannot give. back into the thick of it. But what he would have soug
there, it supplies to none ; and to get the infinite out
anything so finite, has broken many a stout heart.

At the close of that last letter from Gadshill (5th of otember) was this question—'What do you think of my ying for this place, by reviving that old idea of some eadings from my books. I am very strongly tempted. nink of it.' The reasons against it had great force, and s, in my judgment, greater from the time at which it was in proposed. The old ground of opposition remained. vas a substitution of lower for higher aims; a change commonplace from more elevated pursuits; and it had much of the character of a public exhibition for money o raise, in the question of respect for his calling as a ter, a question also of respect for himself as a gentle- n. This opinion, now strongly reiterated, was referred mately to two distinguished ladies of his acquaint- e, who decided against it.* Yet not without such mo-

LONDON: 1857-8.

Old project revived.

Ante, 40.

Objections to it.

*'You may as well know' (20th of March 1858) 'that I went on' (I desig- the ladies by A and B respectively) 'and propounded the matter A, without any preparation. Result.—"I am surprised, and I should ave been surprised if I had seen it in the newspaper without previous onfidence from you. But nothing more. N—no. Certainly not. Nothing nore. I don't see that there is anything derogatory in it, even now when ou ask me that question. I think upon the whole that most people would e glad you should have the money, rather than other people. It might be isunderstood here and there, at first; but I think the thing would very oon express itself, and that your own power of making it express itself ould be very great." As she wished me to ask B, who was in another m, I did so. She was for a moment tremendously disconcerted, "*under he impression that it was to lead to the stage*" (!!). Then, without know- anything of A's opinion, closely followed it. That absurd association i never entered my head or yours; but it might enter some other heads all that. Take these two opinions for whatever they are worth. A ing very much interested and very anxious to help to a right conclusion) posed to ask a few people of various degrees who know what the Readings what *they* think—not compromising me, but suggesting the project afar- as an idea in somebody else's mind. I thanked her, and said "Yes," ourse.'

Opinions asked and given.

LONDON: 1857-8.

mentary misgiving in the direction of 'the stage,' as pointe strongly to the danger, which, by those who took th opposite view, was most of all thought incident to the pa ticular time of the proposal. It might be a wild exaggera tion to fear that he was in danger of being led to adop the stage as a calling, but he was certainly about to plac himself within reach of not a few of its drawbacks and dis

Disadvantages of public reading.

advantages. To the full extent he perhaps did not himse know, how much his eager present wish to become a publi reader was but the outcome of the restless domestic dis contents of the last four years; and that to indulge it, an the unsettled habits inseparable from it, was to abando every hope of resettling his disordered home. There i nothing, in its application to so divine a genius as Shake speare, more affecting than his expressed dislike to a pro fession, which, in the jealous self-watchfulness of his nobl nature, he feared might hurt his mind.* The long subse

The profession of the stage.

quent line of actors admirable in private as in public life and all the gentle and generous associations of the his trionic art, have not weakened the testimony of its greates name against its less favourable influences; against th

Shakespeare on the actor's calling.

* Oh! for my sake do you with Fortune chide
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand. . .
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd. . .
Sonnet cxi.

And in the preceding Sonnet cx.

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear. . .

LONDON: 1857-8.

ty of habits it may encourage; and its public manners, d of public means, not always compatible with home ities and duties. But, freely open as Dickens was to nself in regard of his books, he was, for reasons formerly ed,* less accessible to it on points of personal conduct; when he had neither self-distrust nor self-denial to d him back, he would push persistently forward to tever object he had in view.

Hospital for sick children. 1858.

n occurrence of the time hastened the decision in this . An enterprise had been set on foot for establishment a hospital for sick children;† a large old-fashioned nsion in Great Ormond-street, with spacious garden, had m fitted up with more than thirty beds; during the four ive years of its existence, outdoor and indoor relief had m afforded by it to nearly fifty thousand children, of om thirty thousand were under five years of age; but, nt of funds having threatened to arrest the merciful k, it was resolved to try a public dinner by way of ritable appeal, and for president the happy choice was

* Vol. I. p. 52-3. I repeat from that passage one or two sentences, though hardly fair to give them without the modifications that accompany them. oo great confidence in himself, a sense that everything was possible to the l that would make it so, laid occasionally upon him self-imposed burdens ater than might be borne by any one with safety. In that direction there s in him, at such times, something even hard and aggressive; in his erminations a something that had almost the tone of fierceness; something his nature that made his resolves insuperable, however hasty the opinions which they had been formed.'

Deaths of little children.

† The Board of Health returns, showing that out of every annual thousand aths in London, the immense proportion of four hundred were those of ren under four years old, had established the necessity for such a scheme. ourse the stress of this mortality fell on the children of the poor, 'dragged rather than brought up,' as Charles Lamb expressed it, and perishing un- ed by the way.

LONDON: 1858.

made of one who had enchanted everybody with the joy and sorrows of little children. Dickens threw himself int

Help asked from Dickens.

the service heart and soul. There was a simple pathos i his address from the chair quite startling in its effect a such a meeting; and he probably never moved any audienc so much as by the strong personal feeling with which h

Charities of the poor.

referred to the sacrifices made for the Hospital by the ver poor themselves: from whom a subscription of fifty pounds contributed in single pennies, had come to the treasure during almost every year it had been open. The whol speech, indeed, is the best of the kind spoken by him and two little pictures from it, one of the misery he ha witnessed, the other of the remedy he had found, shoul not be absent from the picture of his own life.

Speech for Child's Hospital.

'Some years ago, being in Scotland, I went with one o 'the most humane members of the most humane of profes 'sions, on a morning tour among some of the worst lodge 'inhabitants of the old town of Edinburgh. In the close 'and wynds of that picturesque place (I am sorry to remin 'you what fast friends picturesqueness and typhus ofte 'are), we saw more poverty and sickness in an hour tha 'many people would believe in, in a life. Our way la 'from one to another of the most wretched dwellings 'reeking with horrible odours; shut out from the sky an 'from the air, mere pits and dens. In a room in one o 'these places, where there was an empty porridge-pot o

A sad scene.

'the cold hearth, a ragged woman and some ragged childre 'crouching on the bare ground near it,—and, I remembe 'as I speak, where the very light, refracted from a high 'damp-stained wall outside, came in trembling, as if th

ever which had shaken everything else had shaken even London: 1858.
t,—there lay, in an old egg-box which the mother had
egged from a shop, a little, feeble, wan, sick child.
With his little wasted face, and his little hot worn hands
olded over his breast, and his little bright attentive eyes,
can see him now, as I have seen him for several years,
ooking steadily at us. There he lay in his small frail
ox, which was not at all a bad emblem of the small body A small patient.
rom which he was slowly parting—there he lay, quite
uiet, quite patient, saying never a word. He seldom
ied, the mother said; he seldom complained; "he lay
there, seemin' to woonder what it was a' aboot." God
nows, I thought, as I stood looking at him, he had his
asons for wondering . . . Many a poor child, sick and
glected, I have seen since that time in London; many Unsolved mysteries.
ave I also seen most affectionately tended, in unwhole-
me houses and hard circumstances where recovery was
mpossible: but at all such times I have seen my little
rooping friend in his egg-box, and he has always ad-
ressed his dumb wonder to me what it meant, and why,
n the name of a gracious God, such things should be! . .
ut, ladies and gentlemen,' Dickens added, 'such things
ed NOT be, and will not be, if this company, which is a
rop of the life-blood of the great compassionate public
art, will only accept the means of rescue and prevention
hich it is mine to offer. Within a quarter of a mile of
is place where I speak, stands a once courtly old house,
here blooming children were born, and grew up to be men Hospital described.
nd women, and married, and brought their own blooming
ildren back to patter up the old oak staircase which

LONDON: 1858.

'stood but the other day, and to wonder at the old oak
'carvings on the chimney-pieces. In the airy wards into
'which the old state drawing-rooms and family bedcham-
'bers of that house are now converted, are lodged such small
'patients that the attendant nurses look like reclaimed
'giantesses, and the kind medical practitioner like an
'amiable Christian ogre. Grouped about the little low
'tables in the centre of the rooms, are such tiny convales-
'cents that they seem to be playing at having been ill.
'On the doll's beds are such diminutive creatures that each
'poor sufferer is supplied with its tray of toys: and, look-
'ing round, you may see how the little tired flushed cheek
'has toppled over half the brute creation on its way into
'the ark; or how one little dimpled arm has mowed down
'(as I saw myself) the whole tin soldiery of Europe. On
'the walls of these rooms are graceful, pleasant, bright,
'childish pictures. At the beds' heads, hang representa-
'tions of the figure which is the universal embodiment of all
'mercy and compassion, the figure of Him who was once a
'child Himself, and a poor one. But alas! reckoning up
'the number of beds that are there, the visitor to this Child's
'Hospital will find himself perforce obliged to stop at very
'little over thirty; and will learn, with sorrow and surprise,
'that even that small number, so forlornly, so miserably
'diminutive compared with this vast London, cannot pos-
'sibly be maintained unless the Hospital be made better
'known. I limit myself to saying better known, because
'I will not believe that in a Christian community of fathers
'and mothers, and brothers and sisters, it can fail, being
'better known, to be well and richly endowed.' It was a

See Ch. ix. of *Our Mutual Friend.*

Appeal for sick children.

ave and true prediction. The Child's Hospital has never uce known want. That night alone added greatly ore than three thousand pounds to its funds, and Dickens t the crown to his good work by reading on its behalf, ortly afterwards, his *Christmas Carol;* when the sum alized, and the urgent demand that followed for a repeti- n of the pleasure given by the reading, bore down farther position to the project of his engaging publicly in such adings for himself.

LONDON: 1858.

Success of appeal.

Reading for the Hospital.

The Child's Hospital night was the 9th of February, its ading was appointed for the 15th of April, and, nearly a nth before, renewed efforts at remonstrance had been de. 'Your view of the reading matter,' Dickens replied, still think is unconsciously taken from your own par- cular point. You don't seem to me to get out of your- lf in considering it. A word more upon it. You are not think I have made up my mind. If I had, why should not say so? I find very great difficulty in doing so be- use of what you urge, because I know the question to a balance of doubts, and because I most honestly feel my innermost heart, in this matter (as in all others for ars and years), the honour of the calling by which I ve always stood most conscientiously. But do you nite consider that the public exhibition of oneself takes ace equally, whosoever may get the money? And have u any idea that at this moment—this very time—half e public at least supposes me to be paid? My dear F, t of the twenty or five-and-twenty letters a week that get about Readings, twenty will ask at what price, or on nat terms, it can be done. The only exceptions, in truth,

Reasons for and against paid readings.

LONDON: 1858.

'are when the correspondent is a clergyman, or a banker,
'or the member for the place in question. Why, at this
'very time half Scotland believes that I am paid for going
'to Edinburgh!—Here is Greenock writes to me, and asks
'could it be done for a hundred pounds? There is Aber-
'deen writes, and states the capacity of its hall, and says,
'though far less profitable than the very large hall in
'Edinburgh, is it not enough to come on for? W. answers
'such letters continually. (—At this place, enter Beale.
'He called here yesterday morning, and then wrote to
'ask if I would see him to-day. I replied "Yes," so here
A proposal from Mr. Beale.
'he came in. With long preface called to know whether
'it was possible to arrange anything in the way of Readings
'for this autumn—say, six months. Large capital at com-
'mand. Could produce partners, in such an enterprise, also
'with large capital. Represented such. Returns would be
'enormous. Would I name a sum? a minimum sum that
'I required to have, in any case? Would I look at it as a
'Fortune, and in no other point of view? I shook my
'head, and said, my tongue was tied on the subject for the
'present; I might be more communicative at another
'time. Exit Beale in confusion and disappointment.)—You
'will be happy to hear that at one on Friday, the Lord
'Provost, Dean of Guild, Magistrates, and Council of the
'ancient city of Edinburgh will wait (in procession) on their
i. 232. 'brother freeman, at the Music Hall, to give him hospit-
'able welcome. Their brother freeman has been cursing
'their stars and his own, ever since the receipt of solemn
'notification to this effect.' But very grateful, when it came
was the enthusiasm of the greeting, and welcome the gif

t the silver wassail-bowl which followed the reading of the *rol.* 'I had no opportunity of asking any one's advice n Edinburgh,' he wrote on his return. 'The crowd was oo enormous, and the excitement in it much too great. ut my determination is all but taken. I must do *some-ing*, or I shall wear my heart away. I can see no better ing to do that is half so hopeful in itself, or half so well ited to my restless state.'

London: 1858.

Edinburgh reading and gift.

What is pointed at in those last words had been taken a ground of objection, and thus he turned it into an gument the other way. During all these months many rowful misunderstandings had continued in his home, d the relief sought from the misery had but the effect making desperate any hope of a better understanding. becomes necessary,' he wrote at the end of March, ith a view to the arrangements that would have to be gun next month if I decided on the Readings, to con-der and settle the question of the Plunge. Quite dis-iss from your mind any reference whatever to present rcumstances at home. Nothing can put *them* right, ntil we are all dead and buried and risen. It is not, with e, a matter of will, or trial, or sufferance, or good humour, making the best of it, or making the worst of it, any nger. It is all despairingly over. Have no lingering ope of, or for, me in this association. A dismal failure as to be borne, and there an end. Will you then y to think of this reading project (as I do) apart from l personal likings and dislikings, and solely with a view its effect on that peculiar relation (personally affec-onate, and like no other man's) which subsists between

Nearer and nearer.

Question of the Plunge.

LONDON: 1858.

'me and the public? I want your most careful considera-
'tion. If you would like, when you have gone over it in
'your mind, to discuss the matter with me and Arthur
'Smith (who would manage the whole of the Business,
'which I should never touch); we will make an appoint-
'ment. But I ought to add that Arthur Smith plainly
Doubt and no doubt. 'says, "Of the immense return in money, I have no doubt.
'"Of the Dash into the new position, however, I am not
'"so good a judge." I enclose you a rough note * of my
'project, as it stands in my mind.'

Mr. Arthur Smith. Mr. Arthur Smith, a man possessed of many qualities

* Here is the rough note: in which the reader will be interested to observe the limits originally placed to the proposal. The first Readings were to comprise only the *Carol*, and for others a new story was to be written. He had not yet the full confidence in his power or versatility as an actor which subsequent experience gave him. 'I propose to announce in a short and plain advertise-
'ment (what is quite true) that I cannot so much as answer the numerous
'applications that are made to me to read, and that compliance with ever so
'few of them is, in any reason, impossible. That I have therefore resolved
'upon a course of readings of the *Christmas Carol* both in town and country,
First rough note as to readings. 'and that those in London will take place at St. Martin's Hall on certain even-
'ings. Those evenings will be either four or six Thursdays, in May and the
'beginning of June . . . I propose an Autumn Tour, for the country, extend-
'ing through August, September, and October. It would comprise the Eastern
'Counties, the West, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Scotland. I should read from
'35 to 40 times in this tour, at the least. At each place where there was a
'great success, I would myself announce that I should come back, on the turn
'of Christmas, to read a new Christmas story written for that purpose. This
'story I should first read a certain number of times in London. I have the
'strongest belief that by April in next year, a very large sum of money
'indeed would be gained by these means. Ireland would be still untouched,
'and I conceive America alone (if I could resolve to go there) to be worth Ten
'Thousand Pounds. In all these proceedings, the Business would be wholly
'detached from me, and I should never appear in it. I would have an office,
'belonging to the Readings and to nothing else, opened in London; I would
'have the advertisements emanating from it, and also signed by some one be-
'longing to it; and they should always mention me as a third person—just as
'the Child's Hospital, for instance, in addressing the public, mentions me.'

ut justified the confidence Dickens placed in him, might have been a good judge of the 'Dash' into the new sition, but no man knew better every disadvantage in- ent to it, or was less likely to be disconcerted by any. s exact fitness to manage the scheme successfully, made n an unsafe counsellor respecting it. Within a week m this time the reading for the Charity was to be given. ney have let,' Dickens wrote on the 9th of April, 'five undred stalls for the Hospital night; and as people come ery day for more, and it is out of the question to make ore, they cannot be restrained at St. Martin's Hall from king down names for other Readings.' This closed the empt at further objection. Exactly a fortnight after reading for the children's hospital, on Thursday the h April, came the first public reading for his own efit; and before the next month was over, this launch a new life had been followed by a change in his old ne. Thenceforward he and his wife lived apart. The est son went with his mother, Dickens at once giving ct to her expressed wish in this respect; and the other dren remained with himself, their intercourse with s. Dickens being left entirely to themselves. It was s far an arrangement of a strictly private nature, and decent person could have had excuse for regarding it ny other light, if public attention had not been unex- edly invited to it by a printed statement in *Household ds.* Dickens was stung into this by some miserable ip at which in ordinary circumstances no man would re determinedly have been silent; but he had now licly to show himself, at stated times, as a public en-

LONDON: 1858.

Child's Hospital reading.

Change in home.

Unwise printed statement.

London: 1858.

tertainer, and this, with his name even so aspersed, he found to be impossible. All he would concede to my strenuous resistance against such a publication, was an offer to suppress it, if, upon reference to the opinion of a certain distinguished man (still living), that opinion should prove to be in agreement with mine. Unhappily it fell in with his own and the publication went on. It was followed by another statement, a letter subscribed with his name, which got into print without his sanction; nothing publicly being known of it (I was not among those who had read it privately) until it appeared in the *New York Tribune*. It had been addressed and given to Mr. Arthur Smith as an authority for correction of false rumours and scandals, and Mr. Smith had given a copy of it, with like intention, to the *Tribune* correspondent in London. Its writer referred to it always afterwards as his 'violated letter.'

A 'violated letter.'

The course taken by the author of this book at the time of these occurrences, will not be departed from here. Such illustration of grave defects in Dickens's character as this passage in his life affords, I have not shrunk from placing side by side with such excuses in regard to it as he has unquestionable right to claim should be put forward also. How far what remained of his story took tone or colour from it, and especially from the altered career on which at the same time he entered, will thus be sufficiently explained; and with anything else the public have nothing to do.

What alone concerned the public.

CHAPTER VIII.

GADSHILL PLACE.

1856—1870.

GADSHILL PLACE: 1856-70.

'I was better pleased with Gadshill Place last Saturday,' he wrote to me from Paris on the 13th of February 56, 'on going down there, even than I had prepared myself to be. The country, against every disadvantage season, is beautiful; and the house is so old fashioned, cheerful, and comfortable, that it is really pleasant to look

First description of it.

The good old Rector now there, has lived in it six and enty years, so I have not the heart to turn him out. e is to remain till Lady-Day next year, when I shall go please God; make my alterations; furnish the house; d keep it for myself that summer.' Returning to England through the Kentish country with Mr. Wilkie Collins July, other advantages occurred to him. 'A railroad ened from Rochester to Maidstone, which connects adshill at once with the whole sea coast, is certainly an dition to the place, and an enhancement of its value. ze and bye we shall have the London, Chatham and ver, too; and that will bring it within an hour of Canterbury and an hour and a half of Dover. I am glad to ar of your having been in the neighbourhood. There

Expected advantages.

GADSHILL PLACE: 1856-70.

'is no healthier (marshes avoided), and none in my eye 'more beautiful. One of these days I shall show you som 'places up the Medway with which you will be charmed.'

The Porch at Gadshill

The asso ciation with his youthfu fancy tha first made the place attractive to him has been told and it was with won der he had heard one day, from his friend and fellow worker a *Household Words*, Mr W. H. Wills that no only was th house fo sale to which he had so often looked wistfully, but tha the lady chiefly interested as its owner had been lon known and much esteemed by himself. Such curiou chances led Dickens to his saying about the smallness

Odd chances, i. 4–5.

world; but the close relation often found thus existing ween things and persons far apart, suggests not so much smallness of the world as the possible importance of least things done in it, and is better explained by the der teaching of Carlyle, that causes and effects, con- ing every man and thing with every other, extend ugh all space and time. GADSHILL PLACE: 1856-70. i. 65.

was at the close of 1855 the negociation for its pur- e began. 'They wouldn't,' he wrote (25th of November), e £1700 for the Gadshill property, but "finally" nted £1800. I have finally offered £1750. It will uire an expenditure of about £300 more before yield- £100 a year.' The usual discovery of course awaited that this first estimate would have to be increased efold. 'The changes absolutely necessary' (9th of uary 1856) 'will take a thousand pounds; which sum I always resolving to squeeze out of this, grind out of t, and wring out of the other; this, that, and the other erally all three declining to come up to the scratch the purpose.' 'This day,'* he wrote on the 14th of h, 'I have paid the purchase money for Gadshill Place. er drawing the cheque (£1790) I turned round to give o Wills, and said, "Now isn't it an extraordinary thing —look at the Day—Friday! I have been nearly draw- g it half a dozen times when the lawyers have not en ready, and here it comes round upon a Friday as matter of course."' He had no thought at this time Negocia- tions for purchase.

An old su- perstition.

* On New Year's Day he had written from Paris. 'When in London tts's advised me not to sell out the money for Gadshill Place (the title of state sir, my place down in Kent) until the conveyance was settled and v.'

GADSHILL PLACE: 1856-70.

Meant for investment.

Interest in it increased.

Becomes his home in 1859.

Improvements and additions.

of reserving the place wholly for himself, or of making his own residence except at intervals of summer. He look upon it as an investment only. 'You will hardly kn 'Gadshill again,' he wrote in January 1858, 'I am i 'proving it so much—yet I have no interest in the pla But continued ownership brought increased liking; took more and more interest in his own improvement which were just the kind of occasional occupation and r source his life most wanted in its next seven or eight year and any farther idea of letting it he soon abandoned alt gether. It only once passed out of his possession thus, f four months in 1859; in the following year, on the sale Tavistock House, he transferred to it his books and pictur and choicer furniture; and thenceforward, varied only houses taken from time to time for the London season, made it his permanent family abode. Now and the even during those years, he would talk of selling it; a on his last return from America, when he had sent the l of his sons out into the world, he really might have sold if he could then have found a house in London suitable him, and such as he could purchase. But in this he faile secretly to his own satisfaction, as I believe; and the upon, in that last autumn of his life, he projected and c ried out his most costly addition to Gadshill. Already course more money had been spent upon it than his fi intention in buying it would have justified. He had enlarged the accommodation, improved the grounds a offices, and added to the land, that, taking also into acco this final outlay, the reserved price placed upon the wh after his death more than quadrupled what he had gi

856 for the house, shrubbery, and twenty years' lease meadow field. It was then purchased, and is now bited, by his eldest son. GADSHILL PLACE: 1856-70.

s position has been described, and one of the last- i. 4.
ury-histories of Rochester quaintly mentions the prin-
interest of the locality. 'Near the twenty-seventh
ne from London is Gadshill, supposed to have been the
ne of the robbery mentioned by Shakespeare in his Gadshill a century ago.
y of Henry IV; there being reason to think also that
was Sir John Falstaff, of truly comic memory, who
ler the name of Oldcastle inhabited Cooling Castle of
ch the ruins are in the neighbourhood. A small dis-
ce to the left appears on an eminence the Hermitage,
seat of the late Sir Francis Head, Bart;* and close to
road, on a small ascent, is a neat building lately
cted by Mr. Day. In descending Strood-hill is a fine
spect of Strood, Rochester, and Chatham, which three
ns form a continued street extending above two miles
ength.' It had been supposed † that 'the neat build-
lately erected by Mr. Day' was that which the great
list made famous; but Gadshill Place had no existence
l eight years after the date of the history. The good Antecedents of Dickens's house.
or who so long lived in it told me, in 1859, that it had
built eighty years before by a then well-known cha-
er in those parts, one Stevens, father-in-law of Henslow

*Two houses now stand on what was Sir Francis Head's estate, the Great and Little Hermitage, occupied respectively by Mr. Malleson and Mr. Hulkes, who became intimate with Dickens. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, whose father's house was in that court out of Tavistock-square of which Tavistock House formed part, had occupied the Great Hermitage previously.

†By the obliging correspondent who sent me this *History of Rochester*, 8vo. (Rochester, 1772), p. 302.

GADSHILL PLACE: 1856-70.

the Cambridge professor of botany. Stevens, who coul only with much difficulty manage to write his name, ha begun life as ostler at an inn; had become husband t the landlord's widow; then a brewer; and finally, as h subscribed himself on one occasion, 'mare' of Rocheste

Its owners and tenants.

Afterwards the house was inhabited by Mr. Lynn (fro some of the members of whose family Dickens made hi purchase); and, before the Rev. Mr. Hindle became it tenant, it was inhabited by a Macaroni parson name Townshend, whose horses the Prince Regent bought, throw ing into the bargain a box of much desired cigars. Alto gether the place had notable associations even apart fro those which have connected it with the masterpieces o English humour. 'THIS HOUSE, GADSHILL PLACE, stands o 'the summit of Shakespeare's Gadshill, ever memorable fo

Greeting to visitors.

'its association with Sir John Falstaff in his noble fancy '*But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by fou* '*o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going t* '*Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding t* '*London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all* '*you have horses for yourselves.*' Illuminated by M Owen Jones, and placed in a frame on the first-floor land ing, these words were the greeting of the new tenant t his visitors. It was his first act of ownership.

All his improvements, it should perhaps be remarke were not exclusively matters of choice; and to illustrat by his letters what befell at the beginning of his change will show what attended them to the close. His earlie difficulty was very grave. There was only one spring water for gentlefolk and villagers, and from some of th

ises or cottages it was two miles away. 'We are still' (n of July) 'boring for water here, at the rate of two unds per day for wages. The men seem to like it very uch, and to be perfectly comfortable.' Another of his liest experiences (5th of September) was thus expressed: op-picking is going on, and people sleep in the garden, d breathe in at the keyhole of the house door. I have en amazed, before this year, by the number of miserable an wretches, hardly able to crawl, who go hop-picking. find it is a superstition that the dust of the newly cked hop, falling freshly into the throat, is a cure for nsumption. So the poor creatures drag themselves along e roads, and sleep under wet hedges, and get cured on and finally.' Towards the close of the same month th of September) he wrote: 'Here are six men per- tually going up and down the well (I know that some- dy will be killed), in the course of fitting a pump; which quite a railway terminus—it is so iron, and so big. ne process is much more like putting Oxford-street end- ise, and laying gas along it, than anything else. By the me it is finished, the cost of this water will be something solutely frightful. But of course it proportionately creases the value of the property, and that's my only mfort. . . The horse has gone lame from a sprain, the g dog has run a tenpenny nail into one of his hind feet, e bolts have all flown out of the basket-carriage, and e gardener says all the fruit trees want replacing with w ones.' Another note came in three days. 'I have iscovered that the seven miles between Maidstone and ochester is one of the most beautiful walks in England.

GADSHILL PLACE: 1856-70.

Deficient water-supply.

Hop-picking.

The well.

Country mishaps:

consolation.

GADSHILL PLACE: 1856-70.

'Five men have been looking attentively at the pump for 'a week, and (I should hope) may begin to fit it in the 'course of October.' . .

Exterior and Porch.

With even such varying fortune he effected other changes.* The exterior remained to the last much as it was when he used as a boy to see it first; a plain, old-fashioned, two-story, brick-built country house, with a bell-turret on the roof, and over the front door a quaint neat wooden porch with pillars and seats. But, among his additions and alterations, was a new drawing-room built out from the smaller existing one, both being thrown together ultimately; two good bedrooms built on a third floor at the back; and such

Gradual additions.

re-arrangement of the ground floor as, besides its handsome drawing-room, and its dining-room which he hung with pictures, transformed its bedroom into a study which he lined with books and sometimes wrote in, and changed its breakfast-parlour into a retreat fitted up for smokers into which he put a small billiard-table. These several rooms opened from a hall having in it a series of Hogarth prints, until, after the artist's death, Stanfield's noble scenes were placed there, when the Hogarths were moved to his bedroom; and in this hall, during his last absence in America, a parquet

Later changes.

floor was laid down. Nor did he omit such changes as might increase the comfort of his servants. He built entirely new offices and stables, and replaced a very old

* 'As to the carpenters,' he wrote to his daughter in September 1860, 'they are absolutely maddening. They are always at work yet never seem to 'do anything. L. was down on Friday, and said (with his eye fixed on Maid-'stone and rubbing his hands to conciliate his moody employer) that "he didn't '"think there would be very much left to do after Saturday the 29th." I 'didn't throw him out of window.'

ch-house by a capital servants' hall, transforming the loft ve into a commodious school-room or study for his boys. made at the same time an excellent croquet-ground of a waste piece of orchard. GADSHILL PLACE: 1856-70.

Belonging to the house, but unfortunately placed on the er side of the high road, was a shrubbery, well wooded ugh in desolate condition, in which stood two magnifit cedars; and having obtained, in 1859, the consent of local authorities for the necessary underground work, kens constructed a passage beneath the road* from his t lawn; and in the shrubbery thus rendered accessible, which he then laid out very prettily, he placed afterds a Swiss châlet† presented to him by Mr. Fechter, ch arrived from Paris in ninety-four pieces fitting like joints of a puzzle, but which proved to be somewhat ly in setting on its legs by means of a foundation of kwork. Once up, however, it was a great resource in summer months, and much of Dickens's work was done re. 'I have put five mirrors in the châlet where I ite,'‡ he told an American friend, 'and they reflect and Connection of shrubbery and lawn. Gift from Mr. Fechter.

* A passage in his paper on Tramps embodies very amusingly experience led in his letters of this brick-work tunnel and the sinking of the well; but only borrow one sentence. 'The current of my uncommercial pursuits sed me only last summer to want a little body of workmen for a certain l of work in a pleasant part of the country; and I was at one time honoured a the attendance of as many as seven-and-twenty, who were looking at Bits of wonderful observation are in that paper. Ways of Tramps.

† This was at the beginning of 1865. 'The chalet,' he wrote to me on the f January, 'is going on excellently, though the ornamental part is more ly put together than the substantial. It will really be a very pretty gg; and in the summer (supposing it not to be blown away in the spring), upper room will make a charming study. It is much higher than we posed.'

‡ As surely, however, as he did any work there, so surely his indispensable

GADSHILL PLACE: 1856-70.

'refract, in all kinds of ways, the leaves that are quivering
'at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and
'the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches
'of the trees; and the birds and the butterflies fly in and
'out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows,
'and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go
'with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers,
'and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and
'miles, is most delicious.' He used to make great boast,

In the châlet.

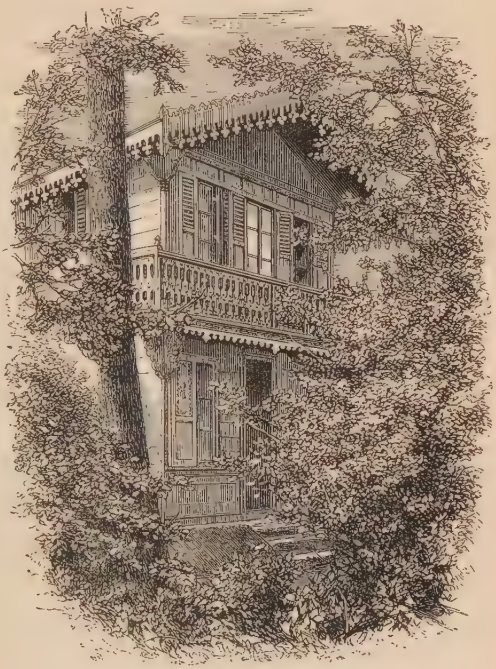
little accompaniments of work (ii. 214) were carried along with him; and of these I will quote what was written shortly after his death by his son-in-law, Mr. Charles Collins, to illustrate a very touching sketch by Mr. Fildes of his writing-desk and vacant chair. 'Ranged in front of, and round
'about him, were always a variety of objects for his eye to rest on in the
'intervals of actual writing, and any one of which he would have instantly
'missed had it been removed. There was a French bronze group representing
'a duel with swords, fought by a couple of very fat toads, one of them
'(characterised by that particular buoyancy which belongs to corpulence) in the
'act of making a prodigious lunge forward, which the other receives in the
'very middle of his digestive apparatus, and under the influence of which it
'seems likely that he will satisfy the wounded honour of his opponent by
'promptly expiring. There was another bronze figure which always stood near
'the toads, also of French manufacture, and also full of comic suggestion. It
'was a statuette of a dog-fancier, such a one as you used to see on the bridges
'or quays of Paris, with a profusion of little dogs stuck under his arms and
'into his pockets, and everywhere where little dogs could possibly be insinuated,
'all for sale, and all, as even a casual glance at the vendor's exterior would
'convince the most unsuspicious person, with some screw loose in their physical
'constitutions or moral natures, to be discovered immediately after purchase.
'There was the long gilt leaf with the rabbit sitting erect upon its haunches,
'the huge paper-knife often held in his hand during his public readings, and
'the little fresh green cup ornamented with the leaves and blossoms of the
'cowslip, in which a few fresh flowers were always placed every morning—for
'Dickens invariably worked with flowers on his writing-table. There was also
'the register of the day of the week and of the month, which stood always before
'him; and when the room in the châlet in which he wrote his last paragraph
'was opened, some time after his death, the first thing to be noticed by those
'who entered was this register, set at "Wednesday, June 8"—the day of his
'seizure.' It remains to this day as it was found.

Dickens's writing-table.

o, not only of his crowds of singing birds all day, but of s nightingales at night.

Gadshill Place: 1856-70.

One or two more extracts from letters having reference these changes may show something of the interest to



The Chalêt: presented by Mr. Fechter.

m with nich Gads- ll thus ew under s hands. sun-dial his back- wn had a of histo- interest out it. ne of the alustrades the des- royed old ochester ridge,' he ote to

daughter in June 1859, 'has been (very nicely) pre- nted to me by the contractors for the works, and has een duly stone-masoned and set up on the lawn behind e house. I have ordered a sun-dial for the top of it, nd it will be a very good object indeed.' 'When ou come down here next month,' he wrote to me, 'we ave an idea that we shall show you rather a neat ouse. What terrific adventures have been in action;

GADSHILL PLACE: 1856-70.

'how many overladen vans were knocked up at Gravesend, 'and had to be dragged out of Chalk-turnpike in the 'dead of the night by the whole equine power of this 'establishment; shall be revealed at another time.' That was in the autumn of 1860, when, on the sale of his London house, its contents were transferred to his country home. 'I shall have an alteration or two to show you at 'Gadshill that greatly improve the little property; and 'when I get the workmen out this time, I think I'll leave 'off.' October 1861 had now come, when the new bedrooms were built; but in the same month of 1863 he announced his transformation of the old coach-house. 'I shall have a 'small new improvement to show you at Gads, which I think 'you will accept as the crowning ingenuity of the inimitable.' But of course it was not over yet. 'My small work and 'planting,' he wrote in the spring of 1866, 'really, truly, 'and positively the last, are nearly at an end in these 'regions, and the result will await summer inspection.' No, nor even yet. He afterwards obtained, by exchange of some land with the trustees of Watts's Charity, the much coveted meadow at the back of the house of which heretofore he had the lease only; and he was then able to plant a number of young limes and chesnuts and other quick-growing trees. He had already planted a row of limes in front. He had no idea, he would say, of planting only for the benefit of posterity, but would put into the ground what he might himself enjoy the sight and shade of. He put them in two or three clumps in the meadow, and in a belt all round.

Making Gadshill his home.

A much coveted acquisition.

Planting trees.

Still there were 'more last words,' for the limit was

lly to be set by his last year of life. On abandoning his tion, after the American Readings, of exchanging Gads- ll for London, a new staircase was put up from the hall ; parquet floor laid on the first landing ; and a conservatory iilt, opening into both drawing-room and dining-room, lass and iron,' as he described it, ' brilliant but expensive, ith foundations as of an ancient Roman work of horrible olidity.' This last addition had long been an object of sire with him ; though he would hardly even now have ven himself the indulgence but for the golden shower m America. He saw it first in a completed state on the nday before his death, when his younger daughter was a visit to him. ' Well, Katey,' he said to her, ' now you ee POSITIVELY the last improvement at Gadshill ; ' and ery one laughed at the joke against himself. The success the new conservatory was unquestionable. It was the mark of all around him that he was certainly, from this st of his improvements, drawing more enjoyment than m any of its predecessors, when the scene for ever sed.

Gadshill Place : 1856-70.

Last great improvement.

New conservatory.

Of the course of his daily life in the country there is t much to be said. Perhaps there was never a man o changed places so much and habits so little. He was ways methodical and regular ; and passed his life from y to day, divided for the most part between working d walking, the same wherever he was. The only excep- n was when special or infrequent visitors were with him. hen such friends as Longfellow and his daughters, or harles Eliot Norton and his wife, came, or when Mr. Fields ought his wife and Professor Lowell's daughter, or when

Course of daily life.

GADSHILL PLACE: 1856-70.

he received other Americans to whom he owed special courtesy, he would compress into infinitely few days an enormous amount of sight seeing and country enjoyment, castles, cathedrals, and fortified lines, lunches and picnics among cherry orchards and hop-gardens, excursions to Canterbury or Maidstone and their beautiful neighbourhoods,

House and conservatory: from the meadow.

Druid-stone and Blue Bell Hill. 'All the neighbouring 'country that could be shown in so short a time,' he wrote of the Longfellow visit, 'they saw. I turned out a couple 'of postilions in the old red jackets of the old red royal 'Dover road for our ride, and it was like a holiday ride in 'England fifty years ago.' For Lord Lytton he did the same, for the Emerson Tennents, for Mr. Layard and Mr. Helps, for Lady Molesworth and the Higginses (Jacob Omnium), and such other less frequent visitors.

Visits of friends.

Excepting on such particular occasions however, and not always even then, his mornings were reserved wholly to him-

; and he would generally preface his morning work (such his love of order in everything around him) by seeing t all was in its place in the several rooms, visiting also dogs, stables, and kitchen garden, and closing, unless weather was very bad indeed, with a turn or two round meadow before settling to his desk. His dogs were a at enjoyment to him;* and, with his high road traversed requently as any in England by tramps and wayfarers a singularly undesirable description, they were also a essity. There were always two, of the mastiff kind, latterly the number increased. His own favourite was lk, a noble animal, full of affection and intelligence, whose h by a railway-accident, shortly after the Staplehurst strophe, caused him great grief. Turk's sole com- ion up to that date was Linda, puppy of a great St.

GADSHILL PLACE: 1856-70.

Morning work.

The dogs.

Turk and Linda.

*Dickens's interest in dogs (as in the habits and ways of all animals) was austible, and he welcomed with delight any new trait. The subjoined, him by a lady friend, was a great acquisition. 'I must close' (14th of May) 'with an odd story of a Newfoundland dog. An immense black good- oured Newfoundland dog. He came from Oxford and had lived all his at a brewery. Instructions were given with him that if he were let out y morning alone, he would immediately find out the river; regularly take im; and gravely come home again. This he did with the greatest punc- ity, but after a little while was observed to smell of beer. She was so that he smelt of beer that she resolved to watch him. Accordingly, he seen to come back from his swim, round the usual corner, and to go up a t of steps into a beer-shop. Being instantly followed, the beer-shop- oer is seen to take down a pot (pewter pot), and is heard to say: "Well, d chap! Come for your beer as usual, have you?" Upon which he s a pint and puts it down, and the dog drinks it. Being required to ex- h how this comes to pass, the man says, "Yes ma'am. I know he's ur dog ma'am, but I didn't when he first come. He looked in ma'am as a Brickmaker might—and then he come in—as a Brickmaker might— d he wagged his tail at the pots, and he giv' a sniff round, and conveyed me as he was used to beer. So I draw'd him a drop, and he drunk it . Next morning he come agen by the clock and I drawed him a pint, d ever since he has took his pint reglar."'

A dog with a taste.

GADSHILL PLACE: 1856-70.

Bernard brought over by Mr. Albert Smith, and grown into a superbly beautiful creature. After Turk there was an interval of an Irish dog, Sultan, given by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; a cross between a St. Bernard and a bloodhound, built and coloured like a lioness and of splendid proportions, but of such indomitably aggressive propensities, that, after breaking his kennel-chain and nearly devouring a luckless little sister of one of the servants, he had to be killed. Dickens always protested that Sultan was a Fenian, for that no dog, not a secretly sworn member of that body, would ever have made such a point, muzzled as he was, of rushing at and bearing down with fury anything in scarlet with the remotest resemblance to a British uniform. Sultan's successor was Don, presented by Mr. Frederic Lehmann, a grand Newfoundland brought over very young, who with Linda became parent to a couple of Newfoundlands, that were still gambolling about their master, huge though hardly out of puppydom, when they lost him. He had given to one of them the name of Bumble, from having observed, as he described it, 'a peculiarly pompous and 'overbearing manner he had of appearing to mount guard 'over the yard when he was an absolute infant.' Bumble was often in scrapes. Describing to Mr. Fields a drought in the summer of 1868, when their poor supply of pond and surface wells had become waterless, he wrote: 'I do 'not let the great dogs swim in the canal, because the 'people have to drink of it. But when they get into the 'Medway, it is hard to get them out again. The other 'day Bumble (the son, Newfoundland dog) got into difficulties among some floating timber, and became frightened

Sultan.

A Fenian.

Linda and Don.

Don and Bumble.

on (the father) was standing by me, shaking off the wet Gadshill Place: 1856–70.
ll looking on carelessly, when all of a sudden he per-
ved something amiss, and went in with a bound and
ought Bumble out by the ear. The scientific way in
ich he towed him along was charming.' The descrip-
of his own reception, on his reappearance after America,
Bumble and his brother, by the big and beautiful Linda,
by his daughter Mary's handsome little Pomeranian,
be added from his letters to the same correspondent.
e two Newfoundland dogs coming to meet me, with Welcome home.
usual carriage and the usual driver, and beholding me
ning in my usual dress out at the usual door, it struck
that their recollection of my having been absent for
unusual time was at once cancelled. They behaved
ey are both young dogs) exactly in their usual manner;
ing behind the basket phaeton as we trotted along,
lifting their heads to have their ears pulled, a special Reception by friends.
ention which they receive from no one else. But when
rove into the stable-yard, Linda (the St. Bernard) was
atly excited; weeping profusely, and throwing herself
ner back that she might caress my foot with her great
-paws. Mary's little dog too, Mrs. Bouncer, barked
he greatest agitation on being called down and asked
Mary, "Who is this?" and tore round and round me Mrs. Bouncer.
the dog in the Faust outlines.' The father and mother
their two sons, four formidable-looking companions,
with him generally in his later walks.
und Cobham, skirting the park and village, and pass-
he Leather Bottle famous in the page of *Pickwick*,
favourite walk with Dickens. By Rochester and the

GADSHILL PLACE: 1856–70.

Medway, to the Chatham Lines, was another. He would turn out of Rochester High-street through The Vines (where some old buildings, from one of which called Restoration-house he took Satis-house for *Great Expectations* had a curious attraction for him), would pass round by Fort Pitt, and coming back by Frindsbury would bring himself by some cross fields again into the high road. Or, taking the other side, he would walk through the marshes to Gravesend, return by Chalk church, and stop always to have greeting with a comical old monk who for some incomprehensible reason sits carved in stone, cross-legged with a jovial pot, over the porch of that sacred edifice. To another drearier churchyard itself forming part of the marshes beyond the Medway he often took friends to show them the dozen small tombstones of various sizes adapted to the respective ages of a dozen small children of one family which he made part of his story of *Great Expectations*, though with the reserves always necessary in copying nature not to overstep her modesty by copying too closely, he makes the number that appalled little Pip not more than half the reality. About the whole of this Cooling churchyard indeed, and the neighbouring castle ruins, there was a weird strangeness that made it one of his attractive walks in the late year or winter, when from Higham he could get to it across country over the stubble fields; and, for a shorter summer walk, he was not less fond of going round the village of Shorne, and sitting on a hot afternoon in its pretty shaded churchyard. But on the whole, though Maidstone had also much that attracted him to its neigh-

Favourite walks.

Cooling churchyard.

urhood, the Cobham neighbourhood was certainly that iich he had greatest pleasure in; and he would have :en oftener than he did the walk through Cobham park l woods, which was the last he enjoyed before life sud- nly closed upon him, but that here he did not like his gs to follow.

Gadshill Place: 1856–70.

Dickens's last walk.

Don now has his home there with Lord Darnley, and da lies under one of the cedars at Gadshill.

The Study at Gadshill.

CHAPTER IX.

FIRST PAID READINGS.

1858—1859.

London: 1858–9.

DICKENS gave his paid public Readings successively, with not long intervals, at four several dates; in 1858–9, in 1861–63, in 1866–67, and in 1868–70; the first series under Mr. Arthur Smith's management, the second under Mr. Headland's, and the third and fourth, in America as well as before and after it, under that of Mr. George Dolby, who, excepting in America, acted for the Messrs. Chappell. The references in the present chapter are to the first series only.

Various managements.

It began with sixteen nights at St. Martin's Hall, the first on the 29th of April, the last on the 22nd of July, 1858; and there was afterwards a provincial tour of 87 readings, beginning at Clifton on the 2nd of August, ending at Brighton on the 13th of November, and taking in Ireland and Scotland as well as the principal English cities: to which were added, in London, three Christmas readings, three in January, with two in the following month; and, in the provinces in the month of October, fourteen, beginning at Ipswich and Norwich, taking in Cambridge and Oxford, and closing with Birmingham and Cheltenham. The series

First series.

d comprised altogether 125 Readings when it ended on PROVINCES: 1858.
e 27th of October, 1859; and without the touches of cha-
cter and interest afforded by his letters written while thus
nployed, the picture of the man would not be complete.

Here was one day's work at the opening which will One day's work.
ow something of the fatigue they involved even at their
tset. 'On Friday we came from Shrewsbury to Chester;
w all right for the evening; and then went to Liverpool.
ame back from Liverpool and read at Chester. Left
hester at 11 at night, after the reading, and went to
ondon. Got to Tavistock House at 5 A.M. on Saturday,
ft it at a quarter past 10 that morning, and came down
ere' (Gadshill: 15th of August 1858).

The 'greatest personal affection and respect' had greeted
n everywhere. Nothing could have been 'more strongly
arked or warmly expressed;' and the readings had
one' quite wonderfully. What in this respect had most
pressed him, at the outset of his adventures, was Exeter.
think they were the finest audience I ever read to; I Exeter audience.
on't think I ever read in some respects so well; and I
ver beheld anything like the personal affection which
ey poured out upon me at the end. I shall always
ok back upon it with pleasure.' He often lost his voice
these early days, having still to acquire the art of hus-
ding it; and in the trial to recover it would again
ste its power. 'I think I sang half the Irish melodies
myself as I walked about, to test it.'

An audience of two thousand three hundred people (the Liverpool.
gest he had had) greeted him at Liverpool on his way
Dublin, and, besides the tickets sold, more than two

IRELAND: 1858.

hundred pounds in money was taken at the doors. This taxed his business staff a little. 'They turned away hun-'dreds, sold all the books, rolled on the ground of my room 'knee-deep in checks, and made a perfect pantomime of the 'whole thing.' (20th of August.) He had to repeat the reading thrice.*

Impressions of Dublin.

It was the first time he had seen Ireland, and Dublin greatly surprised him by appearing to be so much larger and more populous than he had supposed. He found it to have altogether an unexpectedly thriving look, being pretty nigh as big, he first thought, as Paris; of which some places in it, such as the quays on the river, reminded him. Half the first day he was there, he took to explore it; walking till tired, and then taking a car. 'Power, dressed for 'the character of Teddy the Tiler, drove me: in a suit of 'patches, and with his hat unbrushed for twenty years. 'Wonderfully pleasant, light, intelligent, and careless.'† The

* This was the *Carol* and *Pickwick*. 'We are reduced sometimes,' he adds, 'to a ludicrous state of distress by the quantity of silver we have to carry 'about. Arthur Smith is always accompanied by an immense black leather-'bag full.' Mr. Smith had an illness a couple of days later, and Dickens whimsically describes his rapid recovery on discovering the state of their balances. 'He is now sitting opposite to me on a bag of £40 of silver. It must be 'dreadfully hard.'

Irish car-driver.

† A letter to his eldest daughter (23rd of Aug.) makes humorous addition. 'The man who drove our jaunting car yesterday hadn't a piece in his coat as 'big as a penny roll, and had had his hat on (apparently without brushing it) 'ever since he was grown-up. But he was remarkably intelligent and agree-'able, with something to say about everything. For instance, when I asked 'him what a certain building was, he didn't say "Courts of Law" and nothing 'else, but "Av yer plase Sir, its the foor Coorts o' looyers, where Misther '"O'Connell stood his trial wunst, as ye'll remimbir sir, afore I till ye ov '"it." When we got into the Phœnix Park, he looked round him as if it 'were his own, and said "THAT's a Park sir, av ye plase!" I complimented 'it, and he said "Gintlemen tills me as they iv bin, sir, over Europe and

mber of common people he saw in his drive, 'also riding out in cars as hard as they could split,' brought to his llection a more distant scene, and but for the dresses could have thought himself on the Toledo at Naples. IRELAND: 1858.

n respect of the number of his audience, and their eption of him, Dublin was one of his marked successes. came to have some doubt of their capacity of receiving pathetic, but of their quickness as to the humorous there ld be no question, any more than of their heartiness. got on wonderfully well with the Dublin people.* The ts at Morrison's expressed the general feeling in a pa- tic point of view. 'He was waiting for me at the hotel or last night. "Whaat sart of a hoose sur?" he asked e. "Capital." "The Lard be praised fur the 'onor o' oblin!"' Within the hotel, on getting up next morning, had a dialogue with a smaller resident, landlord's son he posed, a little boy of the ripe age of six, which he pre- ed, in his letter to his sister-in-law, as a colloquy between The audience.

Boots at Morrison's.

ever see a Park aqualling ov it. Yander's the Vice-regal Lodge, sir; in him two corners lives the two Sicretaries, wishing I was thim sir. There's ir here sir, av yer plase! There's scenery here sir! There's mountains. him sir! Yer coonsider it a Park sir? It is that sir!"'

The Irish girls outdid the American (i. 365) in one particular. He wrote is sister-in-law: 'Every night, by the bye, since I have been in Ireland, ladies have beguiled John out of the bouquet from my coat; and yesterday rning, as I had showered the leaves from my geranium in reading *Little mbey*, they mounted the platform after I was gone, and picked them all as a keepsake.' A few days earlier he had written to the same corre- dent: 'The papers are full of remarks upon my white tie, and describe it being of enormous size, which is a wonderful delusion; because, as you y well know, it is a small tie. Generally, I am happy to report, the erald press is in favour of my appearance, and likes my eyes. But one ntleman comes out with a letter at Cork, wherein he says that although y 46, I look like an old man.' Irish girls.

IRELAND: 1858.

Old England and Young Ireland inadequately reported for want of the 'imitation' it required for its full effect. 'I am 'sitting on the sofa, writing, and find him sitting beside me.

'*Old England.* Halloa old chap.

'*Young Ireland.* Hal—loo!

'*Old England* (in his delightful way). What a nice old 'fellow you are. I am very fond of little boys.

'*Young Ireland.* Air yes? Ye'r right.

'*Old England.* What do you learn, old fellow?

'*Young Ireland* (very intent on Old England, and 'always childish except in his brogue). I lairn wureds of 'three sillibils—and wureds of two sillibils—and wureds of 'one sillibil.

Young Ireland and Old England.

'*Old England* (cheerfully). Get out, you humbug! You 'learn only words of one syllable.

'*Young Ireland* (laughs heartily). You may say that it 'is mostly wureds of one sillibil.

'*Old England.* Can you write?

'*Young Ireland.* Not yet. Things comes by deegrays.

'*Old England.* Can you cipher?

'*Young Ireland* (very quickly). Whaat's that?

'*Old England.* Can you make figures?

'*Young Ireland.* I can make a nought, which is not 'asy, being roond.

'*Old England.* I say, old boy! Wasn't it you I saw on 'Sunday morning in the Hall, in a soldier's cap? You 'know!—In a soldier's cap?

'*Young Ireland* (cogitating deeply). Was it a very good 'cap?

'*Old England.* Yes.

Young Ireland. Did it fit ankommon ?

Old England. Yes.

Young Ireland. Dat was me!'

IRELAND: 1858.

The last night in Dublin was an extraordinary scene. Extraordinary scene.
ou can hardly imagine it. All the way from the hotel
the Rotunda (a mile), I had to contend against the
ream of people who were turned away. When I got
ere, they had broken the glass in the pay-boxes, and
re offering £5 freely for a stall. Half of my platform
d to be taken down, and people heaped in among the
ins. You never saw such a scene.'* But he would not
urn after his other Irish engagements. 'I have posi-
ely said No. The work is too hard. It is not like
ing it in one easy room, and always the same room.
ith a different place every night, and a different audience
th its own peculiarity every night, it is a tremendous Strain of work.
ain . . . I seem to be always either in a railway carriage
reading, or going to bed; and I get so knocked up
enever I have a minute to remember it, that then I
to bed as a matter of course.'

elfast he liked quite as much as Dublin in another way.
fine place with a rough people; everything looking
sperous; the railway ride from Dublin quite amazing A railway ride.
the order, neatness, and cleanness of all you see; every
tage looking as if it had been whitewashed the day
ore; and many with charming gardens, prettily kept

* They had offered frantic prices for stalls. Eleven bank-notes were thrust
a paybox at one time for eleven stalls. Our men were flattened against
and squeezed against beams. Ladies stood all night with their chins
ast my platform. Other ladies sat all night upon my steps. We turned
people enough to make immense houses for a week.' Letter to his eldest
ter.

IRELAND: 1858.

'with bright flowers.' The success, too, was quite as great. 'Enormous audiences. We turn away half the town.* I 'think them a better audience on the whole than Dublin; 'and the personal affection is something overwhelming. I 'wish you and the dear girls' (he is writing to his sister-in-law) 'could have seen the people look at me in the street;

Reception in Belfast.

'or heard them ask me, as I hurried to the hotel after the 'reading last night, to "do me the honor to shake hands '"Misther Dickens and God bless you sir; not ounly for '"the light you've been to me this night, but for the light '"you've been in mee house sir (and God love your face!) '"this many a year!"'† He had never seen men 'go in 'to cry so undisguisedly,' as they did at the Belfast *Dombey* reading; and as to the *Boots* and *Mrs. Gamp* 'it was just 'one roar with me and them. For they made me laugh 'so, that sometimes I *could not* compose my face to go on.'

HARROGATE.

His greatest trial in this way however was a little later at Harrogate—'the queerest place, with the strangest people 'in it, leading the oddest lives of dancing, newspaper-read-'ing, and tables d'hôte'—where he noticed, at the same reading, embodiments respectively of the tears and laughter to which he has moved his fellow creatures so largely. 'There was one gentleman at the *Little Dombey* yesterday

Paul Dombey.

'morning' (he is still writing to his sister-in-law) 'who 'exhibited—or rather concealed—the profoundest grief.

* 'Shillings get into stalls, and half-crowns get into shillings, and stalls 'get nowhere, and there is immense confusion.' Letter to his daughter.

Brought near his Fame.

† 'I was brought very near to what I sometimes dream may be my Fame,' he says in a letter of later date to myself from York, 'when a lady whose face 'I had never seen stopped me yesterday in the street, and said to me, *Mr. 'Dickens, will you let me touch the hand that has filled my house with many 'friends.*' October 1858.

ter crying a good deal without hiding it, he covered his e with both his hands, and laid it down on the back of e seat before him, and really shook with emotion. He s not in mourning, but I supposed him to have lost ne child in old time. . . There was a remarkably good ow too, of thirty or so, who found something so very icrous in Toots that he *could not* compose himself at but laughed until he sat wiping his eyes with his dkerchief; and whenever he felt Toots coming again, began to laugh and wipe his eyes afresh; and when ots came once more, he gave a kind of cry, as if it were much for him. It was uncommonly droll, and made laugh heartily.' HARROGATE: 1858. Mr. Toots.

t Harrogate he read twice on one day (a Saturday), had to engage a special engine to take him back that t to York, which, having reached at one o'clock in the ning, he had to leave, because of Sunday restrictions ravel, the same morning at half-past four, to enable to fulfil a Monday's reading at Scarborough. Such ues became matters of course; but their effect, not H at the time, was grave. 'At York I had a most gnificent audience, and might have filled the place for eek. . . . I think the audience possessed of a better wledge of character than any I have seen. But I llect Doctor Belcombe to have told me long ago that first found out Charles Mathews's father, and to the understood him (he used to say) better than any r people. . . The let is enormous for next Saturday Manchester, stalls alone four hundred! I shall soon able to send you the list of places to the 15th of YORK. A knowing audience.

YORK: 1858. Cheering prospect.

'November, the end. I shall be, O most heartily glad, 'when that time comes! But I must say that the intelli- 'gence and warmth of the audiences are an immense sus- 'tainment, and one that always sets me up. Sometimes 'before I go down to read (especially when it is in the 'day), I am so oppressed by having to do it that I feel 'perfectly unequal to the task. But the people lift me 'out of this directly; and I find that I have quite forgotten 'everything but them and the book, in a quarter of an 'hour.'

MANCHESTER.

The reception that awaited him at Manchester had very special warmth in it, occasioned by an adverse tone taken in the comment of one of the Manchester daily papers on the letter which by a breach of confidence had been then recently printed. 'My violated letter' Dickens always called it. 'When I came to Manchester on 'Saturday I found seven hundred stalls taken! When I 'went into the room at night 2500 people had paid, and 'more were being turned away from every door. The 'welcome they gave me was astounding in its affectionate 'recognition of the late trouble, and fairly for once un- 'manned me. I never saw such a sight or heard such a 'sound. When they had thoroughly done it, they settled 'down to enjoy themselves; and certainly did enjoy them- 'selves most heartily to the last minute.' Nor, for the rest of his English tour, in any of the towns that remained, had he reason to complain of any want of hearty greeting. At Sheffield great crowds came in excess of the places. At Leeds the hall overflowed in half an hour. At Hull the vast concourse had to be addressed by Mr. Smith on

'Violated 'letter.' *Ante*, 176.

Affectionate greeting.

Continued successes.

gallery stairs, and additional Readings had to be given, and night, 'for the people out of town and for the pple in town.' Scotland: 1858.

he net profit to himself, thus far, had been upwards of e hundred pounds a week;* but this was nothing to success in Scotland, where his profit in a week, with xpenses paid, was five hundred pounds. The pleasure enhanced, too, by the presence of his two daughters, who joined him over the Border. At first the look of Edin- h was not promising. 'We began with, for us, a poor rn. . . But the effect of that reading (it was the *Chimes*) : immense; and on the next night, for *Little Dombey*, had a full room. It is our greatest triumph every- ere. Next night (*Poor Traveller, Boots,* and *Gamp*) turned away hundreds upon hundreds of people; and night, for the *Carol,* in spite of advertisements in morning that the tickets were gone, the people had be got in through such a crowd as rendered it a work the utmost difficulty to keep an alley into the room. Joined by his daughters. Scene at Edinburgh.

*That is no doubt immense, our expenses being necessarily large, and the lling party being always five.' Another source of profit was the sale of pies of the several Readings prepared by himself. 'Our people alone ight, ten, and twelve dozen a night.' A later letter says: 'The men with eading books were sold out, for about the twentieth time, at Manchester. en dozen of the *Poor Traveller, Boots,* and *Gamp* being sold in about ten tes, they had no more left; and Manchester became green with the tracts, in every bookshop, outside every omnibus, and passing along street. The sale of them, apart from us, must be very great.' 'Did I ou,' he writes in another letter, 'that the agents for our tickets who lso booksellers, say very generally that the readings decidedly increase ale of the books they are taken from? We were first told of this by a Parke, a wealthy old gentleman in a very large way at Wolverhampton, lid all the business for love, and would not take a farthing. Since then, ave constantly come upon it; and M'Glashin and Gill at Dublin were strong about it indeed.' Books of Readings. Mr. Parke of Wolverhampton.

SCOTLAND: 1858.

'They were seated about me on the platform, put into the 'doorway of the waiting-room, squeezed into every con- 'ceivable place, and a multitude turned away once more. 'I think I am better pleased with what was done in Edin- 'burgh than with what has been done anywhere, almost. 'It was so completely taken by storm, and carried in spite 'of itself. Mary and Katey have been infinitely pleased and 'interested with Edinburgh. We are just going to sit down 'to dinner and therefore I cut my missive short. Travel- 'ling, dinner, reading, and everything else, come crowding 'together into this strange life.'

Strange life.

Then came Dundee: 'An odd place,' he wrote, 'like 'Wapping with high rugged hills behind it. We had the 'strangest journey here—bits of sea, and bits of railroad, 'alternately; which carried my mind back to travelling in 'America. The room is an immense new one, belonging 'to Lord Kinnaird, and Lord Panmure, and some others 'of that sort. It looks something between the Crystal- 'palace and Westminster-hall (I can't imagine who 'wants it in this place), and has never been tried yet for 'speaking in. Quite disinterestedly of course, I hope it 'will succeed.' The people he thought, in respect of taste and intelligence, below any other of his Scotch audiences; but they woke up surprisingly, and the rest of his Cale- donian tour was a succession of triumphs. 'At Aberdeen 'we were crammed to the street, twice in one day. At 'Perth (where I thought when I arrived, there literally 'could be nobody to come) the gentlefolk came posting in 'from thirty miles round, and the whole town came besides, 'and filled an immense hall. They were as full of percep-

At Dundee.

At Aber- deen and Perth.

n, fire, and enthusiasm as any people I have seen. At Scotland: 1858.
asgow, where I read three evenings and one morning, At Glasgow.
took the prodigiously large sum of six hundred unds! And this at the Manchester prices, which are wer than St. Martin's Hall. As to the effect—I wish u could have seen them after Lilian died in the *imes*, or when Scrooge woke in the *Carol* and talked to e boy outside the window. And at the end of *Dombey* sterday afternoon, in the cold light of day, they all got after a short pause, gentle and simple, and thundered Glasgow audience.
l waved their hats with such astonishing heartiness l fondness that, for the first time in all my public eer, they took me completely off my legs, and I saw the ole eighteen hundred of them reel to one side as if a ck from without had shaken the hall. Notwithstand- which, I must confess to you, I am very anxious to to the end of my Readings, and to be at home again, Anxious for home.
l able to sit down and think in my own study. There s been only one thing quite without alloy. The dear ls have enjoyed themselves immensely, and their trip h me has been a great success.'

he subjects of his readings during this first circuit Subjects of first readings.
the *Carol*, the *Chimes*, the *Trial in Pickwick*, the ters containing *Paul Dombey, Boots at the Holly Tree* the *Poor Traveller* (Captain Doubledick), and *Mrs. ap*: to which he continued to restrict himself through supplementary nights that closed in the autumn of).* Of these the most successful in their uniform

*The last of them were given immediately after his completion of the *Tale wo Cities*: 'I am a little tired; but as little, I suspect, as any man l be with the work of the last four days, and perhaps the change of work

LONDON: 1858–9.

effect upon his audiences were undoubtedly the *Carol*, the *Pickwick* scene, *Mrs. Gamp*, and the *Dombey*—the quickness, variety, and completeness of his assumption of character, having greatest scope in these. Here, I think, more than in the pathos or graver level passages, his strength lay; but this is entitled to no weight other than as an individual opinion, and his audiences gave him many reasons for thinking differently.*

The incidents of the period covered by this chapter that had any general interest in them, claim to be mentioned briefly. At the close of 1857 he presided at the fourth anniversary of the Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools, describing and discriminating, with keenest wit and kindliest fun, the sort of schools he liked and he disliked. To the spring and summer of 1858 belongs the first collection of his writings into a succinct library form, each of the larger novels occupying two volumes. In March he paid warm public tribute to Thackeray (who had been induced to take the chair at the General Theatrical Fund) as one for whose genius he entertained the warmest admiration, who did honour to literature, and in whom literature was honoured. In May he presided at the Artists' Benevolent Fund dinner, and made striking appeal for that excellent charity. In July he took earnest part in the opening efforts on behalf

First Library edition of his books.

Tribute to Thackeray.

At public meetings.

'was better than subsiding into rest and rust. The Norwich people were a 'noble audience. There, and at Ipswich and Bury, we had the demonstra-'tiveness of the great working-towns, and a much finer perception.'—14th of October 1859.

* Two pleasing little volumes may here be named as devoted to special descriptions of the several Readings; by his friend Mr. Charles Kent in England (*Charles Dickens as a Reader*), and by Miss Kate Field in America (*Pen Photographs*).

he Royal Dramatic College, which he supplemented by a speech for the establishment of schools for actors' dren; in which he took occasion to declare his belief there were no institutions in England so socially al as its public schools, and that there was nowhere ne country so complete an absence of servility to mere , position, or riches. 'A boy, there, is always what his lities or his personal qualities make him. We may er about the curriculum and other matters, but of the k, free, manly, independent spirit preserved in our lic schools, I apprehend there can be no kind of ques-.' In December * he was entertained at a public dinner oventry on the occasion of receiving, by way of thanks elp rendered to their Institute, a gold repeater of al construction by the watchmakers of the town; as to h he kept faithfully his pledge to the givers, that it

LONDON: 1858–9.

Dramatic College.

On public schools.

At Coventry.

t me subjoin his own note of a less important incident of that month will show his quick and sure eye for any bit of acting out of the common. ly has since justified its closing prediction. Describing an early dinner haunncy Townshend, he adds (17th of December 1858): 'I escaped at half-even, and went to the Strand Theatre: having taken a stall beforehand, is always crammed. I really wish you would go, between this and next day, to see the *Maid and the Magpie* burlesque there. There is the gest thing in it that ever I have seen on the stage. The boy, Pippo, by Wilton. While it is astonishingly impudent (must be, or it couldn't be at all), it is so stupendously like a boy, and unlike a woman, that it is tly free from offence. I never have seen such a thing. Priscilla Horton, oy, not to be thought of beside it. She does an imitation of the dancing Christy Minstrels—wonderfully clever—which, in the audacity of its gh-going, is surprising. A thing that you *can not* imagine a woman's at all; and yet the manner, the appearance, the levity, impulse, and of it, are so exactly like a boy that you cannot think of anything like x in association with it. It begins at 8, and is over by a quarter-past never have seen such a curious thing, and the girl's talent is un-ageable. I call her the cleverest girl I have ever seen on the stage time, and the most singularly original.'

Miss Marie Wilton as 'Pippo.'

London: 1858–9.

should be thenceforward the inseparable companion of his workings and wanderings, and reckon off the future labours of his days until he should have done with the measurement of time. Within a day from this celebration, he presided at the Institutional Association of Lancashire and Cheshire in Manchester Free Trade Hall; gave prizes to candidates from a hundred and fourteen local mechanics' institutes affiliated to the Association; described in his most attractive language the gallant toiling fellows by whom the prizes had been won; and ended with the monition he never failed to couple with his eulogies of Knowledge, that it should follow the teaching of the Saviour, and not satisfy the understanding merely. 'Knowledge 'has a very limited power when it informs the head only; 'but when it informs the heart as well, it has a power over 'life and death, the body and the soul, and dominates the 'universe.'

At Manchester.

Frith's portrait of Dickens.

This too was the year when Mr. Frith completed Dickens's portrait, and it appeared upon the walls of the Academy in the following spring. 'I wish,' said Edwin Landseer as he stood before it, 'he looked less eager and 'busy, and not so much out of himself, or beyond himself. I 'should like to catch him asleep and quiet now and then.' There is something in the objection, and he also would be envious at times of what he too surely knew could never be his lot. On the other hand who would willingly have lost the fruits of an activity on the whole so healthy and beneficent?

CHAPTER X.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND AND THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

1859—1861.

IN the interval before the close of the first circuit of read- LONDON: 1859-61.
ES, painful personal disputes arising out of the occurrences
the previous year were settled by the discontinuance
Household Words, and the establishment in its place
All the Year Round. The disputes turned upon *All the Year Round* started.
tters of feeling exclusively, and involved no charge on
er side that would render any detailed reference here
er than gravely out of place. The question into which
difference ultimately resolved itself was that of the
ective rights of the parties as proprietors of *House-*
Words; and this, upon a bill filed in Chancery, was
led by a winding-up order, under which the property
sold. It was bought by Dickens, who, even before the
, exactly fulfilling a previous announcement of the pro-
ed discontinuance of the existing periodical and estab- *Household Words* discontinued.
ment of another in its place, precisely similar but under
fferent title, had started *All the Year Round*. It was
e regretted perhaps that he should have thought it
ssary to move at all, but he moved strictly within his *Ante*, 36.
ts.

LONDON: 1859–61.

To the publishers first associated with his great success in literature, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, he now returned for the issue of the remainder of his books; of which he always in future reserved the copyrights, making each the subject of such arrangement as for the time might seem to him desirable. In this he was met by no difficulty and indeed it will be only proper to add, that, in any points affecting his relations with those concerned in the production of his books, though his resentments were easily and quickly roused, they were never very lasting. The only fair rule therefore was, in a memoir of his life, to confine the mention of such things to what was strictly necessary to explain its narrative. This accordingly has been done and, in the several disagreements it has been necessary to advert to, I cannot charge myself with having in a single instance overstepped the rule. Objection has been made to my revival of the early differences with Mr. Bentley. But silence respecting them was incompatible with what absolutely required to be said, if the picture of Dickens in his most interesting time, at the outset of his career in letters, was not to be omitted altogether; and, suppressing everything of mere temper that gathered round the dispute use was made of those letters only containing the young writer's urgent appeal to be absolved, rightly or wrongly from engagements he had too precipitately entered into. Wrongly, some might say, because the law was undoubtedly on Mr. Bentley's side; but all subsequent reflection has confirmed the view I was led strongly to take at the time that in the facts there had come to be involved what the law could not afford to overlook, and that the sale of brain

Earliest and latest publishers.

Differences with Mr. Bentley.

Literary agreements.

work can never be adjusted by agreement with the same exactness and certainty as that of ordinary goods and chattels. Quitting the subject once for all with this remark, it is not less incumbent on me to say that there was no stage of the dispute in which Mr. Bentley, holding as strongly the other view, might not think it to have sufficient justification; and certainly in later years there was no absence of friendly feeling on the part of Dickens to his old publisher. This already has been mentioned; and on the occasion of Hans Andersen's recent visit to Gadshill, Mr. Bentley was invited to meet the celebrated Dane. Nor should I omit to say, that, in the year to which this narrative has now arrived, his prompt compliance with an intercession made to him for a common friend pleased Dickens greatly.

LONDON: 1859–61.

Friendly relations of Dickens and Mr. Bentley. ii. 450.

At the opening of 1859, bent upon such a successor to *Household Words* as should carry on the associations connected with its name, Dickens was deep in search of a title to give expression to them. 'My determination to settle the title arises out of my knowledge that I shall never be able to do anything for the work until it has a fixed name; also out of my observation that the same odd feeling affects everybody else.' He had proposed to himself a title that, as in *Household Words*, might be capable of illustration by a line from Shakespeare; and lighting upon that wherein poor Henry the Sixth is fain to solace his captivity by the fancy, that, like birds engaged he might soothe himself for loss of liberty 'at last by notes of household harmony,' he for the time forgot that this might hardly be accepted as a happy comment

In search of a name for new periodical.

LONDON: 1859–61.

on the occurrences out of which the supposed necessity had arisen of replacing the old by a new household friend. 'Don't you think,' he wrote on the 24th of January, 'this is 'a good name and quotation? I have been quite delighted 'to get hold of it for our title.

First title chosen.

'HOUSEHOLD HARMONY.

'"At last by notes of Household Harmony."—*Shakespeare.*'

He was at first reluctant even to admit the objection when stated to him. 'I am afraid we must not be too 'particular about the possibility of personal references and 'applications: otherwise it is manifest that I never can 'write another book. I could not invent a story of any 'sort, it is quite plain, incapable of being twisted into 'some such nonsensical shape. It would be wholly impos-'sible to turn one through half a dozen chapters.' Of course he yielded, nevertheless; and much consideration followed over sundry other titles submitted. Reviving none of those formerly rejected, here were a few of these now rejected in their turn. THE HEARTH. THE FORGE. THE CRUCIBLE. THE ANVIL OF THE TIME. CHARLES DICKENS'S OWN. SEASONABLE LEAVES. EVERGREEN LEAVES. HOME. HOME-MUSIC. CHANGE. TIME AND TIDE. TWOPENCE. ENGLISH BELLS. WEEKLY BELLS. THE ROCKET. GOOD HUMOUR. Still the great want was the line adaptable from Shakespeare, which at last exultingly he sent on the 28th of January. 'I am dining early, before reading, 'and write literally with my mouth full. But I have just 'hit upon a name that I think really an admirable one—

Reply to a doubt.

Other titles suggested.

specially with the quotation *before* it, in the place where our present *H. W.* quotation stands. LONDON: 1859–61.

'"The story of our lives, from year to year."—*Shakespeare.*'

'ALL THE YEAR ROUND. Title found.

'A weekly journal conducted by Charles Dickens.'

With the same resolution and energy other things cessary to the adventure were as promptly done. 'I ave taken the new office,' he wrote from Tavistock ouse on the 21st of February; 'have got workmen in; ave ordered the paper; settled with the printer; and m getting an immense system of advertising ready. Blow to be struck on the 12th of March. . . Meantime I annot please myself with the opening of my story' (the Opening a story. *ale of Two Cities*, which *All the Year Round* was to art with), 'and cannot in the least settle at it or take to . . . I wish you would come and look at what I flatter myself is a rather ingenious account to which I have urned the Stanfield scenery here.' He had placed the *Ante*, 50, 141. *ighthouse* scene in a single frame; had divided the scene the *Frozen Deep* into two subjects, a British man-of-ar and an Arctic sea, which he had also framed; and the hool-room that had been the theatre was now hung with a-pieces by a great painter of the sea. To believe them have been but the amusement of a few mornings was Stanfield scenes at Tavistock House. fficult indeed. Seen from the due distance there was thing wanting to the most masterly and elaborate art.

The first number of *All the Year Round* appeared on e 30th of April, and the result of the first quarter's counts of the sale will tell everything that needs to be said

LONDON: 1859–61.

of a success that went on without intermission to the close
'A word before I go back to Gadshill,' he wrote from Tavis
tock House in July, 'which I know you will be glad t
'receive. So well has *All the Year Round* gone that i
'was yesterday able to repay me, with five per cent interes
'all the money I advanced for its establishment (paper
'print &c. all paid, down to the last number), and yet t
'leave a good £500 balance at the banker's!' Beside th
opening of his *Tale of Two Cities* its first number had con
tained another piece of his writing, the 'Poor Man and hi
'Beer;' as to which an interesting note has been sent me
The Rev. T. B. Lawes, of Rothamsted, St. Alban's, had
been associated upon a sanitary commission with Mr
Henry Austin, Dickens's brother-in-law and counsello
in regard to all such matters in his own houses, or in th
houses of the poor; and this connection led to Dickens'
knowledge of a club that Mr. Lawes had establishe
at Rothamsted, which he became eager to recommend a
an example to other country neighbourhoods. The clu
had been set on foot* to enable the agricultural labourer
of the parish to have their beer and pipes independent o
the public-house; and the description of it, says Mr. Lawe
'was the occupation of a drive between this place (Rotham
'sted) and London, 25 miles, Mr. Dickens refusing th
'offer of a bed, and saying that he could arrange his idea
'on the journey. In the course of our conversation
'mentioned that the labourers were very jealous of th
'small tradesmen, blacksmiths and others, holding allo

Success of new periodical.

Beer without the public-house.

* It is pleasant to have to state that it was still flourishing when I receiv
Mr. Lawes's letter, on the 18th of December 1871.

ment-gardens; but that the latter did so indirectly by pay- LONDON: 1859–61.
ng higher rents to the labourers for a share. This circum-
tance is not forgotten in the verses on the Blacksmith in Verses in first number.
he same number, composed by Mr. Dickens and repeated
o me while he was walking about, and which close the
mention of his gains with allusion to

> 'A share (concealed) in the poor man's field,
> 'Which adds to the poor man's store.'

The periodical thus established was in all respects, save
ne, so exactly the counterpart of what it replaced, that a
ention of this point of difference is the only description
it called for. Besides his own three-volume stories of
he Tale of Two Cities and *Great Expectations*, Dickens
mitted into it other stories of the same length by writers
character and name, of which the authorship was Difference between *Household Words* and *All the Year Round.*
owed. It published tales of varied merit and success by
r. Edmund Yates, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, and Mr. Charles
ever. Mr. Wilkie Collins contributed to it his *Woman*
White, No Name, and *Moonstone*, the first of which
d a pre-eminent success; Mr. Reade his *Hard Cash;* and
rd Lytton his *Strange Story.* Conferring about the
ter Dickens passed a week at Knebworth, accompanied
his daughter and sister-in-law, in the summer of 1861, as
n as he had closed *Great Expectations;* and there met
r. Arthur Helps, with whom and Lord Orford he visited
e so-called 'Hermit' near Stevenage, whom he described
Mr. Mopes in *Tom Tiddler's Ground.* With his great
other-artist he thoroughly enjoyed himself, as he invari-
ly did; and reported him as 'in better health and spirits
nan I have seen him in, in all these years,—a little weird

LONDON: 1859–61.

At Knebworth with Bulwer Lytton.

'occasionally regarding magic and spirits, but always fair
'and frank under opposition. He was brilliantly talkative
'anecdotical, and droll; looked young and well; laughed
'heartily; and enjoyed with great zest some games we
'played. In his artist-character and talk, he was full of
'interest and matter, saying the subtlest and finest things
'—but that he never fails in. I enjoyed myself immensely
'as we all did.'*

In *All the Year Round*, as in its predecessor, the tales for Christmas were of course continued, but with a surprisingly increased popularity; and Dickens never had such sale for any of his writings as for his Christmas pieces in the later periodical. It had reached, before he died, to nearly three hundred thousand. The first was called the *Haunted House*, and had a small mention of a true occurrence in his boyhood which is not included in the bitter record on a former page. 'I was taken home, and there was debt 'at home as well as death, and we had a sale there. My 'own little bed was so superciliously looked upon by a 'power unknown to me hazily called The Trade, that a 'brass coal-scuttle, a roasting jack, and a bird cage were 'obliged to be put into it to make a lot of it, and then it 'went for a song. So I heard mentioned, and I wondered

Sale of Christmas numbers.

i. 25.

True incident.

Famous men going off.

* From the same letter, dated 1st of July 1861, I take what follows. 'Poo
'Lord Campbell's seems to me as easy and good a death as one could desire
'There must be a sweep of these men very soon, and one feels as if it mus
'fall out like the breaking of an arch—one stone goes from a prominent place
'and then the rest begin to drop. So, one looks, not without satisfaction (i
'our sadness) at lives so rounded and complete, towards Brougham, and Lynd
'hurst, and Pollock' . . . Yet, of Dickens's own death, Pollock lived to writ
to me as the death of 'one of the most distinguished and honoured me
'England has ever produced; in whose loss every man among us feels that h
'has lost a friend and an instructor.' Temple-Hatton, 10th of June 1870.

hat song, and thought what a dismal song it must have en to sing!' The other subjects will have mention another chapter. LONDON: 1859–61.

His tales were not his only important work in *All the ar Round*. The detached papers written by him there a character and completeness derived from their plan, from the personal tone, as well as frequent individual fessions, by which their interest is enhanced, and which always make them specially attractive. Their title ressed a personal liking. Of all the societies, charita- or self-assisting, which his tact and eloquence in the air' so often helped, none had interested him by the racter of its service to its members, and the perfection ts management, so much as that of the Commercial vellers. His admiration of their schools introduced to one who then acted as their treasurer, and whom, ll the men he had known, I think he rated highest for union of business qualities in an incomparable mea- to a nature comprehensive enough to deal with masses nen, however differing in creed or opinion, humanely and lly. He never afterwards wanted support for any good k that he did not think first of Mr. George Moore,* and Detached papers. Commercial Travellers' schools.

*If space were available here, his letters would supply many proofs of his est in Mr. George Moore's admirable projects; but I can only make ex- on for his characteristic allusion to an incident that tickled his fancy very at the time. 'I hope' (20th of Aug. 1863) 'you have been as much sed as I am by the account of the Bishop of Carlisle at (my very par- lar friend's) Mr. George Moore's schools? It strikes me as the funniest e of weakness I ever saw, his addressing those unfortunate children con- ing Colenso. I cannot get over the ridiculous image I have erected in mind, of the shovel-hat and apron holding forth, at that safe distance, to safe audience. There is nothing so extravagant in Rabelais, or so sati- lly humorous in Swift or Voltaire.' Children and Bishop.

London : 1859–61.

Mr. George Moore.

appeal was never made to him in vain. 'Integrity, e
'terprise, public spirit, and benevolence,' he told the Con
mercial Travellers on one occasion, 'had their synonym i
'Mr. Moore's name;' and it was another form of the sam
liking when he took to himself the character and title
a Traveller *Un*commercial. 'I am both a town travell
'and a country traveller, and am always on the roa

A traveller for Human-interest Brothers.

'Figuratively speaking, I travel for the great house
'Human-interest Brothers, and have rather a large conne
'tion in the fancy goods way. Literally speaking, I a
'always wandering here and there from my rooms i
'Covent-garden, London: now about the city streets
'now about the country by-roads: seeing many litt
'things, and some great things, which, because they i
'terest me, I think may interest others.' In a few wor
that was the plan and drift of the papers which he bega
in 1860, and continued to write from time to time unt
the last autumn of his life.

Personal references.

Many of them, such as 'Travelling Abroad,' 'Ci
'Churches,' 'Dullborough,' 'Nurses' Stories,' and 'Birthda
'Celebrations,' have supplied traits, chiefly of his young
days, to portions of this memoir; and parts of his later li
receive illustration from others, such as 'Tramps,' 'Nig
'Walks,' 'Shy Neighbourhoods,' 'The Italian Prisone
and 'Chatham Dockyard.' Indeed hardly any is without i
personal interest or illustration. One may learn from the
among other things, what kind of treatment he resorted
for the disorder of sleeplessness from which he had oft
suffered amid his late anxieties. Experimenting upon it
bed, he found to be too slow and doubtful a process for hi

LONDON: 1859–61.

Remedy for sleeplessness.

t he very soon defeated his enemy by the brisker treatnt, of getting up directly after lying down, going out, l coming home tired at sunrise. 'My last special feat was rning out of bed at two, after a hard day pedestrian nd otherwise, and walking thirty miles into the country breakfast.' One description he did not give in his per, but I recollect his saying that he had seldom seen thing so striking as the way in which the wonders of an inoctial dawn (it was the 15th of October 1857) preted themselves during that walk. He had never before pened to see night so completely at odds with morning, hich was which.' Another experience of his night ramngs used to be given in vivid sketches of the restlessness a great city, and the manner in which *it* also tumbles l tosses before it can get to sleep. Nor should anyone ious about his habits and ways omit to accompany him h his Tramps into Gadshill lanes; or to follow him into Shy Neighbourhoods of the Hackney-road, Waterlood, Spitalfields, or Bethnal-green. For delightful observan both of country and town, for the wit that finds analogies ween remote and familiar things, and for humorous peral sketches and experience, these are perfect of their kind.

A great city getting to sleep.

I have my eye upon a piece of Kentish road, bordered n either side by a wood, and having on one hand, beween the road-dust and the trees, a skirting patch of rass. Wild flowers grow in abundance on this spot, and lies high and airy, with a distant river stealing steadily way to the ocean, like a man's life. To gain the milene here, which the moss, primroses, violets, blue-bells, nd wild roses, would soon render illegible but for peer-

'Tramp' experiences

LONDON: 1859–61.

'ing travellers pushing them aside with their sticks, yc
'must come up a steep hill, come which way you ma
Gipsy tracks. 'So, all the tramps with carts or caravans—the Gipsy
'tramp, the Show-tramp, the Cheap Jack—find it impos
'sible to resist the temptations of the place; and all tur
'the horse loose when they come to it, and boil the po
'Bless the place, I love the ashes of the vagabond fire
'that have scorched its grass!' It was there he foun
Dr. Marigold, and Chops the Dwarf, and the White-haire
Lady with the pink eyes eating meat-pié with the Gian
So, too, in his Shy Neighbourhoods, when he relates hi
Birds and low company. experiences of the bad company that birds are fond of, an
of the effect upon domestic fowls of living in low district
his method of handling the subject has all the charm of
discovery. 'That anything born of an egg and investe
'with wings should have got to the pass that it hops con
'tentedly down a ladder into a cellar, and calls *that* goin
'home, is a circumstance so amazing as to leave one nothin
'more in this connexion to wonder at.' One of his illustra
Reduced Bantams. tions is a reduced Bantam family in the Hackney-roa
deriving their sole enjoyment from crowding together in
pawnbroker's side-entry; but seeming as if only newl
come down in the world, and always in a feeble flutter o
fear that they may be found out. He contrasts the
with others. 'I know a low fellow, originally of a goo
'family from Dorking, who takes his whole establishmen
'of wives, in single file, in at the door of the Jug Depart
'ment of a disorderly tavern near the Haymarket, man
'œuvres them among the company's legs, emerges wit
'them at the Bottle Entrance, and so passes his life: sel

oom, in the season, going to bed before two in the morning. LONDON: 1859–61.
. . . But, the family I am best acquainted with, reside in
ne densest part of Bethnal-green. Their abstraction
om the objects among which they live, or rather their Bethnal-green fowls.
onviction that those objects have all come into existence
n express subservience to fowls, has so enchanted me,
nat I have made them the subject of many journeys at
ivers hours. After careful observation of the two lords
nd the ten ladies of whom this family consists, I have
ome to the conclusion that their opinions are represented
y the leading lord and leading lady: the latter, as I
dge, an aged personage, afflicted with a paucity of fea- Aged hen.
ner and visibility of quill that gives her the appearance
a bundle of office pens. When a railway goods-van
at would crush an elephant comes round the corner,
aring over these fowls, they emerge unharmed from
nder the horses, perfectly satisfied that the whole rush
as a passing property in the air, which may have left
mething to eat behind it. They look upon old shoes,
recks of kettles and saucepans, and fragments of bon-
ts, as a kind of meteoric discharge, for fowls to peck at.
. . Gaslight comes quite as natural to them as any other
ght; and I have more than a suspicion that, in the
inds of the two lords, the early public-house at the
rner has superseded the sun. They always begin to
ow when the public-house shutters begin to be taken
wn, and they salute the Potboy, the instant he appears
perform that duty, as if he were Phœbus in person.' For Potboy Phœbus.
truth of the personal adventure in the same essay, which
tells in proof of a propensity to bad company in more

LONDON: 1859–61.

refined members of the feathered race, I am myself in a posi tion to vouch. Walking by a dirty court in Spitalfields on day, the quick little busy intelligence of a goldfinch, draw ing water for himself in his cage, so attracted him that h bought the bird, which had other accomplishments; but no one of them would the little creature show off in his ne abode in Doughty-street, and he drew no water but b stealth or under the cloak of night. 'After an interval c 'futile and at length hopeless expectation, the merchan 'who had educated him was appealed to. The merchant wa 'a bow-legged character, with a flat and cushiony nose, lik 'the last new strawberry. He wore a fur cap, and shorts, an 'was of the velveteen race, velveteeny. He sent wor 'that he would "look round." He looked round, appeare 'in the doorway of the room, and slightly cocked up hi 'evil eye at the goldfinch. Instantly a raging thirs 'beset that bird; and when it was appeased, he still dre 'several unnecessary buckets of water, leaping about hi 'perch and sharpening his bill with irrepressible satis 'faction.'

An incident of Doughty-street.

The gold-finch and his friend.

The Uncommercial Traveller papers, his two seria stories, and his Christmas tales, were all the contribution of any importance made by Dickens to *All the Year Round* but he reprinted in it, on the completion of his first stor a short tale called 'Hunted Down,' written for a newspape in America called the *New York Ledger*. Its subject ha been taken from the life of a notorious criminal alread named, and its principal claim to notice was the pric paid for it. For a story not longer than half of one of th numbers of *Chuzzlewit* or *Copperfield*, he had receive

'Hunted 'Down.'

i. 160. ii. 307.

thousand pounds.* It was one of the indications of the ger desire which his entry on the career of a public ader had aroused in America to induce him again to sit that continent; and at the very time he had this mag- ficent offer from the New York journal, Mr. Fields of ston, who was then on a visit to Europe, was pressing m so much to go that his resolution was almost shaken. am now,' he wrote to me from Gadshill on the 9th of ly 1859, 'getting the *Tale of Two Cities* into that ate that IF I should decide to go to America late in eptember, I could turn to, at any time, and write on ith great vigour. Mr. Fields has been down here for a ay, and with the strongest intensity urges that there is drawback, no commercial excitement or crisis, no po- ical agitation; and that so favourable an opportunity, all respects, might not occur again for years and years. should be one of the most unhappy of men if I were to , and yet I cannot help being much stirred and influ- ced by the golden prospect held before me.'

He yielded nevertheless to other persuasion, and for t time the visit was not to be. In six months more Civil War began, and America was closed to any such erprise for nearly five years.

London: 1859–61.

Offers from America.

Visit of Mr. Fields.

Not yet to be.

Eight years later he wrote 'Holiday Romance' for a Child's Magazine ished by Mr. Fields, and 'George Silverman's Explanation'—of the same th, and for the same price. There are no other such instances, I suppose, e history of literature.

CHAPTER XI.

SECOND SERIES OF READINGS.

1861—1863.

Gadshill : 1860.

At the end of the first year of residence at Gadshill i was the remark of Dickens that nothing had gratified hin so much as the confidence with which his poorer neigh bours treated him. He had tested generally their worth and good conduct, and they had been encouraged in illnes or trouble to resort to him for help. There was pleasan indication of the feeling thus awakened, when, in th summer of 1860, his younger daughter Kate was marrie to Charles Alston Collins, brother of the novelist, an younger son of the painter and academician, who migh have found, if spared to witness that summer-mornin scene, subjects not unworthy of his delightful pencil i many a rustic group near Gadshill. All the villagers ha turned out in honour of Dickens, and the carriages coul hardly get to and from the little church for the succes sion of triumphal arches they had to pass through. It wa quite unexpected by him; and when the feu de joie c the blacksmith in the lane, whose enthusiasm had smug gled a couple of small cannon into his forge, explode upon him at the return, I doubt if the shyest of men wa ever so taken aback at an ovation.

Daughter Kate's marriage.

To name the principal persons present that day will in- cate the faces that (with addition of Miss Mary Boyle, ss Marguerite Power, Mr. Fechter, Mr. Charles Kent, r. Edmund Yates, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, and members of e family of Mr. Frank Stone, whose sudden death* in e preceding year had been a great grief to Dickens) re most familiar at Gadshill in these later years. Mr. ederic Lehmann was there with his wife, whose sister, ss Chambers, was one of the bridesmaids; Mr. and s. Wills were there, and Dickens's old fast friend Mr. omas Beard; the two nearest country neighbours with om the family had become very intimate, Mr. Hulkes l Mr. Malleson, with their wives, joined the party; among others were Henry Chorley, Chauncy Townshend, l Wilkie Collins; and, for friend special to the occasion, bridegroom had brought his old fellow-student in art, Holman Hunt. Mr. Charles Collins had himself been d as a painter, for success in which line he had some gifts; but inclination and capacity led him also to rature, and, after much indecision between the two ings, he took finally to letters. His contributions to *the Year Round* were among the most charming of its ached papers, and two stories published independently wed strength of wing for higher flights. But his health

Gadshill: 1860.

Wedding party.

Ante, 181.

Charles Alston Collins.

'You will be grieved,' he wrote (Saturday 19th of Nov. 1859) 'to hear of r Stone. On Sunday he was not well. On Monday, went to Dr. Todd, told him he had aneurism of the heart. On Tuesday, went to Dr. Walsh, told him he hadn't. On Wednesday I met him in a cab in the Square e, and he got out to talk to me. I walked about with him ittle while snail's pace, cheering him up; but when I came home, I told them that ought him much changed, and in danger. Yesterday at 2 o'clock he died pasm of the heart. I am going up to Highgate to look for a grave for him.'

Death of Frank Stone, A.R.A.

GADSHILL: 1860.

broke down, and his taste was too fastidious for his failin power. It is possible however that he may live by two smal books of description, the *New Sentimental Journey* an the *Cruize on Wheels*, which have in them unusual delicac and refinement of humour; and if those volumes shoul make any readers in another generation curious about th writer, they will learn, if correct reply is given to thei inquiries, that no man disappointed so many reasonabl hopes with so little fault or failure of his own, that hi difficulty always was to please himself, and that an inferio mind would have been more successful in both the arts h followed. He died in 1873 in his forty-fifth year; an until then it was not known, even by those nearest to him how great must have been the suffering which he had borne through many trying years, with uncomplaining patience.

Sale of Tavistock House.

His daughter's marriage was the chief event that ha crossed the even tenor of Dickens's life since his first pai readings closed; and it was followed by the sale of Tavis tock House, with the resolve to make his future home a Gadshill. In the brief interval (29th of July) he wrote t me of his brother Alfred's death. 'I was telegraphed fo 'to Manchester on Friday night. Arrived there at

Brother Alfred's death.

'quarter past ten, but he had been dead three hours, poo 'fellow! He is to be buried at Highgate on Wednesda 'I brought the poor young widow back with me yesterday All that this death involved,* the troubles of his change

Conditions of literary work.

* He was now hard at work on his story; and a note written from Gadshi after the funeral shows, what so frequently was incident to his pursuits, t hard conditions under which sorrow, and its claim on his exertion, oft came to him. 'To-morrow I have to work against time and tide and ever 'thing else, to fill up a No. keeping open for me, and the stereotype plat

me, and some difficulties in working out his story, gave m more than sufficient occupation till the following ring; and as the time arrived for the new Readings, the nge was a not unwelcome one. London: 1861.

The first portion of this second series was planned by r. Arthur Smith, but he only superintended the six adings in London which opened it. These were the st at St. James's Hall (St. Martin's Hall having been rnt since the last readings there) and were given in arch and April 1861. 'We are all well here and flourish- g,' he wrote to me from Gadshill on the 28th of April. n the 18th I finished the readings as I purposed. We ad between seventy and eighty pounds *in the stalls*, hich, at four shillings apiece, is something quite un- recedented in these times. . . The result of the six was, nat, after paying a large staff of men and all other harges, and Arthur Smith's ten per cent. on the receipts, nd replacing everything destroyed in the fire at St. artin's Hall (including all our tickets, country-baggage, heque-boxes, books, and a quantity of gas-fittings and hat not), I got upwards of £500. A very great result. We certainly might have gone on through the season, but am heartily glad to be concentrated on my story.' Metro-politan readings. Result.

It had been part of his plan that the Provincial Readings ould not begin until a certain interval after the close of his ry of *Great Expectations*. They were delayed accordingly Proposed Provincial Readings.

which must go to America on Friday. But indeed the enquiry into or Alfred's affairs; the necessity of putting the widow and children some- here; the difficulty of knowing what to do for the best; and the need feel under of being as composed and deliberate as I can be, and yet of not irking or putting off the occasion that there is for doing a duty; would ve brought me back here to be quiet, under any circumstances.'

LONDON: 1861.

until the 28th of October, from which date, when they opened at Norwich, they went on with the Christmas intervals to be presently named to the 30th of January 1862, when they closed at Chester. Kept within England and Scotland, they took in the border town of Berwick, and, besides the Scotch cities, comprised the contrasts and varieties of Norwich and Lancaster, Bury St. Edmunds and Cheltenham, Carlisle and Hastings, Plymouth and Birmingham, Canterbury and Torquay, Preston and Ipswich, Manchester and Brighton, Colchester and Dover, Newcastle and Chester. They were followed by ten readings at the St. James's Hall, between the 13th of March and the 27th of June 1862; and by four at Paris in January 1863, given at the Embassy in aid of the British Charitable Fund. The second series had thus in the number of the readings nearly equalled the first, when it closed at London in June 1863 with thirteen readings in the Hanover Square Rooms; and it is exclusively the subject of such illustrations or references as this chapter will supply.

What the second series comprised.

On *Great Expectations* closing in June 1861, Bulwer Lytton, at Dickens's earnest wish, took his place in *All the Year Round* with the 'Strange Story;' and he then indulged himself in idleness for a little while. 'The subsi-'dence of those distressing pains in my face the moment I 'had done my work, made me resolve to do nothing in that 'way for some time if I could help it.' * But his 'doing 'nothing' was seldom more than a figure of speech, and what it meant in this case was soon told. 'Every day for two or

Good of doing nothing.

* The same letter adds: 'The fourth edition of *Great Expectations* is now 'going to press; the third being nearly out. Bulwer's story keeps us up 'bravely. As well as we can make out, we have even risen fifteen hundred.'

three hours, I practise my new readings, and (except in my office work) do nothing else. With great pains I have made a continuous narrative out of *Copperfield*, that I think will reward the exertion it is likely to cost me. Unless I am much mistaken, it will be very valuable in London. I have also done *Nicholas Nickleby* at the Yorkshire school, and hope I have got something droll out of Squeers, John Browdie, & Co. Also, the Bastille prisoner from the *Tale of Two Cities*. Also, the Dwarf from one of our Christmas numbers.' Only the first two were added to the list for the present circuit.

LONDON: 1861.

Preparing readings.

New subjects for readings.

It was in the midst of these active preparations that sinful news reached him. An illness under which Mr. Arthur Smith had been some time suffering took unexpectedly a dangerous turn, and there came to be but small chance of his recovery. A distressing interview on the 4th of September gave Dickens little hope. 'And yet his breakings and wanderings so perpetually turn on his arrangements for the Readings, and he is so desperately unwilling to relinquish the idea of "going on with the business" to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow, that I had not the heart to press him for the papers. He told me that he believed he had by him "70 or 80 letters unanswered." You may imagine how anxious it makes me, and at what a deadstop I stand.' Another week passed, and with it the time fixed at the places where his work was to have opened; but he could not bring himself to act as if all hope had gone. 'With a sick man who has been so zealous and faithful, I feel bound to be very tender and patient. When I told him the other day about my having engaged

Illness of manager.

LONDON: 1861.

'Headland—"to do all the personally bustling and fatiguing
'"part of your work," I said—he nodded his heavy head
Mr. Arthur Smith's death.
'with great satisfaction, and faintly got out of himself
'the words, "Of course I pay him, and not you."' The
poor fellow died in October; and on the day after attending the funeral,* Dickens heard of the death of his brother-in-law and friend, Mr. Henry Austin, whose abilities and character he respected as much as he liked the man. He lost much in losing the judicious and safe counsel which had guided him on many public questions in which he took lively interest, and it was with a heavy heart he set out at last upon his second circuit. 'With what difficulty I get
'myself back to the readings after all this loss and trouble,
'or with what unwillingness I work myself up to the mark
'of looking them in the face, I can hardly say. As for poor
'Arthur Smith at this time, it is as if my right arm were
'gone. It is only just now that I am able to open one of
'the books, and screw the text out of myself in a flat dull
'way. Enclosed is the list of what I have to do. You will
'see that I have left ten days in November for the Christ-
'mas number, and also a good Christmas margin for our
'meeting at Gadshill. I shall be very glad to have the

Brother-in-law's death. *Ante*, 216.

Interruption to Readings.

* 'There was a very touching thing in the Chapel' (at Brompton). 'When
'the body was to be taken up and carried to the grave, there stepped out,
'instead of the undertaker's men with their hideous paraphernalia, the men
'who had always been with the two brothers at the Egyptian Hall; and they,
'in their plain, decent, own mourning clothes, carried the poor fellow away.
'Also, standing about among the gravestones, dressed in black, I noticed every
'kind of person who had ever had to do with him—from our own gas man and
'doorkeepers and billstickers, up to Johnson the printer and that class of man.
'The father and Albert and he now lie together, and the grave, I suppose, will
'be no more disturbed. I wrote a little inscription for the stone, and it is
'quite full.'

Funeral of Mr. Arthur Smith.

noney that I expect to get; but it will be earned.' That PROVINCES: 1861.
ovember interval was also the date of the marriage of his
dest son to the daughter of Mr. Evans, so long, in con- Eldest son's marriage.
ction with Mr. Bradbury, his publisher and printer.

The start of the readings at Norwich was not good, so any changes of vexation having been incident to the ening announcements as to leave some doubt of their tfilment. But the second night, when trial was made of e *Nickleby* scenes, 'we had a splendid hall, and I think *Tickleby* will top all the readings. Somehow it seems Effect of *Nickleby*.
o have got in it, by accident, exactly the qualities best uited to the purpose; and it went last night, not only ith roars, but with a general hilarity and pleasure that have never seen surpassed.'* From this night onward, e success was uninterrupted, and here was his report to from Brighton on the 8th of November. 'We turned way half Dover and half Hastings and half Colchester; nd, if you can believe such a thing, I may tell you that round numbers we find 1000 stalls already taken here Brighton! I left Colchester in a heavy snow-storm. o-day it is so warm here that I can hardly bear the fire, nd am writing with the window open down to the ground. ast night I had a most charming audience for *Copper-* Audience at Brighton.
eld, with a delicacy of perception that really made the ork delightful. It is very pretty to see the girls and

Of his former manager he writes in the same letter: 'I miss him dreadly. The sense I used to have of compactness and comfort about me while was reading, is quite gone; and on my coming out for the ten minutes, en I used to find him always ready for me with something cheerful to say, is forlorn. . . Besides which, H. and all the rest of them are always newhere, and he was always everywhere.'

DOVER: 1861.

'women generally, in the matter of Dora; and everywhere
'I have found that peculiar personal relation between my
'audience and myself on which I counted most when I
'entered on this enterprise. *Nickleby* continues to go in
'the wildest manner.'

A storm was at this time sweeping round the coast, and while at Dover he had written of it to his sister-in-law (7th of November): 'The bad weather has not in the least
'touched us, and the storm was most magnificent at Dover.

A storm.

'All the great side of the Lord Warden next the sea had
'to be emptied, the break of the waves was so prodigious,
'and the noise so utterly confounding. The sea came in
'like a great sky of immense clouds, for ever breaking sud-
'denly into furious rain; all kinds of wreck were washed
'in; among other things, a very pretty brass-bound chest
'being thrown about like a feather ... The unhappy Ostend
'packet, unable to get in or go back, beat about the Channel
'all Tuesday night, and until noon yesterday; when I saw
'her come in, with five men at the wheel, a picture of
'misery inconceivable ... The effect of the readings at
'Hastings and Dover really seems to have outdone the
'best usual impression; and at Dover they wouldn't go,
'but sat applauding like mad. The most delicate audience

Audiences at Canterbury and Dover.

'I have seen in any provincial place, is Canterbury' ('an in-
'telligent and delightful response in them,' he wrote to his daughter, 'like the touch of a beautiful instrument'); 'but
'the audience with the greatest sense of humour certainly
'is Dover. The people in the stalls set the example o
'laughing, in the most curiously unreserved way; and they
'laughed with such really cordial enjoyment, when Squeers

ead the boys' letters, that the contagion extended to me. For, one couldn't hear them without laughing too . . . So, am thankful to say, all goes well, and the recompense or the trouble is in every way Great.' NEWCASTLE: 1861.

From the opposite quarter of Berwick-on-Tweed he wrote ain in the midst of storm. But first his mention of Newstle, which he had also taken on his way to Edinburgh, ading two nights there, should be given. 'At Newastle, against the very heavy expenses, I made more han a hundred guineas profit. A finer audience there is ot in England, and I suppose them to be a specially arnest people ; for, while they can laugh till they shake he roof, they have a very unusual sympathy with what is athetic or passionate. An extraordinary thing occurred n the second night. The room was tremendously crowded nd my gas-apparatus fell down. There was a terrible ave among the people for an instant, and God knows hat destruction of life a rush to the stairs would have aused. Fortunately a lady in the front of the stalls ran ut towards me, exactly in a place where I knew that the hole hall could see her. So I addressed her, laughing, nd half-asked and half-ordered her to sit down again ; nd, in a moment, it was all over. But the men in ttendance had such a fearful sense of what might have appened (besides the real danger of Fire) that they ositively shook the boards I stood on, with their trem- ing, when they came up to put things right. I am roud to record that the gas-man's sentiment, as delivered terwards, was, "The more you want of the master, the more you'll find in him." With which complimentary

Alarming scene.

Gas-man's compliment to his master.

BERWICK-ON-TWEED: 1861.

'homage, and with the wind blowing so that I can hardly 'hear myself write, I conclude.'*

It was still blowing, in shape of a gale from the sea, when, an hour before the reading, he wrote from the King's Arms at Berwick-on-Tweed. 'As odd and out of 'the way a place to be at, it appears to me, as ever was 'seen! And such a ridiculous room designed for me to 'read in! An immense Corn Exchange, made of glass 'and iron, round, dome-topp'd, lofty, utterly absurd for 'any such purpose, and full of thundering echoes; with a 'little lofty crow's nest of a stone gallery, breast high, 'deep in the wall, into which it was designed to put—— '*me!* I instantly struck, of course; and said I would 'either read in a room attached to this house (a very snug 'one, capable of holding 500 people), or not at all. Terri- 'fied local agents glowered, but fell prostrate, and my 'men took the primitive accommodation in hand. Ever

Impromptu reading-hall.

* The more detailed account of the scene which he wrote to his daughter is also well worth giving. 'A most tremendous hall here last night. Something 'almost terrible in the cram. A fearful thing might have happened. Sud- 'denly, when they were all very still over Smike, my Gas Batten came down, and 'it looked as if the room were falling. There were three great galleries crammed 'to the roof, and a high steep flight of stairs; and a panic must have destroyed 'numbers of people. A lady in the front row of stalls screamed, and ran out 'wildly towards me, and for one instant there was a terrible wave in the crowd. 'I addressed that lady, laughing (for I knew she was in sight of everybody 'there), and called out as if it happened every night—"There's nothing the '"matter I assure you; don't be alarmed; pray sit down——" and she sat 'down directly, and there was a thunder of applause. It took some five 'minutes to mend, and I looked on with my hands in my pockets; for I think if 'I had turned my back for a moment, there might still have been a move. My 'people were dreadfully alarmed—Boycott' (the gas-man) 'in particular, who I 'suppose had some notion that the whole place might have taken fire—"but there '"stood the master," he did me the honour to say afterwards, in addressing the 'rest, "as cool as ever I see him a lounging at a Railway Station."'

More of the alarm at Newcastle.

since, I am alarmed to add, the people (who besought the honour of the visit) have been coming in numbers quite irreconcileable with the appearance of the place, and what is to be the end I do not know. It was poor Arthur Smith's principle that a town on the way paid the expenses of a long through-journey, and therefore I came.' The reading paid more than those expenses. BERWICK-ON-TWEED: 1861.

Enthusiastic greeting awaited him in Edinburgh. We had in the hall exactly double what we had on the first night last time. The success of *Copperfield* was perfectly unexampled. Four great rounds of applause with a burst of cheering at the end, and every point taken in the finest manner.' But this was nothing to what befell the second night, when, by some mistake of the local agents, the tickets issued were out of proportion to the space available. Writing from Glasgow next day (3rd of December) he described the scene. 'Such a pouring of hundreds into a place already full to the throat, such indescribable confusion, such a rending and tearing of dresses, and yet such a scene of good humour on the whole, I never saw the faintest approach to. While I addressed the crowd in the room, G addressed the crowd in the street. Fifty frantic men got up in all parts of the hall and addressed me all at once. Other frantic men made speeches to the walls. The whole B family were borne in on the top of a wave, and landed with their faces against the front of the platform. I read with the platform crammed with people. I got them to lie down upon it, and it was like some impossible tableau or gigantic pic-nic—one pretty girl in full dress, lying on her side all night, holding on SCOTLAND. *Ante*, 205. Over-issue of tickets. Confusion and good-humour.

EDINBURGH: 1861.

'to one of the legs of my table! It was the most extra-
'ordinary sight. And yet, from the moment I began to
'the moment of my leaving off, they never missed a point,
'and they ended with a burst of cheers. . . . The expen-
'diture of lungs and spirits was (as you may suppose) rather
Results of excitement.
'great; and to sleep well was out of the question. I am
'therefore rather fagged to-day; and as the hall in which
'I read to-night is a large one, I must make my letter a
'short one. . . . My people were torn to ribbons last
'night. They have not a hat among them—and scarcely
'a coat.' He came home for his Christmas rest by way of Manchester, and thus spoke of the reading there on the 14th of December. '*Copperfield* in the Free Trade
'Hall last Saturday was really a grand scene.'

PROVINCES: 1862.

He was in southern latitudes after Christmas, and on the 8th of January wrote from Torquay: 'We are now in
'the region of small rooms, and therefore this trip will not
'be as profitable as the long one. I imagine the room
'here to be very small. Exeter I know, and that is small
'too. I am very much used up on the whole, for I cannot
'bear this moist warm climate. It would kill me very soon.
'And I have now got to the point of taking so much out
'of myself with *Copperfield* that I might as well do Richard
Torquay.
'Wardour . . . This is a very pretty place—a compound
'of Hastings, Tunbridge Wells, and little bits of the hills
'about Naples; but I met four respirators as I came up
'from the station, and three pale curates without them who
'seemed in a bad way.' They had been not bad omens, however. The success was good, at both Torquay and Exeter; and he closed the month, and this series of the country

dings, at the great towns of Liverpool and Chester. PROVINCES: 1862.
he beautiful St. George's Hall crowded to excess last
ght' (28th of January 1862) 'and numbers turned
way. Brilliant to see when lighted up, and for a reading
mply perfect. You remember that a Liverpool audience Liverpool.
usually dull; but they put me on my mettle last night,
r I never saw such an audience—no, not even in Edin-
rgh! The agents (alone, and of course without any
ference to ready money at the doors) had taken for the
vo readings two hundred pounds.' But as the end ap-
ached the fatigues had told severely on him. He de-
ibed himself sleeping horribly, and with head dazed and
rn by gas and heat. Rest, before he could resume at
St. James's Hall in March, was become an absolute
essity.

Two brief extracts from letters of the dates respectively
he 8th of April * and the 28th of June will sufficiently
cribe the London readings. 'The money returns have
en quite astounding. Think of £190 a night! The Metro-politan success.
ect of *Copperfield* exceeds all the expectations which
success in the country led me to form. It seems to
ke people entirely by surprise. If this is not new to

* The letter referred also to the death of his American friend Professor
on. 'Your mention of poor Felton's death is a shock of surprise as
ll as grief to me, for I had not heard a word about it. Mr. Fields told me
en he was here that the effect of that hotel disaster of bad drinking
ter had not passed away; so I suppose, as you do, that he sank under it. Death of C. C. Felton, i. 295, 301.
r dear Felton! It is 20 years since I told you of the delight my first
wledge of him gave me, and it is as strongly upon me to this hour. I wish
ways had crossed a little oftener, but that would not have made it better
us now. Alas! alas! all ways have the same finger-post at the head of
m, and at every turning in them.'

LONDON: 1862.

'you, I have not a word of news. The rain that raineth
'every day seems to have washed news away or got it under
'water.' That was in April. In June he wrote: 'I finished
'my readings on Friday night to an enormous hall—nearly
'£200. The success has been throughout complete. It
'seems almost suicidal to leave off with the town so full,
'but I don't like to depart from my public pledge. A man
Offer from Australia. 'from Australia is in London ready to pay £10,000 for eight
'months there. If——' It was an If that troubled him
for some time, and led to agitating discussion. The civil
war having closed America, an increase made upon the just-
named offer tempted him to Australia. He tried to fa-
miliarize himself with the fancy that he should thus also
get new material for observation, and he went so far as
to plan an Uncommercial Traveller Upside Down.* It is

An Australian scheme.

* I give the letter in which he put the scheme formally before me, after the renewed and larger offers had been submitted. 'If there were reasonable 'hope and promise, I could make up my mind to go to Australia and get 'money. I would not accept the Australian people's offer. I would take no 'money from them; would bind myself to nothing with them; but would 'merely make them my agents at such and such a per centage, and go and 'read there. I would take some man of literary pretensions as a secretary '(Charles Collins? What think you?) and with his aid' (he afterwards made the proposal to his old friend Mr. Thomas Beard) 'would do, for *All the Year* '*Round* while I was away, The Uncommercial Traveller Upside Down. If 'the notion of these speculators be anything like accurate, I should come 'back rich. I should have seen a great deal of novelty to boot. I should
Case for and against Australia. 'have been very miserable too. . . Of course one cannot possibly count upon 'the money to be realized by a six months' absence, but £12,000 is supposed 'to be a low estimate. Mr. S. brought me letters from members of the legisla- 'ture, newspaper editors, and the like, exhorting me to come, saying how much 'the people talk of me, and dwelling on the kind of reception that would 'await me. No doubt this is so, and of course a great deal of curious experi- 'ence for after use would be gained over and above the money. Being my 'own master too, I could "work" myself more delicately than if I bound 'myself for money beforehand. A few years hence, if all other circumstances

wever very doubtful if such a scheme would have been tertained for a moment, but for the unwonted difficulties invention that were now found to beset a twenty-number ry. Such a story had lately been in his mind, and he ll just chosen the title for it (*Our Mutual Friend*); but ll he halted and hesitated sorely. 'If it was not' (he ote on the 5th of October 1862) 'for the hope of a gain at would make me more independent of the worst, I uld not look the travel and absence and exertion in the ce. I know perfectly well beforehand how unspeakably retched I should be. But these renewed and larger ffers tempt me. I can force myself to go aboard a ship, d I can force myself to do at that reading-desk what I ve done a hundred times; but whether, with all this nsettled fluctuating distress in my mind, I could force an iginal book out of it, is another question.' On the 22nd, striving hard to find reasons to cope with the all but sistible arguments against any such adventure, which eed, with everything that then surrounded him, would e been little short of madness, he thus stated his exience of his two circuits of public reading. 'Remember at at home here the thing has never missed fire, but inriably does more the second time than it did the first; d also that I have got so used to it, and have worked

LONDON: 1862.

Writing not always possible.

Reading always possible.

Experiences.

e the same, I might not be so well fitted for the excessive wear and tear. s is about the whole case. But pray do not suppose that I am in my own d favourable to going, or that I have any fancy for going.' That was in October. From Paris in November (1862), he wrote: 'I mentioned question to Bulwer when he dined with us here last Sunday, and he was for going. He said that not only did he think the whole population ld go to the Readings, but that the country would strike me in some e new aspect for a Book; and that wonders might be done with such k in the way of profit, over there as well as here.'

LONDON : 1862.

'so hard at it, as to get out of it more than I ever thought
'was in it for that purpose. I think all the probabilities
'for such a country as Australia are immense.' The ter-

Home argument Against.

rible difficulty was that the home argument struck both ways. 'If I were to go it would be a penance and a misery
'and I dread the thought more than I can possibly express
'The domestic life of the Readings is all but intolerable to
'me when I am away for a few weeks at a time merely
'and what would it be——.' On the other hand it was also a thought of home, far beyond the mere personal loss or gain of it, that made him willing still to risk even so much misery and penance ; and he had a fancy that it might be possible to take his eldest daughter with him
'It is useless and needless for me to say what the conflict
'in my own mind is. How painfully unwilling I am to

Home argument For.

'go, and yet how painfully sensible that perhaps I ought
'to go—with all the hands upon my skirts that I cannot
'fail to feel and see there, whenever I look round. It is a
'struggle of no common sort, as you will suppose, you who
'know the circumstances of the struggler.' It closed at once when he clearly saw that to take any of his family with him, and make satisfactory arrangement for the rest during such an absence, would be impossible. By this time also he began to find his way to the new story, and better hopes and spirits had returned.

FRANCE : 1863.

Readings in Paris.

In January 1863 he had taken his daughter and his sister-in-law to Paris, and he read twice at the Embassy in behalf of the British Charitable Fund, the success being such that he consented to read twice again.* He passed h

* A person present thus described (1st of February 1863) the second nig

irthday of that year (the 7th of the following month) at Arras. FRANCE : 1863.
'You will remember me to-day, I know. Thanks for it. Birthday at Arras.
An odd birthday, but I am as little out of heart as you would have me be—floored now and then, but coming up again at the call of Time. I wanted to see this town, birthplace of our amiable Sea Green' (Robespierre); 'and I find a Grande Place so very remarkable and picturesque that it is astonishing how people miss it. Here too I found, in a bye-country place just near, a Fair going on, with a Religious Richardson's in it—THÉÂTRE RELIGIEUX —"donnant six fois par jour, l'histoire de la Croix en "tableaux vivants, depuis la naissance de notre Seigneur "jusqu'à son sepulture. Aussi l'immolation d'Isaac, par "son père Abraham." It was just before nightfall when A religious Richardson's show. came upon it; and one of the three wise men was up to his eyes in lamp oil, hanging the moderators. A woman in blue and fleshings (whether an angel or Joseph's wife don't know) was addressing the crowd through an enormous speaking-trumpet; and a very small boy with a property lamb (I leave you to judge who *he* was) was standing on his head on a barrel-organ.' Returning to England by Boulogne in the same year, as he stepped into the Folkestone boat he encountered a friend, Mr. Charles Manby (for, in recording a trait of character so pleasing and honourable, it is not necessary that I should suppress the name), also passing over to England. 'Taking leave of Manby was a shabby man of whom I had some remem-

Miss Dickens. 'No one can imagine the scene of last Friday night at the Embassy . . a two hours' storm of excitement and pleasure. They actually murmured and applauded right away into their carriages and down the street.' At British Embassy.

FRANCE: 1863.

'brance, but whom I could not get into his place in my 'mind. Noticing when we stood out of the harbour that 'he was on the brink of the pier, waving his hat in a deso- 'late manner, I said to Manby, "Surely I know that man." '——"I should think you did," said he; "Hudson!" He 'is living—just living—at Paris, and Manby had brought 'him on. He said to Manby at parting, "I shall not have '"a good dinner again, till you come back." I asked 'Manby why he stuck to him? He said, Because he '(Hudson) had so many people in his power, and had held 'his peace; and because he (Manby) saw so many Nota- 'bilities grand with him now, who were always grovelling 'for "shares" in the days of his grandeur.'

On the Boulogne pier.

Exiled ex-potentate.

Upon Dickens's arrival in London the second series of his readings was brought to a close; and opportunity may be taken, before describing the third, to speak of the manuscript volume found among his papers, containing Memoranda for use in his writings.

CHAPTER XII.

HINTS FOR BOOKS WRITTEN AND UNWRITTEN.

1855—1865.

Dickens began the Book of Memoranda for possible use his work, to which occasional reference has been made, January 1855, six months before the first page of *Little rrit* was written; and I find no allusion leading me to ppose, except in one very doubtful instance, that he had ade addition to its entries, or been in the habit of resort- g to them, after the date of *Our Mutual Friend*. It ems to comprise that interval of ten years in his life. London: 1855–65.

In it were put down any hints or suggestions that curred to him. A mere piece of imagery or fancy, it ght be at one time; at another the outline of a subject a character; then a bit of description or dialogue; no der or sequence being observed in any. Titles for stories re set down too, and groups of names for the actors in m; not the least curious of the memoranda belonging this class. More rarely, entry is made of some oddity of ech; and he has thus preserved in it, *verbatim et lite- tim*, what he declared to have been as startling a mes- ge as he ever received. A confidential servant at Tavis- k House, having conferred on some proposed changes Book of MS. Memoranda.

LONDON: 1855–65.

in his bed-room with the party that was to do the work, delivered this ultimatum to her master. 'The gas-fitter 'says, sir, that he can't alter the fitting of your gas in your 'bed-room without taking up almost the ole of your bed- 'room floor, and pulling your room to pieces. He says, of 'course you can have it done if you wish, and he'll do it 'for you and make a good job of it, but he would have to 'destroy your room first, and go entirely under the jistes.'*

Startling message.

It is very interesting in this book, last legacy as it is of the literary remains of such a writer, to compare the way in which fancies were worked out with their beginnings entered in its pages. Those therefore will first be taken that in some form or other appeared afterwards in his writings, with such reference to the latter as may enable the reader to make comparison for himself.

Home of the Barnacles.

'Our House. Whatever it is, it is in a first-rate situation, 'and a fashionable neighbourhood. (Auctioneer called it '"a gentlemanly residence.") A series of little closets 'squeezed up into the corner of a dark street—but a Duke's 'Mansion round the corner. The whole house just large 'enough to hold a vile smell. The air breathed in it, at 'the best of times, a kind of Distillation of Mews.' He made it the home of the Barnacles in *Little Dorrit*.

Original of Mrs. Clennam.

What originally he meant to express by Mrs. Clennam in the same story has narrower limits, and a character less repellent, in the Memoranda than it assumed in the book. 'Bed-ridden (or room-ridden) twenty—five-and-twenty—

* From the same authority proceeded, in answer to a casual question one day, a description of the condition of his wardrobe of which he has also made note in the Memoranda. 'Well, sir, your clothes is all shabby, and your boots 'is all burst.'

ears ; any length of time. As to most things, kept at a standstill all the while. Thinking of altered streets as ne old streets—changed things as the unchanged things —the youth or girl I quarrelled with all those years ago, s the same youth or girl now. Brought out of doors by n unexpected exercise of my latent strength of character, nd then how strange !'

London : 1855–65.

Fancies used.

One of the people of the same story who becomes a ominent actor in it, Henry Gowan, a creation on which prided himself as forcible and new, seems to have risen his mind in this way. 'I affect to believe that I would o anything myself for a ten-pound note, and that anyody else would. I affect to be always book-keeping in very man's case, and posting up a little account of good nd evil with every one. Thus the greatest rascal becomes the dearest old fellow," and there is much less difference nan you would be inclined to suppose between an honest an and a scoundrel. While I affect to be finding good most men, I am in reality decrying it where it really , and setting it up where it is not. Might not a preentation of this far from uncommon class of character, I could put it strongly enough, be likely to lead some en to reflect, and change a little ? I think it has never een done.'

Too much impartiality between evil and good.

In *Little Dorrit* also will be found a picture which ems to live with a more touching effect in his first easing fancy of it. 'The ferryman on a peaceful river, ho has been there from youth, who lives, who grows old, ho does well, who does ill, who changes, who dies—the wer runs six hours up and six hours down, the current

River and ferryman.

LONDON: 1855–65.

'sets off that point, the same allowance must be made for 'the drifting of the boat, the same tune is always played 'by the rippling water against the prow.'

Notions for *Little Dorrit.*

Here was an entry made when the thought occurred to him of the close of old Dorrit's life. 'First sign of the 'father failing and breaking down. Cancels long interval. 'Begins to talk about the turnkey who first called him the 'Father of the Marshalsea—as if he were still living. "Tell '"Bob I want to speak to him. See if he is on the Lock, '"my dear."' And here was the first notion of Clennam's reverse of fortune. 'His falling into difficulty, and himself 'imprisoned in the Marshalsea. Then she, out of all her 'wealth and changed station, comes back in her old dress, 'and devotes herself in the old way.'

My lord and his followers.

He seems to have designed, for the sketches of society in the same tale, a 'Full-length portrait of his lordship, 'surrounded by worshippers;' of which, beside that brief memorandum, only his first draft of the general outline was worked at. 'Sensible men enough, agreeable men 'enough, independent men enough in a certain way;—but 'the moment they begin to circle round my lord, and to 'shine with a borrowed light from his lordship, heaven 'and earth how mean and subservient! What a competi- 'tion and outbidding of each other in servility.'

The last of the Memoranda hints which were used in the story whose difficulties at its opening seem first to have suggested them, ran thus: 'The unwieldy ship taken 'in tow by the snorting little steam tug'—by which was prefigured the patriarch Casby and his agent Panks.

In a few lines are the germ of the tale called *Hunted*

own: 'Devoted to the Destruction of a man. Revenge built up on love. The secretary in the Wainewright case, who had fallen in love (or supposed he had) with the murdered girl.'—The hint on which he worked in his description of the villain of that story, is also in the Memoranda. 'The man with his hair parted straight up the front of his head, like an aggravating gravel-walk. Always presenting it to you. "Up here, if you please. Neither to the right nor left. Take me exactly in this direction. Straight up here. Come off the grass—"'

London: 1855–65.

Original of *Hunted Down.*

His first intention as to the *Tale of Two Cities* was to write it upon a plan proposed in this manuscript book. How as to a story in two periods—with a lapse of time between, like a French Drama? Titles for such a notion. 'TIME! THE LEAVES OF THE FOREST. SCATTERED LEAVES. THE GREAT WHEEL. ROUND AND ROUND. OLD LEAVES. LONG AGO. FAR APART. FALLEN LEAVES. FIVE AND TWENTY YEARS. YEARS AND YEARS. ROLLING YEARS. DAY AFTER DAY. FELLED TREES. MEMORY CARTON. ROLLING STONES. TWO GENERATIONS.' That special title *Memory Carton* shows that what led to the greatest success of the book as written was always in his mind; and another of the memoranda is this rough hint of the character itself. 'The drunken?—dissipated?—What?—ION—and his JACKALL and Primer, stealing down to him at unwonted hours.'

Titles for *Tale of Two Cities.*

First germ of *Carton.*

The studies of Silas Wegg and his patron as they exist in *Our Mutual Friend,* are hardly such good comedy as the form which the first notion of them seems to have intended. 'Gibbon's Decline and Fall. The two cha-

Hints for *Mutual Friend.*

LONDON: 1855–65.

'racters. One reporting to the other as he reads. Both 'getting confused as to whether it is not all going on now.'

Wegg and Boffin.

In the same story may be traced, more or less clearly, other fancies which had found their first expression in the Memoranda. A touch for Bella Wilfer is here. 'Buying

Bella Wilfer.

'poor shabby—FATHER?—a new hat. So incongruous 'that it makes him like African King Boy, or King George; 'who is usually full dressed when he has nothing upon 'him but a cocked hat or a waistcoat.' Here undoubtedly is the voice of Podsnap. 'I stand by my friends and ac- 'quaintances;—not for their sakes, but because they are '*my* friends and acquaintances. *I* know them, *I* have 'licensed them, they have taken out *my* certificate. Ergo,

Podsnap.

'I champion them as myself.' To the same redoubtable person another trait clearly belongs. 'And by denying a 'thing, supposes that he altogether puts it out of exist- 'ence.' A third very perfectly expresses the boy, ready for mischief, who does all the work there is to be done in

Office boy.

Eugene Wrayburn's place of business. 'The office boy for 'ever looking out of window, who never has anything to do.'

The poor wayward purposeless good-hearted master of the boy, Eugene himself, is as evidently in this: 'If they 'were great things, I, the untrustworthy man in little

Eugene.

'things, would do them earnestly——But O No, I wouldn't!' What follows has a more direct reference; being indeed almost literally copied in the story. 'As to the question 'whether I, Eugene, lying ill and sick even unto death, 'may be consoled by the representation that coming 'through this illness, I shall begin a new life, and have 'energy and purpose and all I have yet wanted: "*I*

hope I should, but *I know* I shouldn't. Let me die, my dear." ' LONDON: 1855–65.

In connection with the same book, the last in that form ich he lived to complete, another fancy may be copied m which, though not otherwise worked out in the tale, e relation of Lizzie Hexam to her brother was taken. . man, and his wife—or daughter—or niece. The man, reprobate and ruffian; the woman (or girl) with good her, and with compunctions. He believes nothing, and efies everything; yet has suspicions always, that she is praying against" his evil schemes, and making them go rong. He is very much opposed to this, and is always ngrily harping on it. "If she *must* pray, why can't she pray in their favour, instead of going against 'em? She's always ruining me—she always is—and calls that, Duty! There's a religious person! Calls it Duty to fly in my Face! Calls it Duty to go sneaking against me!" ' Reprobate's notion of Duty.

Other fancies preserved in his Memoranda were left olly unemployed, receiving from him no more permat form of any kind than that which they have in this ching record; and what most people would probably nk the most attractive and original of all the thoughts had thus set down for future use, are those that were rer used. Fancies never used.

Here were his first rough notes for the opening of a story. eginning with the breaking up of a large party of guests a country house: house left lonely with the shrunken mily in it: guests spoken of, and introduced to the ader that way.—OR, beginning with a house abandoned a family fallen into reduced circumstances. Their old Proposed opening for a story.

LONDON: 1855-65.

House abandoned by fallen family.

'furniture there, and numberless tokens of their old com-
'forts. Inscriptions under the bells downstairs—"Mr.
'"John's Room," "Miss Caroline's Room." Great gardens
'trimly kept to attract a tenant: but no one in them. A
'landscape without figures. Billiard room: table covered
'up, like a body. Great stables without horses, and great
'coach-houses without carriages. Grass growing in the
'chinks of the stone-paving, this bright cold winter day.
'*Downhills*.' Another opening had also suggested itself to him. 'Open a story by bringing two strongly con-
'trasted places and strongly contrasted sets of people, into
'the connexion necessary for the story, by means of an

Uses for an electric message.

'electric message. Describe the message—*be* the message
'—flashing along through space, over the earth, and under
'the sea.'* Connected with which in some way would seem to be this other notion, following it in the Memoranda.

Great cities under new aspects.

'Representing London—or Paris, or any other great place
'—in the new light of being actually unknown to all the
'people in the story, and only taking the colour of their
'fears and fancies and opinions. So getting a new aspect,
'and being unlike itself. An *odd* unlikeness of itself.'

The subjects for stories are various, and some are striking. There was one he clung to much, and thought of frequently as in a special degree available for a series of papers in

* The date when this fancy dropped into his Memoranda is fixed by the following passage in a letter to me of the 25th of August 1862. 'I am trying
'to coerce my thoughts into hammering out the Christmas number. And I

Idea for a book.

'have an idea of opening a book (not the Christmas number—a book) by
'bringing together two strongly contrasted places and two strongly contrasted
'sets of people, with which and with whom the story is to rest, through the
'agency of an electric message. I think a fine thing might be made of the
'message itself shooting over the land and under the sea, and it would be a
'curious way of sounding the key note.'

periodical; but when he came to close quarters with it LONDON: 1855–65.
e difficulties were found to be too great. 'English land-
ape. The beautiful prospect, trim fields, clipped hedges, England first seen by an Englishman.
verything so neat and orderly—gardens, houses, roads.
Where are the people who do all this? There must be a
reat many of them, to do it. Where are they all? And
re *they*, too, so well kept and so fair to see? Suppose
e foregoing to be wrought out by an Englishman: say,
om China: who knows nothing about his native country.'
which may be added a fancy that savours of the same
od of discontent, political and social. 'How do I know
at I, a man, am to learn from insects—unless it is to Insects and men.
arn how little my littlenesses are? All that bothera-
on in the hive about the queen bee, may be, in little,
e and the court circular.'

A domestic story he had met with in the State Trials
nck him greatly by its capabilities, and I may preface
by mentioning another subject, not entered in the
moranda, which for a long time impressed him as capable
attractive treatment. It was after reading one of the Touching fancy.
ch-trials that this occurred to him; and the heroine
s to be a girl who for a special purpose had taken a
ch's disguise, and whose trick was not discovered until
was actually at the stake. Here is the State Trials
y as told by Dickens. 'There is a case in the State
ials, where a certain officer made love to a (supposed)
ser's daughter, and ultimately induced her to give her Miser's daughter.
her slow poison, while nursing him in sickness. Her
her discovered it, told her so, forgave her, and said
Be patient my dear—I shall not live long, even if I re-

LONDON: 1855–65.

Story from State Trials.

'"cover: and then you shall have all my wealth." Though 'penitent then, she afterwards poisoned him again (under 'the same influence), and successfully. Whereupon it ap- 'peared that the old man had no money at all, and had 'lived on a small annuity which died with him, though 'always feigning to be rich. He had loved this daughter 'with great affection.'

A theme touching closely on ground that some might think dangerous, is sketched in the following fancy. 'The 'father (married young) who, in perfect innocence, venerates 'his son's young wife, as the realization of his ideal of 'woman. (He not happy in his own choice.) The son 'slights her, and knows nothing of her worth. The father

Father and son's wife.

'watches her, protects her, labours for her, endures for her, '—is for ever divided between his strong natural affection 'for his son as his son, and his resentment against him as 'this young creature's husband.' Here is another, less dangerous, which he took from an actual occurrence made known to him when he was at Bonchurch. 'The idea of 'my being brought up by my mother (me the narrator),

Daughter and unknown father.

'my father being dead; and growing up in this belief until 'I find that my father is the gentleman I have sometimes 'seen, and oftener heard of, who has the handsome young 'wife, and the dog I once took notice of when I was a 'little child, and who lives in the great house and drives 'about.'

Very admirable is this. 'The girl separating herself 'from the lover who has shewn himself unworthy—loving 'him still—living single for his sake—but never more re- 'newing their old relations. Coming to him when they are

oth grown old, and nursing him in his last illness.' Nor the following less so. 'Two girls *mis-marrying* two nen. The man who has evil in him, dragging the superior voman down. The man who has good in him, raising the nferior woman up.' Dickens would have been at his best working out both fancies. LONDON: 1855–65. Girls mis-marrying.

In some of the most amusing of his sketches of character, omen also take the lead. 'The lady un peu passée, who s determined to be interesting. No matter how much I ove that person—nay, the more so for that very reason— MUST flatter, and bother, and be weak and apprehensive nd nervous, and what not. If I were well and strong, greeable and self-denying, my friend might forget me.' nother not remotely belonging to the same family is as atly hit off. 'The sentimental woman feels that the omic, undesigning, unconscious man, is "Her Fate."—I er fate? God bless my soul, it puts me into a cold per-piration to think of it. *I* her fate? How can *I* be her ate? I don't mean to be. I don't want to have anything o do with her.—Sentimental woman perceives neverthe-ess that Destiny must be accomplished.' Over-interesting. Sentimentalist and her Fate.

Other portions of a female group are as humorously etched and hardly less entertaining. 'The enthusias-cally complimentary person, who forgets you in her own owery prosiness: as—"I have no need to say to a person of your genius and feeling, and wide range of experience"—and then, being shortsighted, puts up her lass to remember who you are.'—'Two sisters' (these re real people known to him). 'One going in for eing generally beloved (which she is not by any means); Complimentary.

LONDON: 1855–65.

'and the other for being generally hated (which she needn't 'be).'—'The bequeathed maid-servant, or friend. Left as

Female groups.

'a legacy. And a devil of a legacy too.'—'The woman 'who is never on any account to hear of anything shocking. 'For whom the world is to be of barley-sugar.'—'The lady 'who lives on her enthusiasm; and hasn't a jot.'—'Bright-'eyed creature selling jewels. The stones and the eyes.' Much significance is in the last few words. One may see to what uses Dickens would have turned them.

A more troubled note is sounded in another of these female characters. 'I am a common woman—fallen. Is 'it devilry in me—is it a wicked comfort—what is it—that 'induces me to be always tempting other women down, 'while I hate myself!' This next, with as much truth in it, goes deeper than the last. 'The prostitute who will 'not let one certain youth approach her. "O let there

Fallen women.

'"be some one in the world, who having an inclination '"towards me has not gratified it, and has not known me '"in my degradation!" She almost loving him.—Suppose, 'too, this touch in her could not be believed in by his 'mother or mistress: by some handsome and proudly vir-'tuous woman, always revolting from her.' A more agreeable sketch than either follows, though it would not please

Baby-wife.

M. Taine so well. 'The little baby-like married woman—'so strange in her new dignity, and talking with tears in 'her eyes, of her sisters "and all of them" at home. Never 'from home before, and never going back again.' Another from the same manuscript volume not less attractive, which

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was sketched in his own home, I gave upon a former page.

The female character in its relations with the opposite

: has lively illustration in the Memoranda. 'The man ho is governed by his wife, and is heartily despised in onsequence by all other wives; who still want to govern *eir* husbands, notwithstanding.' An alarming family ır follows that. 'The playful—and scratching—family. ather and daughter.' And here is another. 'The agree- ble (and wicked) young-mature man, and his devoted ster.' What next was set down he had himself partly n; and, by enquiry at the hospital named, had ascer- ned the truth of the rest. 'The two people in the curable Hospital.—The poor incurable girl lying on a ater-bed, and the incurable man who has a strange flir- tion with her; comes and makes confidences to her; ips and arranges her plants; and rehearses to her the mic songs (!) by writing which he materially helps out s living.'*

LONDON: 1855–65.

Unpleasant though agreeable.

Two incurables.

"wo lighter figures are very pleasantly touched. 'Set of cumstances which suddenly bring an easy, airy fellow o near relations with people he knows nothing about, d has never even seen. This, through his being thrown the way of the innocent young personage of the story. Then there is Uncle Sam to be considered," says she. ye to be sure," says he, "so there is! By Jupiter, I

Uncle Sam.

Following this in the 'Memoranda' is an advertisement cut from the s: of a kind that always expressed to Dickens a child-farming that de- the gallows quite as much as the worst kind of starving, by way of ng, babies. The fourteen guineas a-year, 'tender' age of the 'dear' ones, rnal care, and no vacations or extras, to him had only one meaning.

Children-farming.

EDUCATION FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.—Terms 14 to 18 guineas per annum; no extras or vacations. The system of education embraces the wide range of each useful and ornamental study suited to the tender age of the dear children. Maternal care and kindness may be relied on.—X., Heald's Library, Fulham-road.

LONDON: 1855–65.

'"forgot Uncle Sam. He's a rock ahead, is Uncle Sam.
'"He must be considered, of course; he must be smoothed
'"down; he must be cleared out of the way. To be sure.
'"I never thought of Uncle Sam.—By the bye, who *is*
'"Uncle Sam?"'

There are several such sketches as that, to set against the groups of women; and some have Dickens's favourite vein of satire in them. 'The man whose vista is always 'stopped up by the image of Himself. Looks down a long 'walk, and can't see round himself, or over himself, or 'beyond himself. Is always blocking up his own way. 'Would be such a good thing for him, if he could knock 'himself down.' Another picture of selfishness is touched with greater delicacy. '"Too good" to be grateful to, or 'dutiful to, or anything else that ought to be. "I won't '"thank you: you are too good."—"Don't ask me to '"marry you: you are too good."—In short, I don't par-'ticularly mind ill-using you, and being selfish with you: 'for you are *so* good. Virtue its own reward!' A third, which seems to reverse the dial, is but another face of it: frankly avowing faults, which are virtues. 'In effect—I 'admit I am generous, amiable, gentle, magnanimous. 'Reproach me—I deserve it—I know my faults—I have 'striven in vain to get the better of them.' Dickens would have made much, too, of the working out of the next. 'The knowing man in distress, who borrows a round sum 'of a generous friend. Comes, in depression and tears, 'dines, gets the money, and gradually cheers up over his 'wine, as he obviously entertains himself with the reflec-'tion that his friend is an egregious fool to have lent it to

'Himself' in the way.

Generous selfishness.

Selfish generosity.

Self-knowledge.

im, and that *he* would have known better.' And so of this her. 'The man who invariably says apposite things n the way of reproof or sarcasm) THAT HE DON'T MEAN. stonished when they are explained to him.' LONDON: 1855–65.

Here is a fancy that I remember him to have been re than once bent upon making use of: but the opportunity never came. 'The two men to be guarded against, to their revenge. One, whom I openly hold in some rious animosity, whom I am at the pains to wound and efy, and whom I estimate as worth wounding and defying;—the other, whom I treat as a sort of insect, and ntemptuously and pleasantly flick aside with my glove. ut, it turns out to be the latter who is the really danrous man; and, when I expect the blow from the other, comes from *him*.' Danger not on the surface.

We have the master hand in the following bit of dialogue, ch takes wider application than that for which it appears ave been intended.

"'There is some virtue in him too."

"'Virtue! Yes. So there is in any grain of seed in a eedsman's shop—but you must put it in the ground, efore you can get any good out of it." How to get good out of a man.

'Do you mean that *he* must be put in the ground efore any good comes of *him?*"

Indeed I do. You may call it burying him, or you ay call it sowing him, as you like. You must set him the earth, before you get any good of him."'

ne of the entries is a list of persons and places meant ve been made subjects for special description, and it awaken regret that only as to one of them (the Mugby Subjects for description.

LONDON: 1855–65.

Refreshments) his intention was fulfilled. 'A Vestryman. 'A Briber. A Station Waiting-Room. Refreshments at 'Mugby. A Physician's Waiting-Room. The Royal Aca- 'demy. An Antiquary's house. A Sale Room. A Picture 'Gallery (for sale). A Waste-paper Shop. A Post-Office. 'A Theatre.'

Unused subjects.

All will have been given that have particular interest or value, from this remarkable volume, when the thoughts and fancies I proceed to transcribe have been put before the reader.

Fancies not worked upon.

'The man who is incapable of his own happiness. Or 'who is always in pursuit of happiness. Result, Where is 'happiness to be found then? Surely not Everywhere? 'Can that be so, after all? Is *this* my experience?'

'The people who persist in defining and analysing their '(and everybody else's) moral qualities, motives and what 'not, at once in the narrowest spirit and the most lumber- 'ing manner;—as if one should put up an enormous scaf- 'folding for the building of a pigstye.'

'The house-full of Toadies and Humbugs. They all 'know and despise one another; but—partly to keep 'their hands in, and partly to make out their own indivi- 'dual cases—pretend not to detect one another.'

'People realising immense sums of money, imaginatively '—speculatively—counting their chickens before hatched. 'Inflaming each other's imaginations about great gains of 'money, and entering into a sort of intangible, impossible, 'competition as to who is the richer.'

'The advertising sage, philosopher, and friend: who educates "for the bar, the pulpit, or the stage."' LONDON: 1855–65.

Unused characters.

'The character of the real refugee—not the conventional; the real.'

'The mysterious character, or characters, interchanging confidences. "Necessary to be very careful in that direction."—"In what direction?"—"B"—"You don't say so. What, do you mean that C——?"—"Is aware of D. Exactly."'

"The father and boy, as I dramatically see them. Opening with the wild dance I have in my mind.'

"The old child. That is to say, born of parents advanced in life, and observing the parents of other children to be young. Taking an old tone accordingly.' Old children.

A thoroughly sulky character—perverting everything. Taking the good, bad—and the bad, good.'

The people who lay all their sins negligences and ignorances, on Providence.'

The man who marries his cook at last, after being so desperately knowing about the sex.'

'The swell establishment, frightfully mean and miserable all but the "reception rooms." Those very showy.' Showy and mean.

B. tells M. what my opinion is of his work, &c. Quoting the man you have once spoken to, as if he had talked a page's talk in two minutes.'

LONDON: 1855–65.

Hide and seek.

'A misplaced and mis-married man; always, as it were, 'playing hide and seek with the world; and never finding 'what Fortune seems to have hidden when he was born.'

Dead children.

'Certain women in Africa who have lost children, carry 'little wooden images of children on their heads, and always 'put their food to the lips of those images, before tasting it 'themselves. This is in a part of Africa where the mor- 'tality among children (judging from the number of these 'little memorials) is very great.'

Available names.

Two more entries are the last which he made. 'AVAIL- 'ABLE NAMES' introduces a wonderful list in the exact following classes and order; as to which the reader may be left to his own memory for selection of such as found their way into the several stories from *Little Dorrit* to the end. The rest, not lifted into that higher notice by such favour of their creator, must remain like any other undistinguished crowd. But among them may perhaps be detected, by those who have special insight for the physiognomy of a name, some few with so great promise in them of fun and character as will make the 'mute inglorious' fate which has befallen them a subject for special regret; and much ingenious speculation will probably wait upon all. Dickens has generally been thought, by the curious, to display not a few of his most characteristic traits in this particular field of invention.

First there are titles for books; and from the list subjoined were taken two for Christmas numbers and two for

ories, though *Nobody's Fault* had ultimately to give way o *Little Dorrit.* LONDON: 1855–65.

Titles for books.

'THE LUMBER ROOM.
'SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.
'TO BE LEFT TILL CALLED FOR.
'SOMETHING WANTED.
'EXTREMES MEET.
'NOBODY'S FAULT.
'THE GRINDSTONE.
'ROKESMITH'S FORGE.
'OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.
'THE CINDER HEAP.
TWO GENERATIONS.
BROKEN CROCKERY.
DUST.
THE HOME DEPARTMENT.
THE YOUNG PERSON.
NOW OR NEVER.
MY NEIGHBOURS.
THE CHILDREN OF THE FATHERS.
NO THOROUGHFARE.'

Then comes a batch of 'Christian names': Girls and oys: which stand thus, with mention of the source from nich he obtained them. These therefore can hardly be lled pure invention. Some would have been reckoned o extravagant for anything but reality.

'*Girls from Privy Council Education lists.*

Girls' Christian names.

'LELIA.	ETTY.	DORIS.
'MENELLA.	REBINAH.	BALZINA.
'RUBINA.	SEBA.	PLEASANT.
'IRIS.	PERSIA.	GENTILLA.
'REBECCA.	ARAMANDA.	

'*Boys from Privy Council Education lists.*

Boys' Christian names.

'DOCTOR.	ZERUBBABEL.	PICKLES.
'HOMER.	MAXIMILIAN.	ORANGE.
'ODEN.	URBIN.	FEATHER.
'BRADLEY.	SAMILIAS.	

'*Girls and Boys from Ditto.*

'AMANDA, ETHLYNIDA; BOETIUS, BOLTIUS.'

To which he adds supplementary lists that appear to be own.

LONDON: 1855–65.

'More Boys.

More names for boys.

'ROBERT LADLE.
'JOLY STICK.
'BILL MARIGOLD.
'STEPHEN MARQUICK.
'JONATHAN KNOTWELL.
'PHILIP BROWNDRESS.
'HENRY GHOST.
GEORGE MUZZLE.
WALTER ASHES.
ZEPHANIAH FERRY (or FURY).
WILLIAM WHY.
ROBERT GOSPEL.
THOMAS FATHERLY.
ROBIN SCUBBAM.

'More Girls.

For girls.

'SARAH GOLDSACKS.
'ROSETTA DUST.
'SUSAN GOLDRING.
'CATHERINE TWO.
'MATILDA RAINBIRD.
'MIRIAM DENIAL.
'SOPHIA DOOMSDAY.
ALICE THORNEYWORK.
SALLY GIMBLET.
VERITY HAWKYARD.
BIRDIE NASH.
AMBROSINA EVENTS.
APAULINA VERNON.
NELTIE ASHFORD.'

And then come the mass of his 'available names,' which stand thus, without other introduction or comment:

Available names.

'TOWNDLING.	SLYANT.	PEDSEY.
'MOOD.	QUEEDY.	DUNCALF.
'GUFF.	BESSELTHUR.	TRICKLEBANK.
'TREBLE.	MUSTY.	SAPSEA.
'CHILBY.	GROUT.	READYHUFF.
'SPESSIFER.	TERTIUS JOBBER.	DUFTY.
'WODDER.	AMON HEADSTON.	FOGGY.
'WHELPFORD.	STRAYSHOTT.	TWINN.
'FENNERCK.	HIGDEN.	BROWNSWORD.
'GANNERSON.	MORFIT.	PEARTREE.
'CHINKERBLE.	GOLDSTRAW.	SUDDS.
'BINTREY.	BARREL.	SILVERMAN.
'FLEDSON.	INGE.	KIMBER.
'HIRLL.	JUMP.	LAUGHLEY.
'BRAYLE.	JIGGINS.	LESSOCK.
'MULLENDER.	BONES.	TIPPINS.
'TRESLINGHAM.	COY.	MINNITT.
'BRANKLE.	DAWN.	RADLOWE.
'SITTERN.	TATKIN.	PRATCHET.
'DOSTONE.	DROWVEY.	MAWDETT.
'CAY-LON.	PUDSEY.	WOZENHAM.

SNOWELL.	WABBLER.	STILTWALK.	LONDON: 1855–65.
LOTTRUM.	PEEX—SPEEX.	STILTINGSTALK.	
LAMMLE.	GANNAWAY.	STILTSTALKING.	
FROSER.	MRS. FLINKS.	RAVENDER.	
HOLBLACK.	FLINX.	PODSNAP.	
MULLEY.	JEE.	CLARRIKER.	
REDWORTH.	HARDEN.	COMPERY.	
REDFOOT.	MERDLE.	STRIVER—STRYVER.	
TARBOX (B)	MURDEN.	PUMBLECHOOK.	
TINKLING.	TOPWASH.	WANGLER.	
DUDDLE.	PORDAGE.	BOFFIN.	
JEBUS.	DORRET—DORRIT.	BANTINCK.	
POWDERHILL.	CARTON.	DIBTON.	
GRIMMER.	MINIFIE.	WILFER.	
SKUSE.	SLINGO.	GLIBBERY.	
TITCOOMBE.	JOAD.	MULVEY.	
CRABBLE.	KINCH.	HORLICK.	
SWANNOCK.	MAG.	DOOLGE.	
TUZZEN.	CHELLYSON.	GANNERY.	Available names.
TWEMLOW.	BLENNAM—CL.	GARGERY.	
SQUAB.	BARDOCK.	WILLSHARD.	
JACKMAN.	SNIGSWORTH.	RIDERHOOD.	
SUGG.	SWENTON.	PRATTERSTONE.	
BREMMIDGE.	CASBY—BEACH.	CHINKIBLE.	
SILAS BLODGET.	LOWLEIGH—LOWELY.	WOPSELL.	
MELVIN BEAL.	PIGRIN.	WOPSLE.	
BUTTRICK.	YERBURY.	WHELPINGTON.	
EDSON.	PLORNISH.	WHELPFORD.	
SANLORN.	MAROON.	GAYVERY.	
LIGHTWORD.	BANDY-NANDY.	WEGG.	
TITBULL.	STONEBURY.	HUBBLE.	
BANGHAM.	MAGWITCH.	URRY.	
KYLE—NYLE.	MEAGLES.	KIBBLE.	
PEMBLE.	PANCKS.	SKIFFINS.	
MAXEY.	HAGGAGE.	WODDER.	
ROKESMITH.	PROVIS.	ETSER.	
CHIVERY.	STILTINGTON.	AKERSHEM.'	

The last of the Memoranda, and the last words written Dickens in the blank paper book containing them, are ese. '"Then I'll give up snuff." Brobity.—An alarming acrifice. Mr. Brobity's snuff-box. The Pawnbroker's

London: 1855–65.

Mr. Brobity's snuff-box.

'account of it?' What was proposed by this must be left to conjecture; but 'Brobity' is the name of one of the people in his unfinished story, and the suggestion may have been meant for some incident in it. If so, it is the only passage in the volume which can be in any way connected with the piece of writing on which he was last engaged. Some names were taken for it from the lists, but there is otherwise nothing to recall *Edwin Drood*.

CHAPTER XIII.

THIRD SERIES OF READINGS.

1864—1867.

LONDON: 1864.

THE sudden death of Thackeray on the Christmas eve 1863 was a painful shock to Dickens. It would not come me to speak, when he has himself spoken, of his ations with so great a writer and so old a friend.

Death of Thackeray.

I saw him first, nearly twenty-eight years ago, when he roposed to become the illustrator of my earliest book. I w him last,* shortly before Christmas, at the Athenæum ub, when he told me that he had been in bed three ys . . . and that he had it in his mind to try a new medy which he laughingly described. He was cheerful, d looked very bright. In the night of that day week, died. The long interval between these two periods is arked in my remembrance of him by many occasions nen he was extremely humorous, when he was irresistibly

Estrangement.

* There had been some estrangement between them since the autumn of 3, hardly now worth mention even in a note. Thackeray, justly indignant published description of himself by the member of a club to which both he Dickens belonged, referred it to the Committee, who decided to expel the er. Dickens, thinking expulsion too harsh a penalty for an offence thought- y given, and, as far as might be, manfully atoned for by withdrawal and et, interposed to avert that extremity. Thackeray resented the interference, Dickens was justly hurt by the manner in which he did so. Neither wholly right, nor was either altogether in the wrong.

LONDON: 1864.

'extravagant, when he was softened and serious, when he 'was charming with children. . . No one can be surer than 'I, of the greatness and goodness of his heart. . . In no 'place should I take it upon myself at this time to dis- 'course of his books, of his refined knowledge of character, 'of his subtle acquaintance with the weaknesses of human 'nature, of his delightful playfulness as an essayist, of his 'quaint and touching ballads, of his mastery over the Eng- 'lish language. . . But before me lies all that he had 'written of his latest story . . . and the pain I have felt 'in perusing it has not been deeper than the conviction 'that he was in the healthiest vigour of his powers when 'he worked on this last labour. . . The last words he cor- 'rected in print were "And my heart throbbed with an '"exquisite bliss." God grant that on that Christmas Eve 'when he laid his head back on his pillow and threw up 'his arms as he had been wont to do when very weary, 'some consciousness of duty done, and of Christian hope 'throughout life humbly cherished, may have caused his 'own heart so to throb, when he passed away to his Re- 'deemer's rest. He was found peacefully lying as above 'described, composed, undisturbed, and to all appearance 'asleep.'

Dickens on Thackeray.

Cornhill Magazine for February 1864.

Other griefs were with Dickens at this time, and close upon them came the too certain evidence that his own health was yielding to the overstrain which had been placed upon it by the occurrences and anxieties of the few preceding years. His mother, whose infirm health had been tending for more than two years to the close, died in September 1863; and on his own birthday in the follow-

Mother's death.

February he had tidings of the death of his second son lter, on the last day of the old year, in the officers' pital at Calcutta; to which he had been sent up inva- ed from his station, on his way home. He was a lieu- ant in the 26th Native Infantry regiment, and had n doing duty with the 42nd Highlanders. In 1853 his ner had thus written to the youth's godfather, Walter rage Landor: 'Walter is a very good boy, and comes me from school with honorable commendation and a ize into the bargain. He never gets into trouble, for he a great favourite with the whole house and one of the st amiable boys in the boy-world. He comes out on rthdays in a blaze of shirt pin.' The pin was a present n Landor; to whom three years later, when the boy had ained his cadetship through the kindness of Miss Coutts, kens wrote again. 'Walter has done extremely well school; has brought home a prize in triumph; and l be eligible to "go up" for his India examination soon er next Easter. Having a direct appointment he will bably be sent out soon after he has passed, and so will l into that strange life "up the country" before he well ows he is alive, or what life is—which indeed seems be rather an advanced state of knowledge.' If he had d another month he would have reached his twenty- d year, and perhaps not then the advanced state of wledge his father speaks of. But, never forfeiting his m to those kindly paternal words, he had the goodness simplicity of boyhood to the last.

ickens had at this time begun his last story in twenty bers, and my next chapter will show through what

LONDON: 1864.

Death of his second son.

Walter Dickens.

Promise of boyhood.

LONDON: 1864.

Our Mutual Friend.

unwonted troubles, in this and the following year, he had to fight his way. What otherwise during its progress chiefly interested him, was the enterprise of Mr. Fechter at the Lyceum, of which he had become the lessee; and Dickens was moved to this quite as much by generous sympathy with the difficulties of such a position to an artist who was not an Englishman, as by genuine admiration of Mr. Fechter's acting. He became his helper in disputes, adviser on literary points, referee in matters of management; and for some years no face was more familiar than the French comedian's at Gadshill or in the office of his journal. But theatres and their affairs are things of a season, and even Dickens's whim and humour will not revive for us any interest in these. No bad example, however, of the difficulties in which a French actor may find himself with English playwrights, will appear in a few amusing words from one of his letters about a piece played at the Princess's before the Lyceum management was taken in hand.

Mr. Fechter.

Interest in his management.

Revising a play.

'I have been cautioning Fechter about the play where-
'of he gave the plot and scenes to B; and out of which I
'have struck some enormities, my account of which will (I
'think) amuse you. It has one of the best first acts I ever
'saw; but if he can do much with the last two, not to say
'three, there are resources in his art that *I* know nothing
'about. When I went over the play this day week, he
'was at least 20 minutes, *in a boat, in the last scene,* dis-
'cussing with another gentleman (also in the boat) whether
'he should kill him or not; after which the gentleman
'dived overboard and swam for it. Also, in the most im-

Ticklish points.

rtant and dangerous parts of the play, there was a ung person of the name of Pickles who was constantly ing mentioned by name, in conjunction with the powers light or darkness; as, "Great Heaven! Pickles?"— By Hell, 'tis Pickles!"—"Pickles? a thousand Devils!" —"Distraction! Pickles?"'* LONDON: 1865.

he old year ended and the new one opened sadly ugh. The death of Leech in November affected Dickens much,† and a severe attack of illness in February put Sorrowful New Year.

As I have thus fallen on theatrical subjects, I may add one or two practical iences which befell Dickens at theatres in the autumn of 1864, when he l forth from his office upon these night wanderings to 'cool' a boiling

'I went the other night,' (8th of October) 'to see the *Streets of don* at the Princess's. A piece that is really drawing all the town, and g the house with nightly overflows. It is the most depressing instance, out exception, of an utterly degraded and debased theatrical taste that ever come under my writhing notice. For not only do the audiences—of lasses—go, but they are unquestionably delighted. At Astley's there been much puffing at great cost of a certain Miss Ada Isaacs Menkin, who be seen bound on the horse in *Mazeppa* "ascending the fearful precipices t as hitherto done by a dummy." Last night, having a boiling head, I went rom here to cool myself on Waterloo Bridge, and I thought I would go and his heroine. Applied at the box-door for a stall. "None left sir." a box-ticket. "Only standing-room sir." Then the man (busy in count- great heaps of veritable checks) recognizes me and says—"Mr. Smith will very much concerned when he hears that you went away sir"—"Never nd; I'll come again." "You never go behind I think sir, or—?" "No nk you, I never go behind." "Mr. Smith's box, sir—" "No thank u, I'll come again." Now who do you think the lady is? If you don't dy know, ask that question of the highest Irish mountains that look al, and they'll never tell you—*Mrs. Heenan!*' This lady, who turned be one of Dickens's greatest admirers, addressed him at great length on g of this occurrence, and afterwards dedicated a volume of poems to him! was a pleasanter close to his letter. 'Contrariwise I assisted another at the Adelphi (where I couldn't, with careful calculation, get the house Nine Pounds), and saw quite an admirable performance of Mr. Toole Mrs. Mellon—she, an old servant, wonderfully like Anne—he, showing wer of passion very unusual indeed in a comic actor, as such things go, of a quite remarkable kind.'

Writing to me three months before, he spoke of the death of one whom he

Streets of London at Princess's.

Mazeppa at Astley's.

A poetical admirer.

Mr. Toole. *Ante*, 34.

LONDON: 1865.

a broad mark between his past life and what remained to him of the future. The lameness now began in his left foot which never afterwards wholly left him, which was attended by great suffering, and which baffled experienced physicians. He had persisted in his ordinary exercise during heavy snow-storms, and to the last he had the fancy that his illness was merely local. But that this was an error is now certain; and it is more than probable that if the nervous danger and disturbance it implied had been correctly appreciated at the time, its warning might have been of priceless value to Dickens. Unhappily he never thought of husbanding his strength except for the purpose of making fresh demands upon it, and it was for this he took a brief holiday in France during the summer. 'Before I 'went away,' he wrote to his daughter, 'I had certainly 'worked myself into a damaged state. But the moment I 'got away, I began, thank God, to get well. I hope to profit 'by this experience, and to make future dashes from my desk 'before I want them.' At his return he was in the terrible railway accident at Staplehurst, on a day * which proved

Lameness. *Post*, 477–8.

Over-confidence.

Fatal anniversary.

had known from his boyhood (*ante*, i. 27–8) and with whom he had fought unsuccessfully for some years against the management of the Literary Fund. 'Poor Dilke! I am very sorry that the capital old stout-hearted man is dead.' Sorrow may also be expressed that no adequate record should remain of a career which for steadfast purpose, conscientious maintenance of opinion, and pursuit of public objects with disregard of self, was one of very high example. So averse was Mr. Dilke to every kind of display that his name appears to none of the literary investigations which were conducted by him with an acuteness wonderful as his industry, and it was in accordance with his express instructions that the literary journal which his energy and self-denial had established kept silence respecting him at his death.

Charles Wentworth Dilke.

* One day before, the 8th of June 1865, his old friend Sir Joseph Paxton had breathed his last.

erwards more fatal to him; and it was with shaken rves but unsubdued energy he resumed the labour to be esently described. His foot troubled him more or less roughout the autumn;* he was beset by nervous appre-nsions which the accident had caused to himself, not ssened by his generous anxiety to assuage the severer fferings inflicted by it on others;† and that he should vertheless have determined, on the close of his book, undertake a series of readings involving greater strain d fatigue than any hitherto, was a startling circumstance. had perhaps become conscious, without owning it even himself, that for exertion of this kind the time left him s short; but, whatever pressed him on, his task of the xt three years, self-imposed, was to make the most money

LONDON: 1865.

Staplehurst sufferers.

New Readings undertaken.

Here are allusions to it at that time. 'I have got a boot on to-day,—de on an Otranto scale, but really not very discernible from its ordinary ed companion.' After a few days' holiday: 'I began to feel my foot stronger e moment I breathed the sea air. Still, during the ten days I have been ay, I have never been able to wear a boot after four or five in the afternoon, have passed all the evenings with the foot up, and nothing on it. I burnt brown and have walked by the sea perpetually, yet I feel certain t if I wore a boot this evening, I should be taken with those torments again fore the night was out.' This last letter ended thus: 'As a relief to my e dismal letters, I send you the newest American story. Backwoods ctor is called in to the little boy of a woman-settler. Stares at the child ne time through a pair of spectacles. Ultimately takes them off, and says the mother: "Wa'al Marm, this is small-pox. 'Tis Marm, small-pox. But I am not posted up in Pustuls, and I do not know as I could bring im along slick through it. But I'll tell you wa'at I can do Marm:—I can end him a draft as will certainly put him into a most etarnal Fit, and I am lmighty smart at Fits, and we might git round Old Grisly that way."'

Attack in his foot. See *post*, 477–8.

American story.

I give one such instance: 'The railway people have offered, in the case the young man whom I got out of the carriage just alive, all the expenses I a thousand pounds down. The father declines to accept the offer. It ms unlikely that the young man, whose destination is India, would ever passed for the Army now by the Medical Board. The question is, how far l that contingency tell, under Lord Campbell's Act?'

The accident.

LONDON: 1866.

in the shortest time without any regard to the physical labour to be undergone. The very letter announcing his new engagement shows how entirely unfit he was to enter upon it.

'For some time,' he wrote at the end of February 1866, 'I have been very unwell. F. B. wrote me word that with 'such a pulse as I described, an examination of the heart 'was absolutely necessary. "Want of muscular power in '"the heart," B said. "Only remarkable irritability of '"the heart," said Doctor Brinton of Brook-street, who had 'been called in to consultation. I was not disconcerted; 'for I knew well beforehand that the effect could not 'possibly be without the one cause at the bottom of it, of 'some degeneration of some function of the heart. Of 'course I am not so foolish as to suppose that all my work 'can have been achieved without *some* penalty, and I have 'noticed for some time a decided change in my buoyancy 'and hopefulness—in other words, in my usual "tone." 'But tonics have already brought me round. So I have 'accepted an offer, from Chappells of Bond-street, of £50 'a night for thirty nights to read "in England, Ireland, '"Scotland, or Paris;" they undertaking all the business, 'paying all personal expenses, travelling and otherwise, of 'myself, John' (his office servant), 'and my gasman; and 'making what they can of it. I begin, I believe, in Liver-'pool on the Thursday in Easter week, and then come to 'London. I am going to read at Cheltenham (on my own 'account) on the 23rd and 24th of this month, staying with 'Macready of course.'

Unfitness for such enterprise.

Offer of Messrs. Chappell.

The arrangement of this series of Readings differed from

ose of its predecessors in relieving Dickens from every xiety except of the reading itself; but, by such rapid and peated change of nights at distant places as kept him most wholly in a railway carriage when not at the read-g-desk or in bed, it added enormously to the physical iigue. He would read at St. James's Hall in London one ght, and at Bradford the next. He would read in Edin-rgh, go on to Glasgow and to Aberdeen, then come back Glasgow, read again in Edinburgh, strike off to Man-ester, come back to St. James's Hall once more, and gin the same round again. It was labour that must in e have broken down the strongest man, and what kens was when he assumed it we have seen.

London: 1866.

Relieved from management.

Greater fatigues involved.

He did not himself admit a shadow of misgiving. 'As the readings' (11th of March), 'all I have to do is, take in my book and read, at the appointed place and ur, and come out again. All the business of every nd, is done by Chappells. They take John and my other n, merely for my convenience. I have no more to do h any detail whatever, than you have. They transact the business at their own cost, and on their own ponsibility. I think they are disposed to do it in a y good spirit, because, whereas the original proposi-n was for thirty readings "in England, Ireland, Scot-nd, or Paris," they wrote out their agreement "in ondon, the Provinces, or elsewhere, *as you and we may gree.*" For this they pay £1500 in three sums: £500 beginning, £500 on the fifteenth Reading, £500 at the e. Every charge of every kind, they pay besides. I for mere curiosity on *Doctor Marigold* (I am going

No misgivings.

LONDON: 1866.

Faith in *Marigold.*

'to begin with him in Liverpool, and at St. James's Hall). 'I have got him up with immense pains, and should like 'to give you a notion what I am going to do with him.'

The success everywhere went far beyond even the former successes. A single night at Manchester, when eight hundred stalls were let, two thousand five hundred and sixty-five people admitted, and the receipts amounted to more than three hundred pounds, was followed in nearly the same proportion by all the greater towns; and on the 20th of April the outlay for the entire venture was paid, leaving all that remained, to the middle of the month of June, sheer profit. 'I came back last Sunday,' he wrote on the 30th of May, 'with my last country piece of work for this 'time done. Everywhere the success has been the same. 'St. James's Hall last night was quite a splendid spectacle. 'Two more Tuesdays there, and I shall retire into private 'life. I have only been able to get to Gadshill once since 'I left it, and that was the day before yesterday.'

Success beyond hope.

A memorable evening. 2nd April. i. 91, 129.

One memorable evening he had passed at my house in the interval, when he saw Mrs. Carlyle for the last time. Her sudden death followed shortly after, and near the close of April he had thus written to me from Liverpool. 'It was a terrible shock to me, and poor dear Carlyle has 'been in my mind ever since. How often I have thought 'of the unfinished novel. No one now to finish it. None 'of the writing women come near her at all.' This was an allusion to what had passed at their meeting. It was on the second of April, the day when Mr. Carlyle had delivered his inaugural address as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, and a couple of ardent words from Professor

Carlyle Lord Rector.

Tyndall had told her of the triumph just before dinner. She came to us flourishing the telegram in her hand, and the radiance of her enjoyment of it was upon her all the night. Among other things she gave Dickens the subject for a novel, from what she had herself observed at the outside of a house in her street; of which the various incidents were drawn from the condition of its blinds and curtains, the costumes visible at its windows, the cabs at its door, its visitors admitted or rejected, its articles of furniture delivered or carried away; and the subtle serious humour of it all, the truth in trifling bits of character, and the gradual progress into a half-romantic interest, had enchanted the skilled novelist. She was well into the second volume of her small romance before she left, being as far as her observation then had taken her; but in a few days exciting incidents were expected, the denouement could not be far off, and Dickens was to have it when they met again. Yet it was to something far other than this amusing little fancy his thoughts had carried him, when he wrote of no one being capable to finish what he might have begun. In greater things this was still more true. No one could doubt it who had come within the fascinating influence of that sweet and noble nature. With some of the highest gifts of intellect, and the charm of a most varied knowledge of books and things, there was something 'beyond, beyond.' No one who knew Mrs. Carlyle could replace her loss when she had passed away.

London: 1866.

Subject for a novel.

Unfinished.

Mrs. Carlyle.

The same letter which told of his uninterrupted success to the last, told me also that he had a heavy cold upon him and was 'very tired and depressed.' Some weeks before

LONDON : 1866.

Offer for more Readings.

the first batch of readings closed, Messrs. Chappell had already tempted him with an offer for fifty more nights to begin at Christmas, for which he meant, as he then said, to ask them seventy pounds a night. 'It would be unreasonable to ask anything now on the ground of the extent of the late success, but I am bound to look to myself for the future. The Chappells are speculators, though of the worthiest and most honourable kind. They make some bad speculations, and have made a very good one in this case, and will set this against those. I told them when we agreed: "I offer these thirty Readings to you at fifty "pounds a night, because I know perfectly well before-"hand that no one in your business has the least idea "of their real worth, and I wish to prove it." The sum taken is £4720.' The result of the fresh negotiation, though not completed until the beginning of August, may be at once described. 'Chappell instantly accepts my proposal of forty nights at sixty pounds a night, and every conceivable and inconceivable expense paid. To make an even sum, I have made it forty-two nights for £2500. So I shall now try to discover a Christmas number' (he means the subject for one), 'and shall, please Heaven, be quit of the whole series of readings so as to get to work on a new story for the new series of *All the Year Round* early in the spring. The readings begin probably with the New Year.' These were fair designs, but the fairest are the sport of circumstance, and though the subject for Christmas was found, the new series of *All the Year Round* never had a new story from its founder. With whatever consequence to himself, the strong tide of the Readings was to

Result of the last.

What was designed to be done. *Post*, 425.

What was done.

weep on to its full. The American war had ceased, and the first renewed offers from the States had been made nd rejected. Hovering over all, too, were other sterner ispositions. 'I think,' he wrote in September, 'there is some strange influence in the atmosphere. Twice last week I was seized in a most distressing manner—apparently in the heart; but, I am persuaded, only in the nervous system.' PROVINCES: 1866. Grave warnings.

In the midst of his ovations such checks had not been anting. 'The police reported officially,' he wrote to his aughter from Liverpool on the 14th of April, 'that three housand people were turned away from the hall last night. . . Except that I can *not* sleep, I really think myself in very much better training than I had anticipated. A dozen oysters and a little champagne between the parts every night, seem to constitute the best restorative I have ever yet tried.' 'Such a prodigious demonstration last night at Manchester,' he wrote the same correspondent twelve days later, 'that I was obliged (contrary to my principle in such cases) to go back. I am very tired to-day; for it would be of itself very hard work in that immense place, if there were not to be added eighty miles of railway and late hours to boot.' 'It has been very heavy work,' he wrote to his ster-in-law on the 11th of May from Clifton, 'getting up t 6·30 each morning after a heavy night, and I am not t all well to-day. We had a tremendous hall at Birmingham last night, £230 odd, 2100 people; and I made most ridiculous mistake. Had *Nickleby* on my list to inish with, instead of *Trial*. Read *Nickleby* with great At Liverpool. At Manchester. At Birmingham.

PROVINCES: 1866.

More than he intended.

'go, *and the people remained.* Went back again at '10 o'clock, and explained the accident: but said if they 'liked I would give them the *Trial.* They *did* like;—and 'I had another half hour of it, in that enormous place. . . 'I have so severe a pain in the ball of my left eye that it 'makes it hard for me to do anything after 100 miles 'shaking since breakfast. My cold is no better, nor my 'hand either.' It was his left eye, it will be noted, as it was his left foot and hand; the irritability or faintness of heart was also of course on the left side; and it was on the same left side he felt most of the effect of the railway accident.

See *Post*, 343.

SCOTLAND.

Everything was done to make easier the labour of travel, but nothing could materially abate either the absolute physical exhaustion, or the nervous strain. 'We arrived

At Aberdeen.

'here,' he wrote from Aberdeen (16th of May), 'safe and 'sound between 3 and 4 this morning. There was a com- 'partment for the men, and a charming room for ourselves 'furnished with sofas and easy chairs. We had also a 'pantry and washing-stand. This carriage is to go about 'with us.' Two days later he wrote from Glasgow: 'We

At Perth.

'halted at Perth yesterday, and got a lovely walk there. 'Until then I had been in a condition the reverse of 'flourishing; half strangled with my cold, and dyspeptically 'gloomy and dull; but, as I feel much more like myself 'this morning, we are going to get some fresh air aboard

On the Clyde.

'a steamer on the Clyde.' The last letter during his country travel was from Portsmouth on the 24th of May, and contained these words: 'You need have no fear about 'America.' The readings closed in June.

The readings of the new year began with even increased nthusiasm, but not otherwise with happier omen. Here as his first outline of plan: 'I start on Wednesday after- noon (the 15th of January) for Liverpool, and then go on o Chester, Derby, Leicester, and Wolverhampton. On Tuesday the 29th I read in London again, and in Feb- ruary I read at Manchester and then go on into Scotland.' rom Liverpool he wrote on the 21st: 'The enthusiasm nas been unbounded. On Friday night I quite astonished myself; but I was taken so faint afterwards that they aid me on a sofa at the hall for half an hour. I attri- bute it to my distressing inability to sleep at night, and o nothing worse. Everything is made as easy to me as it possibly can be. Dolby would do anything to lighten he work, and *does* everything.' The weather was sorely ainst him. 'At Chester,' he wrote on the 24th from rmingham, 'we read in a snow-storm and a fall of ice. think it was the worst weather I ever saw . . . At Wolverhampton last night the thaw had thoroughly et in, and it rained furiously, and I was again heavily eaten. We came on here after the reading (it is only ride of forty miles), and it was as much as I could do to old out the journey. But I was not faint, as at Liver- ool. I was only exhausted.' Five days later he had urned for his Reading in London, and thus replied to summons to dine with Macready at my house: 'I am ery tired; cannot sleep; have been severely shaken on n atrocious railway; read to-night, and have to read at eeds on Thursday. But I have settled with Dolby to ut off our going to Leeds on Wednesday, in the hope of

PROVINCES: 1867.

Exertion and its result.

Heavily beaten.

PROVINCES: 1867.

'coming to dine with you, and seeing our dear old friend.
'say "in the hope," because if I should be a little more used
'up to-morrow than I am to-day, I should be constrained
'in spite of myself, to take to the sofa and stick there.'

On the 15th of February he wrote to his sister-in-law from Liverpool that they had had 'an enormous turn
'away' the previous night. 'The day has been very fine
'and I have turned it to the wholesomest account by walk-
'ing on the sands at New Brighton all the morning. I
Self-deception.
'am not quite right within, but believe it to be an effect
'of the railway shaking. There is no doubt of the fact
'that, after the Staplehurst experience, it tells more and
'more (railway shaking, that is) instead of, as one might
'have expected, less and less.' The last remark is a strange one, from a man of his sagacity; but it was part of the too-willing self-deception which he practised, to justify him in his professed belief that these continued excesses of labour
SCOTLAND. and excitement were really doing him no harm. The day after that last letter he pushed on to Scotland, and on the 17th wrote to his daughter from Glasgow. The closing night at Manchester had been enormous. 'They cheered to that
'extent after it was over that I was obliged to huddle on
'my clothes (for I was undressing to prepare for the
'journey) and go back again. After so heavy a week, it
1.45 a.m. '*was* rather stiff to start on this long journey at a quarter
'to two in the morning; but I got more sleep than I ever
'got in a railway-carriage before . . . I have, as I had in
'the last series of readings, a curious feeling of soreness
'all round the body—which I suppose to arise from the
'great exertion of voice . . .' Two days later he wrote to

Scotland: 1867.

An old malady, i. 263.

a sister-in-law from the Bridge of Allan, which he had ached from Glasgow that morning. 'Yesterday I was so nwell with an internal malady that occasionally at long ntervals troubles me a little, and it was attended with ne sudden loss of so much blood, that I wrote to F. B. om whom I shall doubtless hear to-morrow . . . I felt it little more exertion to read, afterwards, and I passed a eepless night after that again; but otherwise I am in od force and spirits to-day: I may say, in the best rce . . . The quiet of this little place is sure to do me od.' He rallied again from this attack, and, though still complained of sleeplessness, wrote cheerfully from sgow on the 21st, describing himself indeed as confined his room, but only because 'in close hiding from a local et who has christened his infant son in my name, and nsequently haunts the building.' On getting back to inburgh he wrote to me, with intimation that many ubles had been beset him; but that the pleasure of his liences, and the providence and forethought of Messrs. appell, had borne him through. 'Everything is done for e with the utmost liberality and consideration. Every ant I can have on these journeys is anticipated, and not e faintest spark of the tradesman spirit ever peeps out. have three men in constant attendance on me; besides olby, who is an agreeable companion, an excellent anager, and a good fellow.'

In close 'hiding.'

What bore him through.

On the 4th of March he wrote from Newcastle: 'The adings have made an immense effect in this place, and is remarkable that although the people are individually ugh, collectively they are an unusually tender and

Audiences at Newcastle.

NEWCASTLE: 1867.

'sympathetic audience; while their comic perception
'quite up to the high London standard. The atmosphe
'is so very heavy that yesterday we escaped to Tynemout
'for a two hours' sea walk. There was a high north win
'blowing, and a magnificent sea running. Large vesse
'were being towed in and out over the stormy bar, wit
'prodigious waves breaking on it; and, spanning the res
'less uproar of the waters, was a quiet rainbow of trans

Scene at Tynemouth.

'cendent beauty. The scene was quite wonderful. W
'were in the full enjoyment of it when a heavy sea caugh
'us, knocked us over, and in a moment drenched us an
'filled even our pockets. We had nothing for it but t
'shake ourselves together (like Doctor Marigold), and dr
'ourselves as well as we could by hard walking in the win
'and sunshine. But we were wet through for all tha
'when we came back here to dinner after half-an-hour'
'railway drive. I am wonderfully well, and quite fres
'and strong.' Three days later he was at Leeds; fro
which he was to work himself round through the mos
important neighbouring places to another reading in Lon
don, before again visiting Ireland.

Fenian excitements.

This was the time of the Fenian excitements; it wa
with great reluctance he consented to go;* and he tol

Reluctance to go to Ireland.

* He wrote to me on the 15th of March from Dublin: 'So profoundly dis
'couraging were the accounts from here in London last Tuesday that I hel
'several councils with Chappell about coming at all; had actually drawn up a bil
'announcing (indefinitely) the postponement of the readings; and had mean
'to give him a reading to cover the charges incurred—but yielded at last t
'his representations the other way. We ran through a snow storm nearly th
'whole way, and in Wales got snowed up, came to a stoppage, and had to di
'the engine out. . . We got to Dublin at last, found it snowing and raining
'and heard that it had been snowing and raining since the first day of th
'year . . . As to outward signs of trouble or preparation, they are very few

all at his first arrival that he should have a complete breakdown. More than 300 stalls were gone at Belfast two days before the reading, but on the afternoon of the reading in Dublin not 50 were taken. Strange to say however a great crowd pressed in at night, he had a tumultuous greeting, and on the 22nd of March I had this announcement from him: 'You will be surprised to be told that we have done WONDERS! Enthusiastic crowds have filled the halls to the roof each night, and hundreds have been turned away. At Belfast the night before last we had £246 5*s*. In Dublin to-night everything is sold out, and people are besieging Dolby to put chairs anywhere, in doorways, on my platform, in any sort of hole or corner. In short the Readings are a perfect rage at this time when everything else is beaten down.' He took the Eastern Counties at his return, and this brought the series to a close. 'The reception at Cambridge was something to be proud of in such a place. The colleges mustered in full force, from the biggest guns to the smallest; and went beyond even Manchester in the roars of welcome and rounds of cheers. The place was crammed, and

IRELAND: 1867.

In Dublin.

Unexpected crowds.

EASTERN COUNTIES.

Cambridge.

At Kingstown our boat was waited for by four armed policemen, and some stragglers in various dresses who were clearly detectives. But there was no show of soldiery. My people carry a long heavy box containing gas-fittings. This was immediately laid hold of; but one of the stragglers instantly interposed on seeing my name, and came to me in the carriage and apologised . . . the worst looking young fellow I ever saw, turned up at Holyhead before we went to bed there, and sat glooming and glowering by the coffee-room fire while we warmed ourselves. He said he had been snowed up with us (which we didn't believe), and was horribly disconcerted by some box of his having gone to Dublin without him. We said to one another "Fenian:" and certainly he disappeared in the morning, and let his box go where it would.' What Dickens heard and saw in Dublin, during this visit, convinced him that Fenianism and disaffection had found their way into several regiments.

Attentions of police.

'Fenian.'

Eastern Counties: 1867.

'all through the reading everything was taken with th
'utmost heartiness of enjoyment.' The temptation of offe
from America had meanwhile again been presented to hi
so strongly, and in such unlucky connection with imme
diate family claims threatening excess of expenditure eve
beyond the income he was making, that he was fain t

Yielding to temptation.

write to his sister-in-law: "I begin to feel myself draw
'towards America as Darnay in the *Tale of Two Citie*
'was attracted to Paris. It is my Loadstone Rock.' To
surely it was to be so; and Dickens was not to be save
from the consequence of yielding to the tempation, by an
such sacrifice as had rescued Darnay.

Close of the third series.

The letter which told me of the close of his English
readings had in it no word of the farther enterprise, yet
it seemed to be in some sort a preparation for it. 'Last
'Monday evening' (14th May) 'I finished the 50 Read-
'ings with great success. You have no idea how I have
'worked at them. Feeling it necessary, as their reputa-
'tion widened, that they should be better than at first, I
'have *learnt them all*, so as to have no mechanical draw-

Study given to the readings.

'back in looking after the words. I have tested all the
'serious passion in them by everything I know; made
'the humorous points much more humorous; corrected
'my utterance of certain words; cultivated a self-pos-
'session not to be disturbed; and made myself master
'of the situation. Finishing with *Dombey* (which I had
'not read for a long time) I learnt that, like the rest; and
'did it to myself, often twice a day, with exactly the
'same pains as at night, over and over and over again.' . .
Six days later brought his reply to a remark that no degree

excellence to which he might have brought his read- LONDON: 1867.
gs could reconcile me to what there was little doubt
uld soon be pressed upon him. 'It is curious' (20th
ay) 'that you should touch the American subject, be-
use I must confess that my mind is in a most disturbed
ate about it. That the people there have set themselves
n having the readings, there is no question. Every Desire in America to hear Dickens read.
ail brings me proposals, and the number of Americans at
t. James's Hall has been surprising. A certain Mr. Grau,
ho took Ristori out, and is highly responsible, wrote to
e by the last mail (for the second time) saying that if
would give him a word of encouragement he would come
er immediately and arrange on the boldest terms for
y number I chose, and would deposit a large sum of
oney at Coutts's. Mr. Fields writes to me on behalf of a
mmittee of private gentlemen at Boston who wished
r the credit of getting me out, who desired to hear the
adings and did not want profit, and would put down
a guarantee £10,000—also to be banked here. Every
merican speculator who comes to London repairs straight Offers.
Dolby, with similar proposals. And, thus excited,
appells, the moment this last series was over, proposed
treat for America!' Upon the mere question of these
ious offers he had little difficulty in making up his
nd. If he went at all, he would go on his own account, Will go on his own account only.
king no compact with any one. Whether he should go
ll, was what he had to determine.

One thing with his usual sagacity he saw clearly enough.
must make up his mind quickly. 'The Presidential
ection would be in the autumn of next year. They are

London: 1867.

'a people whom a fancy does not hold long. They are be
'upon my reading there, and they believe (on no found
'tion whatever) that I am going to read there. If I ev
'go, the time would be when the Christmas number go
'to press. Early in this next November.' Every sort

Will go quickly if at all.

enquiry he accordingly set on foot; and so far came to th
immediate decision, that, if the answers left him no roo
to doubt that a certain sum might be realized, he would g
'Have no fear that anything will induce me to make th
'experiment, if I do not see the most forcible reasons f
'believing that what I could get by it, added to what
'have got, would leave me with a sufficient fortune.

Sole motive in going.

'should be wretched beyond expression there. My sma
'powers of description cannot describe the state of min
'in which I should drag on from day to day.' At the en
of May he wrote: 'Poor dear Stanfield!' (our excelle
friend had passed away the week before). 'I cannot thin
'even of him, and of our great loss, for this spectre of doub
'and indecision that sits at the board with me and stand
'at the bedside. I am in a tempest-tossed condition, and ca
'hardly believe that I stand at bay at last on the America

At bay at last.

'question. The difficulty of determining amid the variet
'of statements made to me is enormous, and you have n
'idea how heavily the anxiety of it sits upon my soul. Bu
'the prize looks so large!' One way at last seemed to ope
by which it was possible to get at some settled opinio

Sends agent to America.

'Dolby sails for America' (2nd of July) 'on Saturda
'the 3rd of August. It is impossible to come to any rea
'sonable conclusion, without sending eyes and ears on th
'actual ground. He will take out my MS. for the *Chi*

Uren's Magazine. I hope it is droll, and very child-like; though the joke is a grown-up one besides. You must try to like the pirate story, for I am very fond of it.' The allusion is to his pleasant *Holiday Romance* which he had written for Mr. Fields. LONDON: 1867. *Post*, 346.

Hardly had Mr. Dolby gone when there came that which could have availed to dissuade, far more than any of the arguments which continued to express my objection to the enterprise. 'I am laid up,' he wrote on the 6th of August, with another attack in my foot, and was on the sofa all last night in tortures. I cannot bear to have the fomentations taken off for a moment. I was so ill with it on Sunday, and it looked so fierce, that I came up to Henry Thompson. He has gone into the case heartily, and says that there is no doubt the complaint originates in the action of the shoe, in walking, on an enlargement in the nature of a bunion. Erysipelas has supervened upon the injury; and the object is to avoid a gathering, and to stay the erysipelas where it is. Meantime I am on my back, and chafing. . . I didn't improve my foot by going down to Liverpool to see Dolby off, but I have little doubt of its yielding to treatment, and repose.' A few days later it was chafing still; the accomplished physician he consulted having dropped other hints that somewhat troubled me. 'I could not walk a quarter of a mile to-night for £500. I make out so many reasons against supposing it to be gouty that I really do not think it is.' Warning unheeded. Chafing. Sir Henry Thompson's opinion.

So momentous in my judgment were the consequences of the American journey to him that it seemed right to preface it as much of the inducements and temptations that led to it.

LONDON: 1867.

Discussion useless.

My own part in the discussion was that of steady dissua sion throughout: though this might perhaps have bee less persistent if I could have reconciled myself to th belief, which I never at any time did, that Public Read ings were a worthy employment for a man of his genius But it had by this time become clear to me that nothin could stay the enterprise. The result of Mr. Dolby's visi to America—drawn up by Dickens himself in a pape possessing still the interest of having given to the Reading when he crossed the Atlantic much of the form they the assumed *—reached me when I was staying at Ross; an

* This renders it worth preservation in a note. He called it

'THE CASE IN A NUTSHELL.

'1. I think it may be taken as proved, that general enthusiasm and excite 'ment are awakened in America on the subject of the Readings, an 'that the people are prepared to give me a great reception. *The Ne* '*York Herald*, indeed, is of opinion that "Dickens must apologis '"first"; and where a *New York Herald* is possible, any thing is po 'sible. But the prevailing tone, both of the press and of people of a 'conditions, is highly favourable. I have an opinion myself that th 'Irish element in New York is dangerous; for the reason that th 'Fenians would be glad to damage a conspicuous Englishman. This 'merely an opinion of my own.

The case in a nutshell.

'2. All our original calculations were based on 100 Readings. But an ur 'expected result of careful enquiry on the spot, is the discovery tha 'the month of May is generally considered (in the large cities) bad fo 'such a purpose. Admitting that what governs an ordinary case i 'this wise, governs mine, this reduces the Readings to 80, and conse 'quently at a blow makes a reduction of 20 per cent. in the means 'making money within the half year—unless the objection should no 'apply in my exceptional instance.

'3. I dismiss the consideration that the great towns of America could no 'possibly be exhausted—or even visited—within 6 months, and that 'large harvest would be left unreaped. Because I hold a second serie 'of Readings in America is to be set down as out of the question 'whether regarded as involving two more voyages across the Atlantic 'or a vacation of five months in Canada.

pon it was founded my last argument against the scheme. LONDON: 1867.
his he received in London on the 28th of September,
which day he thus wrote to his eldest daughter: 'As I
elegraphed after I saw you, I am off to Ross to consult
with Mr. Forster and Dolby together. You shall hear,
ither on Monday, or by Monday's post from London, how Final consultation.
decide finally.' The result he wrote to her three days
ter: 'You will have had my telegram that I go to
America. After a long discussion with Forster, and con-
ideration of what is to be said on both sides, I have

4. The narrowed calculation we have made, is this: What is the largest 'amount of clear profit derivable, under the most advantageous circum- 'stances possible, as to their public reception, fron 80 Readings and no 'more? In making this calculation, the expenses have been throughout 'taken on the New York scale—which is the dearest; as much as '20 per cent. has been deducted for management, including Mr. Dolby's 'commission; and no credit has been taken for any extra payment on 'reserved seats, though a good deal of money is confidently expected 'from this source. But on the other hand it is to be observed that 'four Readings (and a fraction over) are supposed to take place every 'week, and that the estimate of receipts is based on the assumption 'that the audiences are, on all occasions, as large as the rooms will 'reasonably hold. For and against reading in America.

5. So considering 80 Readings, we bring out the nett profit of that number, 'remaining to me after payment of all charges whatever, as £15,500.

6. But it yet remains to be noted that the calculation assumes New York 'City, and the State of New York, to be good for a very large propor- 'tion of the 80 Readings; and that the calculation also assumes the 'necessary travelling not to extend beyond Boston and adjacent places, 'New York City and adjacent places, Philadelphia, Washington, and 'Baltimore. But, if the calculation should prove too sanguine on this 'head, and if these places should *not* be good for so many Readings, 'then it may prove impracticable to get through 80 within the time: 'by reason of other places that would come into the list, lying wide 'asunder, and necessitating long and fatiguing journeys.

7. The loss consequent on the conversion of paper money into gold (with 'gold at the present ruling premium) is allowed for in the calculation. 'It counts seven dollars to the pound.'

London: 1867.

Decision to go.

'decided to go through with it. We have telegraphed
'"Yes" to Boston.' Seven days later he wrote to me
'The Scotia being full, I do not sail until lord mayor's
'day; for which glorious anniversary I have engaged an
'officer's cabin on deck in the Cuba. I am not in very
'brilliant spirits at the prospect before me, and am deeply
'sensible of your motive and reasons for the line you have
'taken; but I am not in the least shaken in the convic-
'tion that I could never quite have given up the idea.'

The remaining time was given to preparations; on the 2nd of November there was a Farewell Banquet in the Freemasons' Hall over which Lord Lytton presided; and on the 9th Dickens sailed for Boston. Before he left he had contributed his part to the last of his Christmas Numbers; all the writings he lived to complete were done and the interval of his voyage may be occupied by a general review of the literary labour of his life.

Departure.

CHAPTER XIV.

DICKENS AS A NOVELIST.

1836—1870.

THE TALE OF TWO CITIES.
GREAT EXPECTATIONS.
CHRISTMAS SKETCHES.
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.
DR. MARIGOLD AND TALES FOR AMERICA.

WHAT I have to say generally of Dickens's genius as writer may be made part of the notice, which still remains to be given, of his writings from *The Tale of Two Cities* to the time at which we have arrived, leaving *Edwin Drood* for mention in its place; and this will be accompanied, as in former notices of individual stories, by illustrations drawn from his letters and life. His literary work is so intensely one with his nature that he is not separable from it, and the man and the method throw a singular light on each other. But some allusion to what has been said of these books, by writers assuming to speak with authority, will properly precede what has to be offered by me; and I shall preface this part of my task with the hint of Carlyle, that in looking at a man out of the common it is good for common men to make sure that they 'see' before they attempt to 'oversee' him.

LONDON: 1836–70.

See before you oversee.

Of the French writer, M. Henri Taine, it has before been

London: 1836–70.

remarked that his inability to appreciate humour is fatal to his pretensions as a critic of the English novel. But there is much that is noteworthy in his criticism notwithstanding, as well as remarkable in his knowledge of our language; his position entitles him to be heard without a suspicion of partizanship or intentional unfairness; whatever the value of his opinion, the elaboration of its form and expression is itself no common tribute; and what is said in it of Dickens's handling in regard to style and character, embodies temperately objections which have since been taken by some English critics without his impartiality and with less than his ability. As to style M. Taine does not find that the natural or simple prevails sufficiently. The tone is too passionate. The imaginative or poetic side of allusion is so uniformly dwelt on, that the descriptions cease to be subsidiary, and the minute details of pain or pleasure wrought out by them become active agencies in the tale. So vivid and eager is the display of fancy that everything is borne along with it; imaginary objects take the precision of real ones; living thoughts are controlled by inanimate things; the chimes console the poor old ticket-porter; the cricket steadies the rough carrier's doubts; the sea waves soothe the dying boy; clouds, flowers, leaves, play their several parts; hardly a form of matter without a living quality; no silent thing without its voice. Fondling and exaggerating thus what is occasional in the subject of his criticism, into what he has evidently at last persuaded himself is a fixed and universal practice with Dickens, M. Taine proceeds to explain the exuberance by comparing such imagination in its vividness to

M. Taine's criticism.

Too much passion and fancy.

nat of a monomaniac. He fails altogether to apprehend that roperty in Humour which involves the feeling of subtlest nd most affecting analogies, and from which is drawn the are insight into sympathies between the nature of things nd their attributes or opposites, in which Dickens's fancy evelled with such delight. Taking the famous lines which xpress the lunatic, the lover, and the poet as 'of Imagination all compact,' in a sense that would have startled not a ittle the great poet who wrote them, M. Taine places on the ame level of creative fancy the phantoms of the lunatic and ne personages of the artist. He exhibits Dickens as from me to time, in the several stages of his successive works fiction, given up to one idea, possessed by it, seeing othing else, treating it in a hundred forms, exaggerating and so dazzling and overpowering his readers with it at escape is impossible. This he maintains to be equally ne effect as Mr. Mell the usher plays the flute, as Tom inch enjoys or exposes his Pecksniff, as the guard blows s bugle while Tom rides to London, as Ruth Pinch crosses ountain Court or makes the beefsteak pudding, as Jonas huzzlewit commits and returns from the murder, and as ne storm which is Steerforth's death-knell beats on the armouth shore. To the same kind of power he attributes ne extraordinary clearness with which the commonest obcts in all his books, the most ordinary interiors, any old ouse, a parlour, a boat, a school, fifty things that in the rdinary tale-teller would pass unmarked, are made vividly resent and indelible; are brought out with a strength of elief, precision, and force, unapproached in any other writer prose fiction; with everything minute yet nothing cold,

LONDON: 1836–70.

What M. Taine overlooks.

'Lunatic' and poet.'

Examples of monomania.

LONDON: 1836–70.

'with all the passion and the patience of the painters of 'his country.' And while excitement in the reader is thus maintained to an extent incompatible with a natural style or simple narrative, M. Taine yet thinks he has discovered, in this very power of awakening a feverish sensibility and moving laughter or tears at the commonest things, the source of Dickens's astonishing popularity. Ordinary people, he says, are so tired of what is always around them, and take in so little of the detail that makes up their lives, that when, all of a sudden, there comes a man to make these things interesting, and turn them into objects of admiration, tenderness, or terror, the effect is enchantment. Without leaving their arm-chairs or their firesides, they find themselves trembling with emotion, their eyes are filled with tears, their cheeks are broad with laughter, and, in the discovery they have thus made that they too can suffer, love, and feel, their very existence seems doubled to them. It had not occurred to M. Taine that to effect so much might seem to leave little not achieved.

Too exciting.

Why so popular.

Doubling the sensations of ordinary people.

So far from it, the critic had satisfied himself that such a power of style must be adverse to a just delineation of character. Dickens is not calm enough, he says, to penetrate to the bottom of what he is dealing with. He takes sides with it as friend or enemy, laughs or cries over it, makes it odious or touching, repulsive or attractive, and is too vehement and not enough inquisitive to paint a likeness. His imagination is at once too vivid and not sufficiently large. Its tenacious quality, and the force and concentration with which his thoughts penetrate into the details he desires to apprehend, form limits to his knowledge, confine

Excesses and defects.

im to single traits, and prevent his sounding all the depths f a soul. He seizes on one attitude, trick, expression, or rimace; sees nothing else; and keeps it always unchanged. Iercy Pecksniff laughs at every word, Mark Tapley is noning but jolly, Mrs. Gamp talks incessantly of Mrs. Harris, Ir. Chillip is invariably timid, and Mr. Micawber is never red of emphasizing his phrases or passing with ludicrous rusqueness from joy to grief. Each is the incarnation of me one vice, virtue, or absurdity; whereof the display is equent, invariable, and exclusive. The language I am using ndenses with strict accuracy what is said by M. Taine, nd has been repeated *ad nauseam* by others, professing dmirers as well as open detractors. Mrs. Gamp and Mr. icawber, who belong to the first rank of humorous creaon, are thus without another word dismissed by the French itic; and he shows no consciousness whatever in doing of that very fault in himself for which Dickens is conmned, of mistaking lively observation for real insight.

LONDON: 1836–70.

Types not people.

Our own fault condemned in another.

He has however much concession in reserve, being satisd, by his observation of England, that it is to the people whom Dickens wrote his deficiencies in art are mainly e. The taste of his nation had prohibited him from presenting character in a grand style. The English require too much morality and religion for genuine art. They ade him treat love, not as holy and sublime in itself, but subordinate to marriage; forced him to uphold society d the laws, against nature and enthusiasm; and comlled him to display, in painting such a seduction as in *pperfield*, not the progress, ardour, and intoxication of ssion, but only the misery, remorse, and despair. The

Excuse for Dickens.

LONDON: 1836–70.

result of such surface religion and morality, combined with the trading spirit, M. Taine continues, leads to so many national forms of hypocrisy, and of greed as well as worship for money, as to justify this great writer of the nation in his frequent choice of those vices for illustration in his tales. But his defect of method again comes into play. He does not deal with vices in the manner of a physiologist, feeling a sort of love for them, and delighting in their finer traits as if they were virtues. He gets angry over them. (I do not interrupt M. Taine, but surely, to take one instance illustrative of many, Dickens's enjoyment in dealing with Pecksniff is as manifest as that he never ceases all the time to make him very hateful.) He cannot, like Balzac, leave morality out of account, and treat a passion, however loathsome, as that great tale-teller did, from the only safe ground of belief, that it is a force, and that force of whatever kind is good. It is essential to an artist of that superior grade, M. Taine holds, no matter how vile his subject, to show its education and temptations, the form of brain or habits of mind that have reinforced the natural tendency, to deduce it from its cause, to place its circumstances around it, and to develop its effects to their extremes. In handling such and such a capital miser, hypocrite, debauchee, or what not, he should never trouble himself about the evil consequences of the vices. He should be too much of a philosopher and artist to remember that he is a respectable citizen. But this is what Dickens never forgets, and he renounces all beauties requiring so corrupt a soil. M. Taine's conclusion upon the whole nevertheless is, that though those triumphs of art which become the property

Morality too popular in England.

Dickens over-angry with vice.

Balzac's better method.

of all the earth have not been his, much has yet been achieved by him. Out of his unequalled observation, his satire, and his sensibility, has proceeded a series of original characters existing nowhere but in England, which will exhibit to future generations not the record of his own genius only, but that of his country and his times. LONDON: 1836–70. What Dickens achieved.

Between the judgment thus passed by the distinguished French lecturer, and the later comment to be now given from an English critic, certainly not in arrest of that judgment, may fitly come a passage from one of Dickens's letters saying something of the limitations placed upon the artist in England. It may read like a quasi-confession of one of M. Taine's charges, though it was not written with reference to his own but to one of Scott's later novels. 'Similarly' (15th of August 1856) 'I have always a fine feeling of the honest state into which we have got, when some smooth gentleman says to me or to some one else when I am by, how odd it is that the hero of an English book is always uninteresting—too good—not natural, &c. I am continually hearing this of Scott from English people here, who pass their lives with Balzac and Sand. But O my smooth friend, what a shining impostor you must think yourself and what an ass you must think me, when you suppose that by putting a brazen face upon it you can blot out of my knowledge the fact that this same unnatural young gentleman (if to be decent is to be necessarily unnatural), whom you meet in those other books and in mine, *must be* presented to you in that unnatural aspect by reason of your morality, and is not to have, I will not say any of the indecencies you like, but not even Limitations of art in England. From Paris. Anticipatory reply to M. Taine.

LONDON: 1836–70.

'any of the experiences, trials, perplexities, and confusions 'inseparable from the making or unmaking of all men!'

Praise and blame in England.

M. Taine's criticism was written three or four years before Dickens's death, and to the same date belong some notices in England which adopted more or less the tone of depreciation; conceding the great effects achieved by the writer, but disputing the quality and value of his art. For it is incident to all such criticism of Dickens to be of necessity accompanied by the admission, that no writer has so completely impressed himself on the time in which he lived, that he has made his characters a part of literature, and that his readers are the world.

Blame and praise to be reconciled.

But, a little more than a year after his death, a paper was published of which the object was to reconcile such seeming inconsistency, to expound the inner meanings of 'Dickens in relation to Criticism,' and to show that, though he had a splendid genius and a wonderful imagination, yet the objectors were to be excused who called him only a stagy sentimentalist and a clever caricaturist. This critical essay appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for February 1872, with the signature of Mr. George Henry Lewes; and the pretentious airs of the performance, with its prodigious professions of candour, force upon me the painful task of stating what it really is. During Dickens's life, especially when any fresh novelist could be found available for strained comparison with him, there were plenty of attempts to write him down: but the trick of studied depreciation was never carried so far or made so odious as in this case, by intolerable assumptions of an indulgent superiority; and to repel it in such a form once for all is due to Dickens's memory.

Paper by Mr. Lewes.

LONDON : 1836-70.

'Dickens 'in rela- 'tion to 'Criti- 'cism.'

The paper begins by the usual concessions—that he was writer of vast popularity, that he delighted no end of eople, that his admirers were in all classes and all countries, that he stirred the sympathy of masses not easily eached through literature and always to healthy emotion, hat he impressed a new direction on popular writing, and nodified the literature of his age in its spirit no less than s form. The very splendour of these successes, on the ther hand, so deepened the shadow of his failures, that to nany there was nothing but darkness. Was it unnatural? ould greatness be properly ascribed, by the fastidious, to writer whose defects were so glaring, exaggerated, untrue, ntastic, and melodramatic? Might they not fairly insist n such defects as outweighing all positive qualities, and peak of him with condescending patronage or sneering ritation? Why, very often such men, though their talk ould be seasoned with quotations from, and allusions to, is writings, and though they would lay aside their most vourite books to bury themselves in his new 'number,' nd been observed by this critic to be as niggardly in their raise of him as they were lavish in their scorn. He actu- lly heard '*a very distinguished man*,' on one occasion, xpress measureless contempt for Dickens, and a few inutes afterwards admit that Dickens had 'entered into his life.' And so the critic betook himself to the task reconciling this immense popularity and this critical ntempt, which he does after the following manner.

Plea for objectors to Dickens.

A 'distin- 'guished' man's contempt.

He says that Dickens was so great in 'fun' (humour e does not concede to him anywhere) that Fielding and mollett are small in comparison, but that this would only

'Fun.'

LONDON: 1836–70.

have been a passing amusement for the world if he had not been 'gifted with an imagination of marvellous vivid-'ness, and an emotional sympathetic nature capable of 'furnishing that imagination with elements of universal 'power.' To people who think that words should carry some meaning it might seem, that, if only a man could be 'gifted' with all this, nothing more need be said. With marvellous imagination, and a nature to endow it with elements of universal power, what secrets of creative art could possibly be closed to him? But this is reckoning without your philosophical critic. The vividness of Dickens's imagination M. Taine found to be simply monomaniacal, and his follower finds it to be merely hallucinative. Not the less he heaps upon it epithet after epithet. He talks of its irradiating splendour; calls it glorious as well as imperial and marvellous; and, to make us quite sure he is not with these fine phrases puffing-off an inferior article, he interposes that such imagination is 'common 'to all great writers.' Luckily for great writers in general, however, their creations are of the old, immortal, commonplace sort; whereas Dickens in his creative processes, according to this philosophy of criticism, is tied up hard and fast within hallucinative limits.

Alleged 'gifts.'

Again the monomaniac.

'Hallu-'cinative' imagination.

'He was,' we are told, 'a seer of visions.' Amid silence and darkness, we are assured, he heard voices and saw objects; of which the revived impressions to him had the vividness of sensations, and the images his mind created in explanation of them had the coercive force of realities;* so that what he brought into existence in this

Dickens a 'seer of 'visions.'

* I hope my readers will find themselves able to understand that, as well as

LONDON: 1836–70.

way, no matter how fantastic and unreal, was (whatever this may mean) universally intelligible. 'His types established themselves in the public mind like personal experiences. Their falsity was unnoticed in the blaze of their illumination. Every humbug seemed a Pecksniff, every jovial improvident a Micawber, every stinted serving-wench a Marchioness.' The critic, indeed, saw through all, but he gave his warnings in vain. 'In vain critical reflection showed these figures to be merely masks; not characters, but personified characteristics; caricatures and distortions of human nature. The vividness of their presentation triumphed over reflection; their creator managed to communicate to the public his own unhesitating belief.' What, however, is the public? Mr. Lewes goes on to relate. 'Give a child a wooden horse, with hair for mane and tail, and wafer-spots for colouring, he will never be disturbed by the fact that this horse does not move its legs but runs on wheels; and this wooden horse, which he can handle and draw, is believed in more than a pictured horse by a Wouvermanns or an Ansdell (!!) It may be said of Dickens's human figures that they too are wooden, and run on wheels; but these are details which scarcely disturb the belief of admirers.

Vain critical warnings.

Intelligence of 'the 'public.'

'Wooden' figures of Dickens.

is which follows: 'What seems preposterous, impossible to us, seemed to im simple fact of observation. When he imagined a street, a house, a room, figure, he saw it not in the vague schematic way of ordinary imagination, ut in the sharp definition of actual perception, all the salient details obtruding themselves on his attention. He, seeing it thus vividly, made us also see ; and believing in its reality however fantastic, he communicated something f his belief to us. He presented it in such relief that we ceased to think of as a picture. So definite and insistent was the image, that even while nowing it was false we could not help, for a moment, being affected, as it ere, by his hallucination.'

The preposterous and impossible made facts of observation.

LONDON: 1836–70.

'Just as the wooden horse is brought within the range of 'the child's emotions, and dramatizing tendencies, when he 'can handle and draw it, so Dickens's figures are brought 'within the range of the reader's interests, and receive from 'these interests a sudden illumination, when they are the 'puppets of a drama every incident of which appeals to 'the sympathies.'

Criticised and critic.

Risum teneatis? But the smile is grim that rises to the face of one to whom the relations of the writer and his critic, while both writer and critic lived, are known; and who sees the drift of now scattering such rubbish as this over an established fame. As it fares with the imagination that is imperial, so with the drama every incident of which appeals to the sympathies. The one being explained by hallucination, and the other by the wooden horse, plenty of fine words are to spare by which contempt may receive the show of candour. When the characters in a play are puppets, and the audiences of the theatre fools or children, no wise man forfeits his wisdom by proceeding to admit that the successful playwright, 'with a fine felicity 'of instinct,' seized upon situations, for his wooden figures, having 'irresistible hold over the domestic affections;' that, through his puppets, he spoke 'in the mother-'tongue of the heart;' that, with his spotted horses and so forth, he 'painted the life he knew and everyone 'knew;' that he painted, of course, nothing ideal or heroic, and that the world of thought and passion lay beyond his horizon; but that, with his artificial performers and his feeble-witted audiences, 'all the resources 'of the bourgeois epic were in his grasp; the joys and pains

Contempt under show of candour.

What puppets and spotted horses may do.

of childhood, the petty tyrannies of ignoble natures, the genial pleasantries of happy natures, the life of the poor, the struggles of the street and back parlour, the insolence of office, the sharp social contrasts, east wind and Christmas jollity, hunger, misery, and hot punch'—'so that even critical spectators who complained that these broadly painted pictures were artistic daubs could not wholly resist their effective suggestiveness.' Since Trinculo and Caliban were under one cloak, there has surely been no such delicate monster with two voices. 'His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract.' One other of the foul speeches I may not overlook, since it contains what is alleged to be a personal revelation of Dickens made to the critic himself.

LONDON: 1836–70.

Effective suggestiveness of daubs.

'When one thinks of Micawber always presenting himself in the same situation, moved with the same springs and uttering the same sounds, always confident of something turning up, always crushed and rebounding, always making punch—and his wife always declaring she will never part from him, always referring to his talents and her family—when one thinks of the "catchwords" personified as characters, one is reminded of the frogs whose brains have been taken out for physiological purposes, and whose actions henceforth want the distinctive peculiarity of organic action, that of fluctuating spontaneity.' Such was that sheer inability of Dickens, indeed, to comprehend this complexity of the organism, that it quite accounted, in the view of this philosopher, for all his unnaturalness, for the whole of his fantastic people, and for

An opinion on Mr. and Mrs. Micawber.

Inability to comprehend complex organisms.

LONDON: 1836–70.

the strained dialogues of which his books are made up painfully resembling in their incongruity 'the absurd and 'eager expositions which insane patients pour into the lis 'tener's ear when detailing their wrongs, or their schemes 'Dickens once declared to me,' Mr. Lewes continues, 'tha 'every word said by his characters was distinctly *heard* 'by him; I was at first not a little puzzled to account fo

Hallucinative phenomena.

'the fact that he could hear language so utterly unlik 'the language of real feeling, and not be aware of its pre 'posterousness; but the surprise vanished when I though 'of the phenomena of hallucination.' Wonderful sagacity to unravel easily such a bewildering 'puzzle'! And s to the close. Between the uncultivated whom Dicken moved, and the cultivated he failed to move; between th power that so worked in delf as to stir the universal hear and the commonness that could not meddle with porcelai

Common delf and finer clay.

or aspire to any noble clay; the pitiful see-saw is con tinued up to the final sentence, where, in the impartia critic's eagerness to discredit even the value of the emotio awakened in such men as Jeffrey by such creations a Little Nell, he reverses all he has been saying about th cultivated and uncultivated, and presents to us a cu tivated philosopher, in his ignorance of the stage, applaud ing an actor whom every uncultivated playgoing appren

Dickens in a fit of hallucination.

tice despises as stagey. But the bold stroke just exhibited of bringing forward Dickens himself in the actual crisis one of his fits of hallucination, requires an additional wor

To establish the hallucinative theory, he is said on on occasion to have declared to the critic that every wor uttered by his characters was distinctly *heard* by him befor

was written down. Such an averment, not credible for moment as thus made, indeed simply untrue to the extent scribed, may yet be accepted in the limited and quite fferent sense which a passage in one of Dickens's letters ves to it. All writers of genius to whom their art has come as a second nature, will be found capable of doing on occasion what the vulgar may think to be 'hallucination,' but hallucination will never account for. After ott began the *Bride of Lammermoor* he had one of his rible seizures of cramp, yet during his torment he dicted* that fine novel; and when he rose from his bed, and published book was placed in his hands, 'he did not,' mes Ballantyne explicitly assured Lockhart, 'recollect ne single incident, character, or conversation it contined.' When Dickens was under the greatest trial of life, and illness and sorrow were contending for the stery over him, he thus wrote to me. 'Of my distress will say no more than that it has borne a terrible, ghtful, horrible proportion to the quickness of the gifts u remind me of. But may I not be forgiven for thinking it a wonderful testimony to my being made for my art, at when, in the midst of this trouble and pain, I sit wn to my book, some beneficent power shows it all

London: 1836–70.

Composition of the *Bride of Lammermoor*.

Not inventing but seeing what is written.

* 'Though,' John Ballantyne told Lockhart, 'he often turned himself on pillow with a groan of torment, he usually continued the sentence in the ne breath. But when dialogue of peculiar animation was in progress, it seemed to triumph altogether over matter—he arose from his couch and ked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and as it were ng the parts.' *Lockhart*, vi. 67-8. The statement of James Ballantyne is 89 of the same volume. The original incidents on which Scott had founded ale he remembered, but 'not a single character woven by the romancer, one of the many scenes and points of humour, nor anything with which he connected as the writer of the work.'

LONDON: 1836–70.

'to me, and tempts me to be interested, and I don't inver
'it—really do not—*but see it*, and write it down. . .
'is only when it all fades away and is gone, that I begi
'to suspect that its momentary relief has cost me som
'thing.'

Whatever view may be taken of the man who wro those words, he had the claim to be judged by referen to the highest models in the art which he studied. the literature of his time, from 1836 to 1870, he held th most conspicuous place, and his claim to the most popul one in the literature of fiction was by common conse admitted. He obtained this rank by the sheer force his genius, unhelped in any way, and he held it witho dispute. As he began he closed. After he had writt for only four months, and after he had written incessant for four and thirty years, he was of all living writers t most widely read. It is of course quite possible that su popularity might imply rather littleness in his contemp raries than greatness in him: but his books are the te to judge by. Each thus far, as it appeared, has had noti in these pages for its illustration of his life, or of h method of work, or of the variety and versatility in t manifestations of his power. But his latest books rema still for notice, and will properly suggest what is farth to be said of his general place in literature.

A claim to be fairly judged.

His leading quality was Humour. It has no mention either of the criticisms cited, but it was his highest facul and it accounts for his magnificent successes, as well as his not infrequent failures, in characteristic delineati He was conscious of this himself. Five years before

Dickens's leading quality.

ll, a great and generous brother artist, Lord Lytton, amid ch ungrudging praise of a work he was then publishing, ed him to consider, as to one part of it, if the modesties rt were not a little overpassed. 'I cannot tell you,' he lied, 'how highly I prize your letter, or with what ide and pleasure it inspires me. Nor do I for a moment estion its criticism (if objection so generous and easy ay be called by that hard name) otherwise than on this ound—that I work slowly and with great care, and ver give way to my invention recklessly, but constantly train it; and that I think it is my infirmity to fancy perceive relations in things which are not apparent nerally. Also, I have such an inexpressible enjoyment what I see in a droll light, that I dare say I pet it as it were a spoilt child. This is all I have to offer in est of judgment.' To perceive relations in things ch are not apparent generally, is one of those exquisite perties of humour by which are discovered the affinities ween the high and the low, the attractive and the ulsive, the rarest things and things of every day, which g us all upon the level of a common humanity. It is which gives humour an immortal touch that does not ng of necessity to pictures, even the most exquisite, nere character or manners; the property which in its est aspects Carlyle so subtly described as a sort of rse sublimity, exalting into our affections what is w us as the other draws down into our affections what ove us. But it has a danger which Dickens also hints nd into which he often fell. All humour has in it, is ed identical with, what ordinary people are apt to call

LONDON: 1836–70.

Reply to a remonstrance from Bulwer Lytton.

Apology for occasional excess.

Humour at its highest.

Its dangers.

LONDON: 1836–70.

exaggeration; but there is an excess beyond the allowable even here, and to 'pet' or magnify out of proper bounds its sense of what is droll, is to put the merely grotesque in its place. What might have been overlooked in a writer with no uncommon powers of invention, was thrown into overpowering prominence by Dickens's wealth of fancy and a splendid excess of his genius came to be objected to as its integral and essential quality.

Dickens's earlier books.

It cannot be said to have had any place in his earlier books. His powers were not at their highest and the humour was less fine and subtle, but there was no such objection to be taken. No misgiving interrupted the enjoyment of the wonderful freshness of animal spirits in *Pickwick;* but beneath its fun, laughter, and light-heartedness were indications of power of the first rank in the delineation of character. Some caricature was in the plan but as the circle of people widened beyond the cockney club, and the delightful oddity of Mr. Pickwick took more of an independent existence, a different method revealed itself, nothing appeared beyond the exaggerations permissible to humorous comedy, and the art was seen which can combine traits vividly true to particular men or women with propensities common to all mankind. This has its highest expression in Fielding: but even the first of Dickens's books showed the same kind of mastery; and, by the side of its life-like middle-class people universally familiar, there was one figure before seen by none but at once knowable by all, delightful for the surprise it gave by its singularity and the pleasure it gave by its truth; and though short of the highest in this form of art, taking

Pickwick Papers.

Sam Weller.

nk with the class in which live everlastingly the dozen iique inventions that have immortalized the English vel. The groups in *Oliver Twist*, Fagin and his pupils, kes and Nancy, Mr. Bumble and his parish-boy, belong the same period; when Dickens also began those pathetic lineations that opened to the neglected, the poor, and e fallen, a world of compassion and tenderness. Yet I ink it was not until the third book, *Nickleby*, that he gan to have his place as a writer conceded to him; and at he ceased to be regarded as a mere phenomenon or arvel of fortune, who had achieved success by any other eans than that of deserving it, and who challenged no cri- ism better worth the name than such as he has received m the Fortnightly reviewer. It is to be added to what fore was said of *Nickleby*, that it established beyond dis- te his mastery of dialogue, or that power of making aracters real existences, not by describing them but by ting them describe themselves, which belongs only to ry-tellers of the first rank. Dickens never excelled the sy handling of the subordinate groups in this novel, and never repeated its mistakes in the direction of aristo- atic or merely polite and dissipated life. It displayed ore than before of his humour on the tragic side; and, in se connection with its affecting scenes of starved and serted childhood, were placed those contrasts of miser d spendthrift, of greed and generosity, of hypocrisy and nple-heartedness, which he handled in later books with eater power and fullness, but of which the first formal pression was here. It was his first general picture, so to eak, of the character and manners of his time, which

London: 1836–70.

Character-drawing in *Oliver Twist*.

Effect of *Nicholas Nickleby*.

Mastery of dialogue.

Contrasts taken from the time.

LONDON: 1836-70.

Nicholas Nickleby.

it was the design more or less of all his books to exhibit; and it suffers by comparison with his later productions, because the humour is not to the same degree enriched by imagination; but it is free from the not infrequent excess into which that supreme gift also tempted its possessor. None of the tales is more attractive throughout, and on the whole it was a step in advance even of the stride previously taken. Nor was the gain lost in the succeeding story of the *Old Curiosity Shop*. The humorous traits of Mrs. Nickleby could hardly be surpassed: but, in Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness, there was a subtlety and lightness of touch that led to finer issues; and around Little Nell* and her fortunes, surpassingly touching and beautiful, let criticism object what it will, were gathered some small characters that had a deeper intention and more imaginative insight, than anything yet done. Strokes of this kind were also observable in the hunted life of the murderer in *Barnaby Rudge;* and his next book, *Chuzzlewit*, was, as it still remains, one of his greatest achievements. Even so brief a retrospect of the six opening years of Dickens's literary labour will help to a clearer judgment of the work of the twenty-eight more years that remained to him.

People in the *Curiosity Shop.*

Barnaby Rudge.

To the special observations already made on the series

Sara Coleridge on Little Nell.

* 'Do you know *Master Humphrey's Clock?* I admire Nell in the *Old Curiosity Shop* exceedingly. The whole thing is a good deal borrowed from *Wilhelm Meister.* But Little Nell is a far purer, lovelier, more *English* conception than Mignon, treasonable as the saying would seem to some. No doubt it was suggested by Mignon.'—Sara Coleridge to Aubrey de Vere (*Memoirs and Letters*, ii. 269-70). Expressing no opinion on this comparison, I may state it as within my knowledge that the book referred to was not then known to Dickens.

stories which followed the return from America, *Chuzzlewit, Dombey, Copperfield,* and *Bleak House,* in which ttention has been directed to the higher purpose and ore imaginative treatment that distinguished them,* a neral remark is to be added. Though the range of chacter they traverse is not wide, it is surrounded by a rtility of invention and illustration without example in y previous novelist; and it is represented in these books, to speak, by a number and variety of existences suffiently real to have taken places as among the actual people the world. Could half as many known and universally cognisable men and women be selected out of one story, any other prose writer of the first rank, as at once rise the mind from one of the masterpieces of Dickens? So fficult of dispute is this, that as much perhaps will be mitted; but then it will be added, if the reply is by a ttic of the school burlesqued by Mr. Lewes, that after all ey are not individual or special men and women so much general impersonations of men and women, abstract pes made up of telling catchwords or surface traits, ough with such accumulation upon them of a wonderful alth of humorous illustration, itself filled with minute d accurate knowledge of life, that the real nakedness of

London: 1836–70.

Books after first American visit.

Realities of fiction.

* The distinction I then pointed out was remarked by Sara Coleridge (*Memoirs and Letters,* ii. 169) in writing of her children. 'They like to talk to me . . . above all about the productions of Dickens, the never-to-be-exhausted fun of *Pickwick,* and the capital new strokes of *Martin Chuzzlewit.* This last work contains, besides all the fun, some very marked and available morals. I scarce know any book in which the evil and odiousness of selfishness are more forcibly brought out, or in a greater variety of exhibitions. In the midst of the merry quotations, or at least on any fair opportunity, I draw the boys' attention to these points.'

Sara Coleridge on *Chuzzlewit.*

LONDON: 1836–70.

the land of character is hidden. Well, what can be rejoined to this, but that the poverty or richness of any territory worth survey will for the most part lie in the kind of observation brought to it. There was no finer observer than Johnson of the manners of his time, and he protested of their greatest delineator that he knew only the shell of life. Another of his remarks, after a fashion followed by the criticizers of Dickens, places Fielding below one of his famous contemporaries; but who will not now be eager to reverse such a comparison, as that Fielding tells you correctly enough what o'clock it is by looking at the face of the dial, but that Richardson shows you how the watch is made? There never was a subtler or a more sagacious observer than Fielding, or who better deserved what is generously said of him by Smollett, that he painted the characters and ridiculed the follies of life with equal strength, humour, and propriety. But might it not be said of him, as of Dickens, that his range of character was limited; and that his method of proceeding from a central idea in all his leading people, exposed him equally to the charge of now and then putting human nature itself in place of the individual who should only be a small section of it? This is in fact but another shape of what I have expressed on a former page, that what a character, drawn by a master, will roughly present upon its surface, is frequently such as also to satisfy its more subtle requirements; and that when only the salient points or sharper prominences are thus displayed, the great novelist is using his undoubted privilege of showing the large degree to which human intercourse is carried on, not by men's habits

Johnson and his contemporaries.

Richardson preferred to Fielding.

Fielding and Dickens.

Ante, 26.

LONDON: 1836–70.

Touching of extremes.

Definition of Fielding's method.

M. Taine's criticism Fielding.

Why the creations of fiction live.

or ways at their commonest, but by the touching of their extremes. A definition of Fielding's genius has been made with some accuracy in the saying, that he shows common propensities in connection with the identical unvarnished adjuncts which are peculiar to the individual, nor could a more exquisite felicity of handling than this be any man's aim or desire; but it would be just as easy, by employment of the critical rules applied to Dickens, to transform it into matter of censure. Partridge, Adams, Trulliber, Squire Western, and the rest, present themselves often enough under the same aspects, and use with sufficient uniformity the same catchwords, to be brought within the charge of mannerism; and though M. Taine cannot fairly say of Fielding as of Dickens, that he suffers from too much morality, he brings against him precisely the charge so strongly put against the later novelist of 'looking upon the passions not as simple forces but as objects of approbation or blame.' We must keep in mind all this to understand the worth of the starved fancy, that can find in such a delineation as that of Micawber only the man described by Mr. Lewes as always in the same situation, moved with the same springs and uttering the same sounds, always confident of something turning up, always crushed and rebounding, always making punch, and his wife always declaring she will never part from him. It is not thus that such creations are to be viewed; but by the light which enables us to see why the country squires, village schoolmasters, and hedge parsons of Fielding became immortal. The later ones will live, as the earlier do, by the subtle quality of genius that makes their doings and say-

London: 1836–70.

ings part of those general incentives which pervade mankind. Who has not had occasion, however priding himself on his unlikeness to Micawber, to think of Micawber as he reviewed his own experiences? Who has not himself waited, like Micawber, for something to turn up? Who has not at times discovered, in one or other acquaintance or friend, some one or other of that cluster of sagacious hints and fragments of human life and conduct which the kindly fancy of Dickens embodied in this delightful form? If the irrepressible New Zealander ever comes over to achieve his long promised sketch of St. Paul's, who can doubt that it will be no other than our undying Micawber, who had taken to colonisation the last time we saw him, and who will thus again have turned up? There are not many conditions of life or society to which his and his wife's experiences are not applicable; and when, the year after the immortal couple made their first appearance on earth, Protection was in one of its then frequent difficulties, declaring it could not live without something widely different from existing circumstances shortly turning up, and imploring its friends to throw down the gauntlet and boldly challenge society to turn up a majority and rescue it from its embarrassments, a distinguished wit seized upon the likeness to Micawber, showed how closely it was borne out by the jollity and gin-punch of the banquets at which the bewailings were heard, and asked whether Dickens had stolen from the farmer's friends or the farmer's friends had stolen from Dickens. 'Corn,' said Mr. Micawber, may be gentlemanly, but it is not 'remunerative. . . I ask myself this question: if corn is

Universality of Micawber experiences.

Protectionist Micawbers.

Micawber on corn.

'not to be relied on, what is? We must live. . .' Loud as the general laughter was, I think the laughter of Dickens himself was loudest, at this discovery of so exact and unexpected a likeness.*

London: 1836–70.

A readiness in all forms thus to enjoy his own pleasantry was indeed always observable (it is common to great humourists, nor would it be easier to carry it farther than Sterne did), and his own confession on the point may receive additional illustration before proceeding to the later books. He accounted by it, as we have seen, for occasional even grotesque extravagances. In another of his letters there is this passage: 'I can report that I have finished 'the job I set myself, and that it has in it something— 'to me at all events—so extraordinarily droll, that though

Dickens's enjoyment of his own humour.

* All the remarks in my text had been some time in type when Lord Lytton sent me what follows, from one of his father's manuscript (and unpublished) note-books. Substantially it agrees with what I have said; and such unconscious testimony of a brother novelist of so high a rank, careful in the study of his art, is of special value. 'The greatest masters of the novel of modern 'manners have generally availed themselves of Humour for the illustration of 'manners; and have, with a deep and true, but perhaps unconscious, know-'ledge of art, pushed the humour almost to the verge of caricature. For, as 'the serious ideal requires a certain exaggeration in the proportions of the 'natural, so also does the ludicrous. Thus Aristophanes, in painting the 'humours of his time, resorts to the most poetical extravagance of machinery, 'and calls the Clouds in aid of his ridicule of philosophy, or summons Frogs 'and Gods to unite in his satire on Euripides. The Don Quixote of Cervantes 'never lived, nor, despite the vulgar belief, ever could have lived, in Spain; 'but the art of the portrait is in the admirable exaltation of the humorous by 'means of the exaggerated. With more or less qualification, the same may 'be said of Parson Adams, of Sir Roger de Coverley, and even of the Vicar of 'Wakefield. . . It follows therefore that art and correctness are far from 'identical, and that the one is sometimes proved by the disdain of the other. 'For the ideal, whether humorous or serious, does not consist in the imitation 'but in the exaltation of nature. And we must accordingly enquire of art, not 'how far it resembles what we have seen, so much as how far it embodies what 'we can imagine.'

Unpublished note by the late Lord Lytton.

Defence of humourists from charges of exaggeration.

LONDON: 1836–70.

An example from Mrs. Lirriper.

'I have been reading it some hundred times in the course 'of the working, I have never been able to look at it with 'the least composure, but have always roared in the most 'unblushing manner. I leave you to find out what it was.' It was the encounter of the major and the tax-collector in the second Mrs. Lirriper. Writing previously of the papers in *Household Words* called The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices, after saying that he and Mr. Wilkie Collins had written together a story in the second part, 'in which 'I think you would find it very difficult to say where I 'leave off and he comes in,' he had said of the preceding descriptions: 'Some of my own tickle me very much; but 'that may be in great part because I know the originals, 'and delight in their fantastic fidelity.' 'I have been at 'work with such a will' he writes later of a piece of humour for the holidays, 'that I have done the opening 'and conclusion of the Christmas number. They are done 'in the character of a waiter, and I think are exceedingly 'droll. The thread on which the stories are to hang, is 'spun by this waiter, and is, purposely, very slight; but 'has, I fancy, a ridiculously comical and unexpected end. 'The waiter's account of himself includes (I hope) every-'thing you know about waiters, presented humorously.' In this last we have a hint of the 'fantastic fidelity' with which, when a fancy 'tickled' him, he would bring out what Corporal Nym calls the humour of it under so astonishing a variety of conceivable and inconceivable aspects of subtle exaggeration, that nothing was left to the subject but that special individual illustration of it. In this, however, humour was not his servant but his master; because

Another from 'Lazy 'Tour,' *ante*, 146.

The waiter in *Somebody's Luggage*.

'The 'Humour 'of it.'

t reproduced too readily, and carried too far, the grotesque maginings to which great humourists are prone; which ie indeed deep in their nature; and from which they derive heir genial sympathy with eccentric characters that ena- les them to find motives for what to other men is hope- essly obscure, to exalt into types of humanity what the world turns impatiently aside at, and to enshrine in a orm for eternal homage and love such whimsical ab- urdity as Captain Toby Shandy's. But Dickens was too conscious of these excesses from time to time, not zealously o endeavour to keep the leading characters in his more mportant stories under some strictness of discipline. To onfine exaggeration within legitimate limits was an art e laboriously studied; and, in whatever proportions of ailure or success, during the vicissitudes of both that at- ended his later years, he continued to endeavour to prac- se it. In regard to mere description, it is true, he let imself loose more frequently, and would sometimes de- nd it even on the ground of art; nor would it be fair to mit his reply, on one occasion, to some such remonstrance s M. Taine has embodied in his adverse criticism, against ne too great imaginative wealth thrown by him into mere arrative.* 'It does not seem to me to be enough to

LONDON: 1836–70.

Temptations of all great humourists.

Excesses in descriptive writing.

* I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of quoting, from the best criticism Dickens I have seen since his death, remarks very pertinent to what is said my text. 'Dickens possessed an imagination unsurpassed, not only in vividness, but in swiftness. I have intentionally avoided all needless comparisons of his works with those of other writers of his time, some of whom have gone before him to their rest, while others survive to gladden the darkness and relieve the monotony of our daily life. But in the power of his imagination—of this I am convinced—he surpassed them, one and all. That imagination could call up at will those associations which, could we but summon them in their full number, would bind together the human family,

Professor Ward on Dickens.

LONDON: 1836–70.

'say of any description that it is the exact truth. Th
'exact truth must be there; but the merit or art in th
'narrator, is the manner of stating the truth. As to whic
'thing in literature, it always seems to me that there is
'world to be done. And in these times, when the tendenc
A word for the fanciful in description.
'is to be frightfully literal and catalogue-like—to mak
'the thing, in short, a sort of sum in reduction that an
'miserable creature can do in that way—I have an ide
'(really founded on the love of what I profess), that the ver
'holding of popular literature through a kind of popula
'dark age, may depend on such fanciful treatment.'

THE TALE OF TWO CITIES.

Origin of *Tale of Two Cities*. 1857–8.

Dickens's next story to *Little Dorrit* was the *Tale o Two Cities*, of which the first notion occurred to him while acting with his friends and his children in the summer o 1857 in Mr. Wilkie Collins's drama of *The Frozen Deep*.

'and make that expression no longer a name, but a living reality. . . . Such
'associations sympathy alone can warm into life, and imagination alone can
'at times discern. The great humourist reveals them to every one of us; and
'his genius is indeed an inspiration from no human source, in that it enables
'him to render this service to the brotherhood of mankind. But more than
'this. So marvellously has this earth become the inheritance of mankind,
'that there is not a thing upon it, animate or inanimate, with which, or with
'the likeness of which, man's mind has not come into contact; . . . with
'which human feelings, aspirations, thoughts, have not acquired an endless
'variety of single or subtle associations. . . These also, which we imperfectly
'divine or carelessly pass by, the imagination of genius distinctly reveals to
'us, and powerfully impresses upon us. When they appeal directly to the
'emotions of the heart, it is the power of Pathos which has awakened them;
'and when the suddenness, the unexpectedness, the apparent oddity of the
'one by the side of the other, strike the mind with irresistible force, it is the
'equally divine gift of Humour which has touched the spring of laughter by
'the side of the spring of tears.'—*Charles Dickens. A Lecture by Professor Ward. Delivered in Manchester, 30th November*, 1870.

But it was only a vague fancy, and the sadness and trouble of the winter of that year were not favourable to it. Towards the close (27th) of January 1858, talking of improvements at Gadshill in which he took little interest, it was again in his thoughts. 'Growing inclinations of a fitful and undefined sort are upon me sometimes to fall to work on a new book. Then I think I had better not worry my worried mind yet awhile. Then I think it would be of no use if I did, for I couldn't settle to one occupation.—And that's all!' 'If I can discipline my thoughts,' he wrote three days later, 'into the channel of a story, I have made up my mind to get to work on one: always supposing that I find myself, on the trial, able to do well. Nothing whatever will do me the least "good" in the way of shaking the one strong possession of change impending over us that every day makes stronger; but if I could work on with some approach to steadiness, through the summer, the anxious toil of a new book would have its neck well broken before beginning to publish, next October or November. Sometimes, I think I may continue to work; sometimes, I think not. What do you say to the title, ONE OF THESE DAYS?' That title held its ground very briefly. 'What do you think,' he wrote after six weeks, 'of *this* name for my story—BURIED ALIVE? Does it seem too grim? Or, THE THREAD OF GOLD? Or, THE DOCTOR OF BEAUVAIS?' But not until twelve months later did he fairly buckle himself to the task he had contemplated so long. *All the Year Round* had taken the place of *Household Words* in the interval; and the tale was then started to give strength

LONDON: 1857–8.

Untoward time.

Title-hunting.

LONDON: 1859.

to the new weekly periodical for whose pages it wa designed.

Name found.

'This is merely to certify,' he wrote on the 11th of Marc 1859, 'that I have got exactly the name for the story tha 'is wanted; exactly what will fit the opening to a T. 'TALE OF TWO CITIES. Also, that I have struck out 'rather original and bold idea. That is, at the end of eac 'month to publish the monthly part in the green cove 'with the two illustrations, at the old shilling. This wi 'give *All the Year Round* always the interest and prece 'dence of a fresh weekly portion during the month; an

Monthly numbers as well as weekly parts.

'will give me my old standing with my old public, and th 'advantage (very necessary in this story) of having num 'bers of people who read it in no portions smaller than 'monthly part. . . My American ambassador pays a thou 'sand pounds for the first year, for the privilege of repub 'lishing in America one day after we publish here. No 'bad?' . . He had to struggle at the opening through sharp attack of illness, and on the 9th of July progress wa thus reported. 'I have been getting on in health ver 'slowly and through irksome botheration enough. But 'think I am round the corner. This cause—and the heat- 'has tended to my doing no more than hold my groun 'my old month's advance, with the *Tale of Two Cities* 'The small portions thereof, drive me frantic; but I thin

Success.

'the tale must have taken a strong hold. The run upo 'our monthly parts is surprising, and last month we sol '35,000 back numbers. A note I have had from Carly 'about it has given me especial pleasure.' A letter the following month expresses the intention he had whe

he began the story, and in what respect it differs as to method from all his other books. Sending in proof four numbers ahead of the current publication, he adds: 'I hope you will like them. Nothing but the interest of the subject, and the pleasure of striving with the difficulty of the form of treatment,—nothing in the way of mere money, I mean,—could else repay the time and trouble of the incessant condensation. But I set myself the little task of making *a picturesque story*, rising in every chapter, with characters true to nature, but whom the story should express more than they should express themselves by dialogue. I mean in other words, that I fancied a story of incident might be written (in place of the odious stuff that *is* written under that pretence), pounding the characters in its own mortar, and beating their interest out of them. If you could have read the story all at once, I hope you wouldn't have stopped halfway.'* Another of his letters supplies the last illustration I need to give of the design and meanings in regard to this tale

London: 1859.

Method different from his other books.

Speciality in the treatment.

Not dialogue but incident.

* The opening of this letter (25th of August 1859), referring to a conviction for murder, afterwards reversed by a Home Office pardon against the continued and steadily expressed opinion of the judge who tried the case, is much too characteristic of the writer to be lost. 'I cannot easily tell you how much interested I am by what you tell me of our brave and excellent friend. . . I have often had more than half a mind to write and thank that upright judge. I declare to heaven that I believe such a service one of the greatest that a man of intellect and courage can render to society. . . Of course I have been driving the girls out of their wits here, by incessantly proclaiming that there needed no medical evidence either way, and that the case was plain without it. . . Lastly of course (though a merciful man—because a merciful man, I mean), I would hang any Home Secretary, Whig, Tory, Radical, or Otherwise, who should step in between so black a scoundrel and the gallows. . . I am reminded of Tennyson by thinking that King Arthur would have made short work of the amiable man! How fine the Idylls are! Lord! what a

Conviction reversed by pardon.

Tennyson's Idylls.

LONDON: 1859.

expressed by himself. It was a reply to some objection of which the principal were, a doubt if the feudal crueltie came sufficiently within the date of the action to justif his use of them, and some question as to the manner o disposing of the chief revolutionary agent in the plot. 'I 'had of course full knowledge of the formal surrender o 'the feudal privileges, but these had been bitterly fel 'quite as near to the time of the Revolution as the Doctor' 'narrative, which you will remember dates long before th 'Terror. With the slang of the new philosophy on th 'one side, it was surely not unreasonable or unallowable 'on the other, to suppose a nobleman wedded to the ol 'cruel ideas, and representing the time going out as hi 'nephew represents the time coming in. If there be any 'thing certain on earth, I take it that the condition of th 'French peasant generally at that day was intolerable. N 'later enquiries or provings by figures will hold wate 'against the tremendous testimony of men living at th 'time. There is a curious book printed at Amsterdam 'written to make out no case whatever, and tiresom 'enough in its literal dictionary-like minuteness; scattere 'up and down the pages of which is full authority for m 'marquis. This is Mercier's *Tableau de Paris*. Rousseau 'is the authority for the peasant's shutting up his hous 'when he had a bit of meat. The tax-tables are the autho 'rity for the wretched creature's impoverishment. . . I an

Reply to an objection.

Authorities.

'blessed thing it is to read a man who really can write. I thought nothin 'could be finer than the first poem, till I came to the third; but when 'had read the last, it seemed to me to be absolutely unapproachable.' Othe literary likings rose and fell with him, but he never faltered in his allegianc to Tennyson.

not clear, and I never have been clear, respecting the canon of fiction which forbids the interposition of accident in such a case as Madame Defarge's death. Where the accident is inseparable from the passion and action of the character; where it is strictly consistent with the entire design, and arises out of some culminating proceeding on the part of the individual which the whole story has led up to; it seems to me to become, as it were, an act of divine justice. And when I use Miss Pross (though this is quite another question) to bring about such a catastrophe, I have the positive intention of making that half-comic intervention a part of the desperate woman's failure; and of opposing that mean death, instead of a desperate one in the streets which she wouldn't have minded, to the dignity of Carton's. Wrong or right, this was all design, and seemed to me to be in the fitness of things.'

LONDON: 1859.

Madame Defarge's death.

Intended contrast of Carton's.

These are interesting intimations of the care with which Dickens worked; and there is no instance in his novels, excepting this, of a deliberate and planned departure from the method of treatment which had been pre-eminently the source of his popularity as a novelist. To rely less upon character than upon incident, and to resolve that his actors should be expressed by the story more than they should express themselves by dialogue, was for him a hazardous, and can hardly be called an entirely successful, experiment. With singular dramatic vivacity, much constructive art, and with descriptive passages of a high order everywhere (the dawn of the terrible outbreak in the journey of the marquis from Paris to his country seat, and the

Care with which Dickens worked.

LONDON: 1859.

Tale of Two Cities characterized.

London crowd at the funeral of the spy, may be instanced for their power), there was probably never a book by a great humourist, and an artist so prolific in the conception of character, with so little humour and so few remember-able figures. Its merits lie elsewhere. Though there are excellent traits and touches all through the revolutionary scenes, the only full-length that stands out prominently is the picture of the wasted life saved at last by heroic sacrifice. Dickens speaks of his design to make impressive the dignity of Carton's death, and in this he succeeded perhaps even beyond his expectation. Carton suffers him-self to be mistaken for another, and gives his life that the girl he loves may be happy with that other; the secret being known only to a poor little girl in the tumbril that takes them to the scaffold, who at the moment has discovered it, and whom it strengthens also to die. The incident is beauti-fully told; and it is at least only fair to set against verdicts not very favourable as to this effort of his invention, what was said of the particular character and scene, and of the book generally, by an American critic whose literary studies had most familiarized him with the rarest forms of imagi-native writing.*

Conception of Carton's self-sacrifice.

Opinion of an American critic.

'Its pourtrayal of the noble-natured cast-'away makes it almost a peerless book in modern litera-'ture, and gives it a place among the highest examples of 'literary art. . . The conception of this character shows in 'its author an ideal of magnanimity and of charity unsur-'passed. There is not a grander, lovelier figure than the 'self-wrecked, self-devoted Sydney Carton, in literature or

* Mr. Grant White, whose edition of Shakespeare has been received with much respect in England.

'history; and the story itself is so noble in its spirit, so 'grand and graphic in its style, and filled with a pathos 'so profound and simple, that it deserves and will surely 'take a place among the great serious works of imagina-'tion.') I should myself prefer to say that its distinctive merit is less in any of its conceptions of character, even Carton's, than as a specimen of Dickens's power in imaginative story-telling. There is no piece of fiction known to me, in which the domestic life of a few simple private people is in such a manner knitted and interwoven with the outbreak of a terrible public event, that the one seems but part of the other. When made conscious of the first sultry drops of a thunderstorm that fall upon a little group sitting in an obscure English lodging, we are witness to the actual beginning of a tempest which is preparing to sweep away everything in France. And, to the end, the book in this respect is really remarkable.

London: 1859.

Mr. Grant White on Sydney Carton.

Public and private incidents interwoven.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

The *Tale of Two Cities* was published in 1859; the series of papers collected as the *Uncommercial Traveller* were occupying Dickens in 1860; and it was while engaged in these, and throwing off in the course of them capital 'samples' of fun and enjoyment, he thus replied to a suggestion that he should let himself loose upon some single humorous conception, in the vein of his youthful achievements in that way. 'For a little piece I have been writing—or am writing; for I hope to finish it to-day—such a very fine, new, and grotesque idea has opened upon me, that I begin to doubt whether I had not better cancel

1860.

Germ of new tale.

LONDON: 1860.

'the little paper, and reserve the notion for a new book. 'You shall judge as soon as I get it printed. But it so 'opens out before *me* that I can see the whole of a serial 'revolving on it, in a most singular and comic manner.'

Pip and Magwitch.

This was the germ of Pip and Magwitch, which at first he intended to make the groundwork of a tale in the old twenty-number form, but for reasons perhaps fortunate brought afterwards within the limits of a less elaborate novel. 'Last week,' he wrote on the 4th of October 1860, 'I got to work on the new story. I had previously very care- 'fully considered the state and prospects of *All the Year* '*Round*, and, the more I considered them, the less hope

Intended for 20 numbers.

'I saw of being able to get back, *now*, to the profit of a 'separate publication in the old 20 numbers.' (A tale, which at the time was appearing in his serial, had disappointed expectation.) 'However I worked on, knowing that what 'I was doing would run into another groove; and I called 'a council of war at the office on Tuesday. It was perfectly 'clear that the one thing to be done was, for me to strike

Judicious change.

'in. I have therefore decided to begin the story as of the 'length of the *Tale of Two Cities* on the first of December '—begin publishing, that is. I must make the most I can 'out of the book. You shall have the first two or three 'weekly parts to-morrow. The name is GREAT EXPECTA- 'TIONS. I think a good name?' Two days later he wrote: 'The sacrifice of *Great Expectations* is really and truly

Published in *All the Year Round*.

'made for myself. The property of *All the Year Round* 'is far too valuable, in every way, to be much endangered. 'Our fall is not large, but we have a considerable advance 'in hand of the story we are now publishing, and there is

'no vitality in it, and no chance whatever of stopping the 'fall; which on the contrary would be certain to increase. 'Now, if I went into a twenty-number serial, I should cut 'off my power of doing anything serial here for two good 'years—and that would be a most perilous thing. On the 'other hand, by dashing in now, I come in when most 'wanted; and if Reade and Wilkie follow me, our course 'will be shaped out handsomely and hopefully for between 'two and three years. A thousand pounds are to be paid 'for early proofs of the story to America.' A few more days brought the first instalment of the tale, and explanatory mention of it. 'The book will be written in the first 'person throughout, and during these first three weekly 'numbers you will find the hero to be a boy-child, like 'David. Then he will be an apprentice. You will not have 'to complain of the want of humour as in the *Tale of Two 'Cities*. I have made the opening, I hope, in its general 'effect exceedingly droll. I have put a child and a good-'natured foolish man, in relations that seem to me very 'funny. Of course I have got in the pivot on which the 'story will turn too—and which indeed, as you remember, 'was the grotesque tragi-comic conception that first encouraged me. To be quite sure I had fallen into no unconscious repetitions, I read *David Copperfield* again the other day, and was affected by it to a degree you would hardly believe.'

LONDON: 1860.

Stopping a fall.

Another boy-child for hero.

Reading *Copperfield* again.

It may be doubted if Dickens could better have established his right to the front rank among novelists claimed for him, than by the ease and mastery with which, in these two books of *Copperfield* and *Great Expectations*, he kept

LONDON: 1861.

perfectly distinct the two stories of a boy's childhood, both told in the form of autobiography. A subtle penetration into character marks the unlikeness in the likeness; there is enough at once of resemblance and of difference in the position and surroundings of each to account for the divergences of character that arise; both children are good-hearted, and both have the advantage of association with models of tender simplicity and oddity, perfect in their truth and quite distinct from each other; but a sudden tumble into distress steadies Peggotty's little friend, and as unexpected a stroke of good fortune turns the head of the small protégé of Joe Gargery. What a deal of spoiling nevertheless, a nature that is really good at the bottom of it will stand without permanent damage, is nicely shown in Pip; and the way he reconciles his determination to act very shabbily to his early friends, with a conceited notion that he is setting them a moral example, is part of the shading of a character drawn with extraordinary skill. His greatest trial comes out of his good luck; and the foundations of both are laid at the opening of the tale, in a churchyard down by the Thames, as it winds past desolate marshes twenty miles to the sea, of which a masterly picture in half a dozen lines will give only average example of the descriptive writing that is everywhere one of the charms of the book. It is strange, as I transcribe the words, with what wonderful vividness they bring back the very spot on which we stood when he said he meant to make it the scene of the opening of his story—Cooling Castle ruins and the desolate Church, lying out among the marshes seven miles from Gadshill! 'My first most vivid

Unlikeness in likeness: David and Pip.

Gargery and Peggotty.

Fiction and Fact.

'and broad impression . . on a memorable raw afternoon 'towards evening . . was . . that this bleak place, overgrown 'with nettles, was the churchyard, and that the dark flat 'wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dykes 'and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, 'was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond, 'was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which 'the wind was rushing, was the sea . . . On the edge of the 'river . . only two black things in all the prospect seemed 'to be standing upright . . one, the beacon by which the 'sailors steered, like an unhooped cask upon a pole, an ugly 'thing when you were near it; the other, a gibbet with 'some chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate.'

LONDON: 1861.

Vivid descriptive writing.

Here Magwitch, an escaped convict from Chatham, terrifies the child Pip into stealing for him food and a file; and though recaptured and transported, he carries with him to Australia such a grateful heart for the small creature's service, that on making a fortune there he resolves to make his little friend a gentleman. This requires circumspection; and is so done, through the Old-Bailey attorney who has defended Magwitch at his trial (a character of surprising novelty and truth), that Pip imagines his present gifts and 'great expectations' to have come from the supposed rich lady of the story (whose eccentricities are the unattractive part of it, and have yet a weird character that somehow fits in with the kind of wrong she has suffered). When therefore the closing scenes bring back Magwitch himself, who risks his life to gratify his longing to see the gentleman he has made, it is an unspeakable horror to the youth to discover his benefactor in the convicted felon. If any

Ground-work of the story.

The great expectations.

What they end in.

LONDON: 1861.

one doubts Dickens's power of so drawing a character as to get to the heart of it, seeing beyond surface peculiarities into the moving springs of the human being himself, let him narrowly examine those scenes. There is not a grain of substitution of mere sentiment, or circumstance, for the inner and absolute reality of the position in which these two creatures find themselves. Pip's loathing of what had built up his fortune, and his horror of the uncouth architect, are apparent in even his most generous efforts to protect him from exposure and sentence. Magwitch's convict habits strangely blend themselves with his wild pride in, and love for, the youth whom his money has turned into a gentleman. He has a craving for his good opinion; dreads to offend him by his 'heavy grubbing,' or by the oaths he lets fall now and then; and pathetically hopes his Pip, his dear boy, won't think him 'low': but, upon a chum of Pip's appearing unexpectedly while they are together, he pulls out a jack-knife by way of hint he can defend himself, and produces afterwards a greasy little clasped black Testament on which the startled new-comer, being found to have no hostile intention, is sworn to secrecy. At the opening of the story there had been an exciting scene of the wretched man's chase and recapture among the marshes, and this has its parallel at the close in his chase and recapture on the river while poor Pip is helping to get him off. To make himself sure of the actual course of a boat in such circumstances, and what possible incidents the adventure might have, Dickens hired a steamer for the day from Blackwall to Southend. Eight or nine friends and three or four members of his family were on board,

Masterly drawing of character.

A chase and recapture.

Preliminary survey of the Thames.

and he seemed to have no care, the whole of that summer day (22nd of May 1861), except to enjoy their enjoyment and entertain them with his own in shape of a thousand whims and fancies; but his sleepless observation was at work all the time, and nothing had escaped his keen vision on either side of the river. The fifteenth chapter of the third volume is a masterpiece. London: 1861.

The characters generally afford the same evidence as those two that Dickens's humour, not less than his creative power, was at its best in this book. The Old-Bailey attorney Jaggers, and his clerk Wemmick (both excellent, and the last one of the oddities that live in everybody's liking for the goodheartedness of its humorous surprises), are as good as his earliest efforts in that line; the Pumblechooks and Wopsles are perfect as bits of *Nickleby* fresh from the mint; and the scene in which Pip, and Pip's chum Herbert, make up their accounts and schedule their debts and obligations, is original and delightful as Micawber himself. It is the art of living upon nothing and making the best of it, in the most pleasing form. Herbert's intentions to trade east and west, and get himself into business transactions of a magnificent extent and variety, are as perfectly warranted to us, in his way of putting them, by merely 'being in a counting-house and looking about you,' as Pip's means of paying his debts are lightened and made easy by his method of simply adding them up with a margin. 'The time comes,' says Herbert, 'when you 'see your opening. And you go in, and you swoop upon 'it, and you make your capital, and then there you are! 'When you have once made your capital you have nothing

Jaggers and Wemmick.

Minor people.

Living on nothing and making the best of it.

Margins and openings.

LONDON: 1861.

'to do but employ it.' In like manner Pip tells us 'Sup-'pose your debts to be one hundred and sixty four pounds 'four and twopence, I would say, leave a margin and put 'them down at two hundred; or suppose them to be four 'times as much, leave a margin and put them down at 'seven hundred.' He is sufficiently candid to add, that, while he has the highest opinion of the wisdom and prudence of the margin, its dangers are that in the sense of freedom and solvency it imparts there is a tendency to run into new debt. But the satire that thus enforces the old warning against living upon vague hopes, and paying ancient debts by contracting new ones, never presented itself in more amusing or kindly shape.

Homely and shrewd satire.

A word should be added of the father of the girl that Herbert marries, Bill Barley, ex-ship's purser, a gouty, bed-ridden, drunken old rascal, who lies on his back in an upper floor on Mill Pond Bank by Chinks's Basin, where he keeps, weighs, and serves out the family stores or provisions, according to old professional practice, with one eye at a telescope which is fitted on his bed for the convenience of sweeping the river. This is one of those sketches, slight in itself but made rich with a wealth of comic observation, in which Dickens's humour took especial delight; and to all this part of the story, there is a quaint riverside flavour that gives it amusing reality and relish.

Bill Barley.

Sending the chapters that contain it, which open the third division of the tale, he wrote thus: 'It is a pity that 'the third portion cannot be read all at once, because its 'purpose would be much more apparent; and the pity 'is the greater, because the general turn and tone of the

Dickens on progress of the tale.

'working out and winding up, will be away from all such 'things as they conventionally go. But what must be, 'must be. As to the planning out from week to week, 'nobody can imagine what the difficulty is, without trying. 'But, as in all such cases, when it is overcome the pleasure 'is proportionate. Two months more will see me through 'it, I trust. All the iron is in the fire, and I have "only" 'to beat it out.' One other letter throws light upon an objection taken not unfairly to the too great speed with which the heroine, after being married, reclaimed, and widowed, is in a page or two again made love to, and remarried by the hero. This summary proceeding was not originally intended. But, over and above its popular acceptance, the book had interested some whose opinions Dickens specially valued (Carlyle among them, I remember);* and upon Bulwer Lytton objecting to a close that should leave Pip a solitary man, Dickens substituted what now stands. 'You will be surprised' he wrote 'to hear that 'I have changed the end of *Great Expectations* from and 'after Pip's return to Joe's, and finding his little likeness 'there. Bulwer, who has been, as I think you know, ex- 'traordinarily taken by the book, so strongly urged it upon 'me, after reading the proofs, and supported his view with 'such good reasons, that I resolved to make the change. 'You shall have it when you come back to town. I have 'put in as pretty a little piece of writing as I could, and I 'have no doubt the story will be more acceptable through

LONDON: 1861.

Incident at close objected to.

Not as first written.

Changed at Bulwer Lytton's suggestion.

* A dear friend now gone, used laughingly to relate what outcry there used to be, on the night of the week when a number was due, for 'that Pip nonsense!' and what roars of laughter followed, though at first it was entirely put aside as not on any account to have time wasted over it.

At Chelsea.

LONDON: 1861.

'the alteration.' This turned out to be the case; but the first ending nevertheless seems to be more consistent with the drift, as well as natural working out, of the tale, and for this reason it is preserved in a note.*

CHRISTMAS SKETCHES.

Between that fine novel, which was issued in three volumes in the autumn of 1861, and the completion of his next serial story, were interposed three sketches in his happiest vein at which everyone laughed and cried in the Christmas times of 1862, '3, and '4. Of the waiter in *Some-*

1862–3–4.

* There was no Chapter XX. as now; but the sentence which opens it ('For eleven years' in the original, altered to 'eight years') followed the paragraph about his business partnership with Herbert, and led to Biddy's question whether he is sure he does not fret for Estella ('I am sure and certain, 'Biddy' as originally written, altered to 'O no—I think not, Biddy'): from which point here was the close. 'It was two years more, before I saw her self. 'I had heard of her as leading a most unhappy life, and as being separated from 'her husband who had used her with great cruelty, and who had become quite 'renowned as a compound of pride, brutality, and meanness. I had heard of 'the death of her husband (from an accident consequent on ill-treating a horse), 'and of her being married again to a Shropshire doctor, who, against his 'interest, had once very manfully interposed, on an occasion when he was in 'professional attendance on Mr. Drummle, and had witnessed some outrageous 'treatment of her. I had heard that the Shropshire doctor was not rich, and 'that they lived on her own personal fortune. I was in England again—in 'London, and walking along Piccadilly with little Pip—when a servant came 'running after me to ask would I step back to a lady in a carriage who 'wished to speak to me. It was a little pony carriage, which the lady was 'driving; and the lady and I looked sadly enough on one another. "I am '"greatly changed, I know; but I thought you would like to shake hands '"with Estella too, Pip. Lift up that pretty child and let me kiss it!" '(She supposed the child, I think, to be my child.) I was very glad after- 'wards to have had the interview; for, in her face and in her voice, and in her 'touch, she gave me the assurance, that suffering had been stronger than Miss 'Havisham's teaching, and had given her a heart to understand what my heart 'used to be.'

Close of *Great Expectations* as originally written.

body's Luggage Dickens has himself spoken; and if any theme is well treated, when, from the point of view taken, nothing more is left to say about it, that bit of fun is perfect. Call it exaggeration, grotesqueness, or by what hard name you will, laughter will always intercept any graver criticism. Writing from Paris of what he was himself responsible for in the articles left by Somebody with his wonderful Waiter, he said that in one of them he had made the story a camera obscura of certain French places and styles of people; having founded it on something he had noticed in a French soldier. This was the tale of Little Bebelle, which had a small French corporal for its hero, and became highly popular. But the triumph of the Christmas achievements in these days was Mrs. Lirriper. She took her place at once among people known to everybody; and all the world talked of Major Jemmy Jackman, and his friend the poor elderly lodging-house keeper of the Strand, with her miserable cares and rivalries and worries, as if they had both been as long in London and as well known as Norfolk-street itself. A dozen volumes could not have told more than those dozen pages did. The *Legacy* followed the *Lodgings* in 1864, and there was no falling off in the fun and laughter.

London: 1862–4.

Somebody's Luggage.

Little Bebelle.

Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings and *Legacy.*

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

The publication of *Our Mutual Friend*, in the form of the earliest stories, extended from May 1864 to November 1865. Four years earlier he had chosen this title as a good one, and he held to it through much objection. Between that time and his actual commencement there is

New book in 20 numbers.

LONDON : 1864–5.

mention, in his letters, of the three leading notions on which he founded the story. In his waterside wanderings during his last book, the many handbills he saw posted up, with

First notion for it.

dreary description of persons drowned in the river, suggested the 'long shore men and their ghastly calling whom he sketched in Hexam and Riderhood. 'I think,' he had written, 'a man, young and perhaps eccentric, feigning 'to be dead, and *being* dead to all intents and purposes 'external to himself, and for years retaining the singular 'view of life and character so imparted, would be a good 'leading incident for a story;' and this he partly did in

Germ of characters for it.

Rokesmith. For other actors in the tale, he had thought of 'a poor impostor of a man marrying a woman for her 'money; she marrying *him* for *his* money; after marriage 'both finding out their mistake, and entering into a league 'and covenant against folks in general:' with whom he had proposed to connect some Perfectly New people. 'Every 'thing new about them. If they presented a father and 'mother, it seemed as if THEY must be bran new, like the 'furniture and the carriages—shining with varnish, and just 'home from the manufacturers.' These groups took shape in the Lammles and the Veneerings. 'I must use somehow

Fustian-clad father and spectacled son.

is the remark of another letter, 'the uneducated father in 'fustian and the educated boy in spectacles whom Leech and 'I saw at Chatham;' of which a hint is in Charley Hexam and his father. The benevolent old Jew whom he makes the unconscious agent of a rascal, was meant to wipe out a reproach against his Jew in *Oliver Twist* as bringing dislike upon the religion of the race he belonged to.*

* On this reproach, from a Jewish lady whom he esteemed, he had written

Having got his title in '61 it was his hope to have begun in '62. 'Alas!' he wrote in the April of that year, 'I 'have hit upon nothing for a story. Again and again I have tried. But this odious little house' (he had at this time for a few weeks exchanged Gadshill for a friend's house near Kensington) 'seems to have stifled and darkened my invention.' It was not until the autumn of the following year he saw his way to a beginning. 'The Christmas number has come round again' (30th of August 1863) —it seems only yesterday that I did the last—but I am full of notions besides for the new twenty numbers. When I can clear the Christmas stone out of the road, I think I can dash into it on the grander journey.' He persevered through much difficulty; which he described six weeks later, with characteristic glance at his own ways when writing, in a letter from the office of his journal. 'I came here last night, to evade my usual day in the week—in fact to shirk it—and get back to Gad's for five or six consecutive days. My reason is, that I am exceedingly anxious to begin my book. I am bent upon getting to work at it. I want to prepare it for the spring; but I am determined not to begin to publish with less than five numbers done. I see my opening perfectly, with the one main line on which the story is to turn; and if I don't strike while the iron (meaning myself) is hot, I

London: 1864–5.

Delays in beginning. 1862.

Writing numbers in advance.

[1] years before. 'Fagin, in *Oliver Twist*, is a Jew, because it unfortunately was true, of the time to which that story refers, that that class of criminal almost invariably *was* a Jew. But surely no sensible man or woman of your persuasion can fail to observe—firstly, that all the rest of the wicked *dramatis personæ* are Christians; and, secondly, that he is called "The Jew," not because of his religion, but because of his race.'

LONDON: 1864–5.

'shall drift off again, and have to go through all this un
'easiness once more.'

Autumn of 1863.

He had written, after four months, very nearly three num
bers, when upon a necessary rearrangement of his chapter
he had to hit upon a new subject for one of them. 'While
'I was considering' (25th of February) 'what it should
New illustrator.
'be, Marcus,* who has done an excellent cover, came to tel
'me of an extraordinary trade he had found out, through
'one of his painting requirements. I immediately went
'with him to Saint Giles's to look at the place, and found
'—what you will see.' It was the establishment of Mr
Original of Mr. Venus. 1864.
Venus, preserver of animals and birds, and articulator o
human bones; and it took the place of the last chapter o
No. 2, which was then transferred to the end of No. 3. But
a start with three full numbers done, though more than
enough to satisfy the hardest self-conditions formerly, did
not satisfy him now. With his previous thought given
to the story, with his Memoranda to help him, with the
people he had in hand to work it with, and ready as he
still was to turn his untiring observation to instant use
Working slowly.
on its behalf, he now moved, with the old large canvas
before him, somewhat slowly and painfully. 'If I were
'to lose' (29th of March) 'a page of the five numbers
'have proposed to myself to be ready by the publication
'day, I should feel that I had fallen short. I have grown
So much (not fiction) in his thoughts.
'hard to satisfy, and write very slowly. And I have so
'much—not fiction—that *will* be thought of, when I don

* Mr. Marcus Stone had, upon the separate issue of the *Tale of Two Citi* taken the place of Mr. Hablot Browne as his illustrator. *Hard Times* a the first edition of *Great Expectations* were not illustrated; but when Pi story appeared in one volume, Mr. Stone contributed designs for it.

want to think of it, that I am forced to take more care than I once took.' LONDON: 1864–5.

The first number was launched at last, on the first of May; and after two days he wrote: 'Nothing can be better than *Our Friend*, now in his thirtieth thousand, and orders flowing in fast.' But between the first and second number there was a drop of five thousand, strange to say, for the larger number was again reached, and much exceeded, before the book closed. 'This leaves me' (10th of June) going round and round like a carrier-pigeon before swooping on number seven.' Thus far he had held his ground; but illness came, with some other anxieties, and on the 29th of July he wrote sadly enough. 'Although I have not been wanting in industry, I have been wanting in invention, and have fallen back with the book. Looming large before me is the Christmas work, and I can hardly hope to do it without losing a number of *Our Friend*. I have very nearly lost one already, and two would take one half of my whole advance. This week I have been very unwell; am still out of sorts; and, as I know from two days' slow experience, have a very mountain to climb before I shall see the open country of my work.' The three following months brought hardly more favourable report. 'I have not done my number. This death of poor Leech (I suppose) has put me out woefully. Yesterday and the day before I could do nothing; seemed for the time to have quite lost the power; and am only by slow degrees getting back into the track to-day.' He rallied after this, and satisfied himself for a while; but in February 1865 that formidable

Sale of first and drop of second number.

Falling back.

Impediments.

Death of Leech.

LONDON: 1864–5.

Suffering from lameness. *Ante*, 272. *Post*, 477–8.

illness in his foot broke out which, at certain times for the rest of his life, deprived him more or less of his inestimable solace of bodily exercise. In April and May he suffered severely; and after trying the sea went abroad for more complete change. 'Work and worry, without exercise, 'would soon make an end of me. If I were not going

Holiday in France.

'away now, I should break down. No one knows as I 'know to-day how near to it I have been.'

That was the day of his leaving for France, and the day of his return brought these few hurried words. 'Saturday,

In the Staplehurst accident.

'tenth of June, 1865. I was in the terrific Staplehurst acci- 'dent yesterday, and worked for hours among the dying 'and dead. I was in the carriage that did not go over, but 'went off the line, and hung over the bridge in an inex- 'plicable manner. No words can describe the scene.* I 'am away to Gads.' Though with characteristic energy he resisted the effects upon himself of that terrible ninth of June, they were for some time evident; and, up to the day

A fatal anniversary.

of his death on its fatal fifth anniversary, were perhaps never wholly absent. But very few complaints fell from

A MS. number of his book: 9th of June, 1865.

* He thus spoke of it in his 'Postscript in lieu of Preface' (dated 2nd of September 1865), which accompanied the last number of the story under notice. 'On Friday the ninth of June in the present year, Mr. and Mrs. 'Boffin (in their manuscript dress of receiving Mr. and Mrs. Lammle at break- 'fast) were on the South-Eastern Railway with me, in a terribly destructive 'accident. When I had done what I could to help others, I climbed back into 'my carriage—nearly turned over a viaduct, and caught aslant upon the turn '—to extricate the worthy couple. They were much soiled, but otherwise 'unhurt. The same happy result attended Miss Bella Wilfer on her wedding 'day, and Mr. Riderhood inspecting Bradley Headstone's red neckerchief as 'he lay asleep. I remember with devout thankfulness that I can never be 'much nearer parting company with my readers for ever, than I was then 'until there shall be written against my life the two words with which I have 'this day closed this book—THE END.'

LONDON: 1864–5.

Effects of accident on himself:

im. 'I am curiously weak—weak as if I were recovering from a long illness.' 'I begin to feel it more in my head. I sleep well and eat well; but I write half a dozen notes, and turn faint and sick.' 'I am getting right, though still low in pulse and very nervous. Driving into Rochester yesterday I felt more shaken than I have since the accident.' 'I cannot bear railway travelling yet. A perfect conviction, against the senses, that the carriage is down on one side (and generally that is the left, and *not* the side on which the carriage in the accident really went over), comes upon me with anything like speed, and is inexpressibly distressing.' These are passages from his etters up to the close of June. Upon his book the immediate result was that another lost number was added to ne losses of the preceding months, and 'alas!' he wrote t the opening of July, 'for the two numbers you write of! There is only one in existence. I have but just begun the other.' 'Fancy!' he added next day, 'fancy my having under-written number sixteen by two and a half pages—a thing I have not done since *Pickwick!*' He did it ii. 307. nce with *Dombey*, and was to do it yet again.

on his novel.

The book thus begun and continued under adverse influences, though with fancy in it, descriptive power, and haracters well designed, will never rank with his higher forts. It has some pictures of a rare veracity of soul mid the lowest forms of social degradation, placed beside hers of sheer falsehood and pretence amid unimpeachable cial correctness, which lifted the writer to his old place; ut the judgment of it on the whole must be, that it wants eshness and natural development. This indeed will be

Our Mutual Friend.

LONDON: 1864–5.

most freely admitted by those who feel most strongly that all the old cunning of the master hand is yet in the wayward loving Bella Wilfer, in the vulgar canting Podsnap, and in the dolls' dressmaker Jenny Wren, whose keen little quaint weird ways, and precocious wit sharpened by trouble, are fitted into a character as original and delightfully conceived as it is vividly carried through to the last. A dull coarse web her small life seems made of; but even from its taskwork, which is undertaken for childhood itself, there are glittering threads cast across its woof and warp of care. The unconscious philosophy of her tricks and manners has in it more of the subtler vein of the satire aimed at in the book, than even the voices of society which the tale begins and ends with. In her very kindliness there is the touch of malice that shows a childish playfulness familiar with unnatural privations; this gives a depth as well as tenderness to her humours which entitles them to rank with the writer's happiest things; and though the odd little creature's talk is incessant when she is on the scene, it has the individuality that so seldom tires. It is veritably her own small 'trick' and 'manner,' and is never mistakeable for any one else's. 'I have been reading,' Dickens wrote to me from France while he was writing the book, 'a 'capital little story by Edmond About—*The Notary's Nose*. 'I have been trying other books; but so infernally con- 'versational, that I forget who the people are before they 'have done talking, and don't in the least remember what 'they talked about before when they begin talking again!' The extreme contrast to his own art could not be defined more exactly; and other examples from this tale will be

The dolls' dressmaker.

One of Dickens's masterpieces.

On a tale by Edmond About.

found in the differing members of the Wilfer family, in the riverside people at the Fellowship Porters, in such marvellous serio-comic scenes as that of Rogue Riderhood's restoration from drowning, and in those short and simple annals of Betty Higden's life and death which might have given saving virtue to a book more likely than this to perish prematurely. It has not the creative power which crowded his earlier page, and transformed into popular realities the shadows of his fancy; but the observation and humour he excelled in are not wanting to it, nor had there been, in his first completed work, more eloquent or generous pleading for the poor and neglected, than this last completed work contains. Betty Higden finishes what Oliver Twist began.

London: 1864–5.

Betty Higden.

First and last.

DR. MARIGOLD AND TALES FOR AMERICA.

He had scarcely closed that book in September, wearied somewhat with a labour of invention which had not been so free or self-sustaining as in the old facile and fertile days, when his customary contribution to Christmas became due from him; and his fancy, let loose in a narrower field, resumed its old luxury of enjoyment. Here are notices of it from his letters. 'If people at large understand a Cheap Jack, my part of the Christmas number will do well. It is wonderfully like the real thing, of course a little refined and humoured.' 'I do hope that in the beginning and end of this Christmas number you will find something that will strike you as being fresh, forcible, and full of spirits.' He described its mode of composition afterwards. 'Tired with *Our Mutual*, I sat down to cast

1865.

A Cheap Jack.

LONDON: 1865.

How *Doctor Marigold* was written.

'about for an idea, with a depressing notion that I was, 'for the moment, overworked. Suddenly, the little cha- 'racter that you will see, and all belonging to it, came 'flashing up in the most cheerful manner, and I had only 'to look on and leisurely describe it.' This was *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions*, one of the most popular of all the pieces selected for his readings, and a splendid example of his humour, pathos, and character. There were three more Christmas pieces before he made his last visit to America: *Barbox Brothers, The Boy at Mugby Station*, and *No Thoroughfare:* the last a joint piece of work with Mr. Wilkie Collins, who during Dickens's absence in the States transformed it into a play for Mr. Fechter, with a view to which it had been planned originally. There were also two papers written for first publication in America, *George Silverman's Explanation*, and *Holiday Romance*, containing about the quantity of half a shilling number of his ordinary serials, and paid for at a rate unexampled in literature. They occupied him not many days in the writing, and he received a thousand pounds for them.

Minor stories. i. 119.

How remunerated. *Ante*, 224-5.

Edwin Drood.

The year after his return, as the reader knows, saw the commencement of the work which death interrupted. The fragment will hereafter be described; and here meanwhile may close my criticism—itself a fragment left for worthier completion by a stronger hand than mine.

But at least I may hope that the ground has been cleared by it from those distinctions and comparisons never safely to be applied to an original writer, and which always more or less intercept his fair appreciation. It was long the

fashion to set up wide divergences between novels of incident and manners, and novels of character; the narrower range being left to Fielding and Smollett, and the larger to Richardson; yet there are not many now who will accept such classification. Nor is there more truth in other like distinctions alleged between novelists who are assumed to be real, or ideal, in their methods of treatment. To any original novelist of the higher grade there is no meaning in these contrasted phrases. Neither mode can exist at all perfectly without the other. No matter how sensitive the mind to external impressions, or how keen the observation to whatever can be seen, without the rarer seeing of imagination nothing will be arrived at that is real in any genuine artist-sense. Reverse the proposition, and the result is expressed in an excellent remark of Lord Lytton's, that the happiest effort of imagination, however lofty it may be, is that which enables it to be cheerfully at home with the real. I have said that Dickens felt criticism, of whatever kind, with too sharp a relish for the indifference he assumed to it; but the secret was that he believed himself to be entitled to higher tribute than he was always in the habit of receiving. It was the feeling which suggested a memorable saying of Wordsworth. 'I am not at all desirous that any one should write a critique on my poems. If they be from above, they will do their own work in course of time; if not, they will perish as they ought.'

The something 'from above' never seems to me absent from Dickens, even at his worst. When the strain upon his invention became apparent, and he could only work freely in a more confined space than of old, it was still able

London: 1836–70.

Needless classifications.

'Real' worthless without 'ideal.'

Failing common to men of genius.

'Something 'from 'above.'

LONDON: 1836–70.

to assert itself triumphantly; and his influence over his readers was continued by it to the last day of his life. Looking back over the series of his writings, the first reflection that rises to the mind of any thoughtful person, is one of thankfulness that the most popular of writers, who had carried into the lowest scenes and conditions an amount of observation, fun, and humour not approached by any of his contemporaries, should never have sullied that world-wide influence by a hint of impurity or a possibility of harm. Nor is there anything more surprising than the freshness and variety of character which those writings include, within the range of the not numerous types of character that were the limit of their author's genius. For, this also appears, upon any review of them collectively, that the teeming life which is in them is that of the time in which his own life was passed; and that with the purpose of showing vividly its form and pressure, was joined the hope and design to leave it better than he found it. It has been objected that humanity receives from him no addition to its best types; that the burlesque humourist is always stronger in him than the reflective moralist; that the light thrown by his genius into out of the way corners of life never steadily shines in its higher beaten ways; and that beside his pictures of what man is or does, there is no attempt to show, by delineation of an exalted purpose or a great career, what man is able to be or to do. In the charge abstractedly there is truth; but the fair remark upon it is that whatever can be regarded as essential in the want implied by it will be found in other forms in his writings, that the perfect innocence of their laughter and

Purity of Dickens's writings.

Life of the time reproduced and bettered.

An alleged deficiency.

tears has been itself a prodigious blessing, and that it is otherwise incident to so great a humourist to work after the fashion most natural to the genius of humour. What kind of work it has been in his case, the attempt is made in preceding pages to show; and on the whole it can be said with some certainty that the best ideals in this sense are obtained, not by presenting with added comeliness or grace the figures which life is ever eager to present as of its best, but by connecting the singularities and eccentricities, which ordinary life is apt to reject or overlook, with the appreciation that is deepest and the laws of insight that are most universal. It is thus that all things human are happily brought within human sympathy. It was at the heart of everything Dickens wrote. It was the secret of the hope he had that his books might help to make people better; and it so guarded them from evil, that there is scarcely a page of the thousands he has written which might not be put into the hands of a little child.* It made him the intimate of every English household, and a familiar friend wherever the language is spoken whose stores of harmless pleasure he has so largely increased.

London: 1836–70.

A sufficient substitute.

True province of Humour.

'The loss of no single man during the present generation, if we except Abraham Lincoln alone,' said Mr. Horace Greeley, describing the profound and universal grief of America at his death, 'has carried mourning into so many

9th June, 1870. Effect in America.

* I borrow this language from the Bishop of Manchester, who, on the third day after Dickens's death, in the Abbey where he was so soon to be laid, closed a plea for the toleration of differences of opinion where the foundations of religious truth are accepted, with these words. 'It will not be out of harmony with the line of thought we have been pursuing—certainly it will be in keeping with the associations of this place, dear to Englishmen, not only as one of the proudest Christian temples, but as containing the memorials of so many who by their

LONDON: 1836–70.

'families, and been so unaffectedly lamented through all the 'ranks of society.' 'The terrible news from England,' wrote

H. W. Longfellow.

Longfellow to me (Cambridge, Mass. 12th of June 1870), 'fills us all with inexpressible sadness. Dickens was so full 'of life that it did not seem possible he could die, and yet he 'has gone before us, and we are sorrowing for him .... I never 'knew an author's death cause such general mourning. It 'is no exaggeration to say that this whole country is stricken 'with grief . . .' Nor was evidence then wanting, that far beyond the limits of society on that vast continent the English writer's influence had penetrated. Of this, very

i. 192–3.

touching illustration was given in my first volume; and proof even more striking has since been afforded to me,

The Bishop of Manchester on Dickens's writings.

'genius in arts, or arms, or statesmanship, or literature, have made England 'what she is—if in the simplest and briefest words I allude to that sad and 'unexpected death which has robbed English literature of one of its highest 'living ornaments, and the news of which, two mornings ago, must have made 'every household in England feel as though they had lost a personal friend. 'He has been called in one notice an apostle of the people. I suppose it is 'meant that he had a mission, but in a style and fashion of his own; a gospel, 'a cheery, joyous, gladsome message, which the people understood, and by 'which they could hardly help being bettered; for it was the gospel of kindliness, 'of brotherly love, of sympathy in the widest sense of the word. I am sure 'I have felt in myself the healthful spirit of his teaching. Possibly we might 'not have been able to subscribe to the same creed in relation to God, but I 'think we should have subscribed to the same creed in relation to man. He 'who has taught us our duty to our fellow men better than we knew it before, 'who knew so well to weep with them that wept, and to rejoice with them that 'rejoiced, who has shown forth in all his knowledge of the dark corners of the 'earth how much sunshine may rest upon the lowliest lot, who had such evi-

Praise worth having.

'dent sympathy with suffering, and such a natural instinct of purity that there is 'scarcely a page of the thousands he has written which might not be put into 'the hands of a little child, must be regarded by those who recognise the 'diversity of the gifts of the spirit as a teacher sent from God. He would 'have been welcomed as a fellow-labourer in the common interests of humanity 'by Him who asked the question "If a man love not his brother whom he '"hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"'

hat not merely in wild or rude communities, but in life he most savage and solitary, his genius had helped to while time away. London: 1836–70.

'Like all Americans who read,' writes an American gentleman, 'and that takes in nearly all our people, I am an admirer and student of Dickens. . . . Its perusal' (that of my second volume) 'has recalled an incident which may interest you. Twelve or thirteen years ago I crossed the Sierra Nevada mountains as a Government surveyor under a famous frontiersman and civil engineer—Colonel Lander. We were too early by a month, and became snow-bound just on the very summit. Under these circumstances it was necessary to abandon the wagons for a time, and drive the stock (mules) down the mountains to the valleys where there was pasturage and running water. This was a long and difficult task, occupying several days. On the second day, in a spot where we expected to find nothing more human than a grizzly bear or an elk, we found a little hut, built of pine boughs and a few rough boards clumsily hewn out of small trees with an axe. The hut was covered with snow many feet deep, excepting only the hole in the roof which served for a chimney, and a small pit-like place in front to permit egress. The occupant came forth to hail us and solicit whisky and tobacco. He was dressed in a suit made entirely of flour-sacks, and was curiously labelled on various parts of his person *Best Family Flour. Extra.* His head was covered by a wolf's skin drawn from the brute's head—with the ears standing erect in a fierce alert manner. He was a most extraordinary object, and told us he had not seen a human

Letter from an American to the author of this book.

On the Nevada Mountains.

Strange encounter.

London: 1836–70.

'being in four months. He lived on bear and elk meat
'and flour laid in during his short summer. Emigrants in
'the season paid him a kind of ferry-toll. I asked him
'how he passed his time, and he went to a barrel and pro-
'duced *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Pickwick*. I found he knew
'them almost by heart. He did not know, or seem to care,
'about the author; but he gloried in Sam Weller, despised
'Squeers, and would probably have taken the latter's scalp
'with great skill and cheerfulness. For Mr. Winkle he
'had no feeling but contempt, and in fact regarded a fowl-
'ing-piece as only a toy for a squaw. He had no Bible;
'and perhaps if he practised in his rude savage way all
'Dickens taught, he might less have felt the want even of
'that companion.'

Companions in solitude.

CHAPTER XV.

AMERICA REVISITED: NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER 1867.

1867.

AMERICA: 1867.

IT is the intention of this and the following chapter to narrate the incidents of the visit to America in Dickens's own language, and in that only. They will consist almost exclusively of extracts from his letters written home, to members of his family and to myself.

At Parker House: Boston.

On the night of Tuesday the 19th of November he arrived at Boston, where he took up his residence at the Parker House hotel; and his first letter (21st) stated that the tickets for the first four Readings, all to that time issued, had been sold immediately on their becoming saleable. 'An immense train of people waited in the freezing street for twelve hours, and passed into the office in their turns, as at a French theatre. The receipts already taken for these nights exceed our calculation by more than £250.' Up to the last moment, he had not been able to clear off wholly a shade of misgiving that some of the old grudges might make themselves felt; but from the instant of his setting foot in Boston not a vestige of such fear remained. The greeting was to the full as extraordinary as that of twenty-five years before, and was given now, as then, to

Warmth of the greeting.

AMERICA: 1867.

the man who had made himself the most popular writer in the country. His novels and tales were crowding the shelves of all the dealers in books in all the cities of the Union. In every house, in every car, on every steam-boat, in every theatre of America, the characters, the fancies, the phraseology of Dickens were become familiar beyond those of any other writer of books. 'Even in England,' said one of the New York journals, 'Dickens is less known than 'here; and of the millions here who treasure every word he 'has written, there are tens of thousands who would make 'a large sacrifice to see and hear the man who has made 'happy so many hours. Whatever sensitiveness there once 'was to adverse or sneering criticism, the lapse of a 'quarter of a century, and the profound significance of a 'great war, have modified or removed.' The point was more pithily, and as truly, put by Mr. Horace Greeley in the *Tribune*. 'The fame as a novelist which Mr. Dickens 'had already created in America, and which, at the best, 'has never yielded him anything particularly munificent 'or substantial, is become his capital stock in the present 'enterprise.'

Same cause for greeting as in 1842. i. 282.

Capital stock of the enterprise.

The first Reading was appointed for the second of December, and in the interval he saw some old friends and made some new ones.* Boston he was fond of com-

* Among these I think he was most delighted with the great naturalist and philosopher, Agassiz, whose death is unhappily announced while I write, and as to whom it will no longer be unbecoming to quote his allusion. 'Agassiz, 'who married the last Mrs. Felton's sister, is not only one of the most accom- 'plished but the most natural and jovial of men.' Again he says: 'I cannot 'tell you how pleased I was by Agassiz, a most charming fellow, or how I have 'regretted his seclusion for a while by reason of his mother's death.' A valued correspondent, Mr. Grant Wilson, sends me a list of famous Americans who

Agassiz.

paring to Edinburgh as Edinburgh was in the days when several dear friends of his own still lived there. Twenty-five years had changed much in the American city; some genial faces were gone, and on ground which he had left a swamp he found now the most princely streets; but there was no abatement of the old warmth of kindness, and, with every attention and consideration shown to him, there was no intrusion. He was not at first completely conscious of the change in this respect, or of the prodigious increase in the size of Boston. But the latter grew upon him from day to day, and then there was impressed along with it a contrast to which it was difficult to reconcile himself. Nothing enchanted him so much as what he again saw of the delightful domestic life of Cambridge, simple, self-respectful, cordial, and affectionate; and it seemed impossible to believe that within half an hour's distance of it should be found what might at any time be witnessed in such hotels as that which he was staying at: crowds of swaggerers, loafers, bar-loungers, and dram-drinkers, that seemed to be making up, from day to day, not the least important part of the human life of the city. But

America: 1867.

Old and new friends.

Cambridge and Boston.

A contrast.

greeted Dickens at his first visit, and in the interval had passed away. 'It is melancholy to contemplate the large number of American authors who had, between the first and second visits of Mr. Dickens, "gone hence, to be no more seen." The sturdy Cooper, the gentle Irving, his friend and kinsman Paulding, Prescott the historian and Percival the poet, the eloquent Everett, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar A. Poe, N. P. Willis, the genial Halleck, and many lesser lights, including Prof. Felton and Geo. P. Morris, had died during the quarter of a century that elapsed between Dickens's visits to this country, leaving a new generation of writers to extend the hand of friendship to him on his second coming.'—Let me add to this that Dickens is pleased, at this second visit, to see his old secretary who had travelled agreeably with him through his first tour of triumph. 'He would have known him anywhere.' 273

Famous writers dead since 1842.

AMERICA: 1867.

no great mercantile resort in the States, such as Boston had now become, could be without that drawback; and fortunate should we account any place to be, though even so plague-afflicted, that has yet so near it the healthier influence of the other life which our older world has well-nigh lost altogether.

'The city has increased prodigiously in twenty-five 'years,' he wrote to his daughter Mary. 'It has grown 'more mercantile. It is like Leeds mixed with Preston, 'and flavoured with New Brighton. Only, instead of 'smoke and fog, there is an exquisitely bright light air.' 'Cambridge is exactly as I left it,' he wrote to me. 'Boston more mercantile, and much larger. The hotel I 'formerly stayed at, and thought a very big one, is now 'regarded as a very small affair. I do not yet notice— 'but a day, you know, is not a long time for observation! '—any marked change in character or habits. In this 'immense hotel I live very high up, and have a hot and 'cold bath in my bed room, with other comforts not in 'existence in my former day. The cost of living is 'enormous.' 'Two of the staff are at New York,' he wrote to his sister-in-law on the 25th of November, 'where we 'are at our wits' end how to keep tickets out of the hands 'of speculators. We have communications from all parts 'of the country, but we take no offer whatever. The young 'under-graduates of Cambridge have made a representa- 'tion to Longfellow that they are 500 strong and cannot 'get one ticket. I don't know what is to be done, but I 'suppose I must read there, somehow. We are all in the 'clouds until I shall have broken ground in New York.'

Changes since 1842.

i. 279.

Speculators.

Cambridge under-graduates.

AMERICA: 1867.

The sale of tickets, there, had begun two days before the first reading in Boston. 'At the New York barriers,' he wrote to his daughter on the first of December, 'where 'the tickets were on sale and the people ranged as at the 'Paris theatres, speculators went up and down offering 'twenty dollars for any body's place. The money was in 'no case accepted. But one man sold two tickets for the 'second, third, and fourth nights; his payment in exchange 'being one ticket for the first night, fifty dollars (about '£7 10*s.*), and a "brandy cock-tail."'

Sale of tickets in New York.

On Monday the second of December he read for the first time in Boston, his subjects being the *Carol* and the *Trial from Pickwick;* and his reception, from an audience than which perhaps none more remarkable could have been brought together, went beyond all expectations formed. "It is really impossible,' he wrote to me next morning, 'to "exaggerate the magnificence of the reception or the effect "of the reading. The whole city will talk of nothing else "and hear of nothing else to-day. Every ticket for those "announced here, and in New York, is sold. All are sold "at the highest price, for which in our calculation we made "no allowance; and it is impossible to keep out speculators "who immediately sell at a premium. At the decreased "rate of money even, we had above £450 English in the "house last night; and the New York hall holds 500 people "more. Everything looks brilliant beyond the most sanguine hopes, and I was quite as cool last night as though I were reading at Chatham.' The next night he read again; and also on Thursday and Friday; on Wednesday he had rested; and on Saturday he travelled to New York.

First Boston Reading:

effect of it.

AMERICA: 1867.

Profits.

He had written, the day before he left, that he was making a clear profit of thirteen hundred pounds English a week, even allowing seven dollars to the pound; but words were added having no good omen in them, that the weather was taking a turn of even unusual severity, and that he found the climate, in the suddenness of its changes, 'and the wide

Drawbacks

'leaps they take,' excessively trying. 'The work is of course 'rather trying too; but the sound position that everything 'must be subservient to it enables me to keep aloof from 'invitations. To-morrow,' ran the close of the letter, 'we 'move to New York. We cannot beat the speculators in

Troubles from speculators.

'our tickets. We sell no more than six to any one person 'for the course of four readings; but these speculators, 'who sell at greatly increased prices and make large profits, 'will employ any number of men to buy. One of the chief 'of them—now living in this house, in order that he may 'move as we move!—can put on 50 people in any place we 'go to; and thus he gets 300 tickets into his own hands.' Almost while Dickens was writing these words an eye-witness was describing to a Philadelphia paper the sale of

Scene at first New York sales.

the New York tickets. The pay-place was to open at nine on a Wednesday morning, and at midnight of Tuesday a long line of speculators were assembled in *queue;* at two in the morning a few honest buyers had begun to arrive; at five there were, of all classes, two lines of not less than 800 each; at eight there were at least 5000 persons in the two lines; at nine each line was more than three-quarters of a mile in length, and neither became sensibly shorter during the whole morning. 'The tickets for the 'course were all sold before noon. Members of families

'relieved each other in the *queues;* waiters flew across 'the streets and squares from the neighbouring restaurant, 'to serve parties who were taking their breakfast in the 'open December air; while excited men offered five and 'ten dollars for the mere permission to exchange places 'with other persons standing nearer the head of the line!'

America: 1867.

Strange picture.

The effect of the reading in New York corresponded with this marvellous preparation, and Dickens characterised his audience as an unexpected support to him; in its appreciation quick and unfailing, and highly demonstrative in its satisfactions. On the 11th of December he wrote to his daughter: 'Amazing success. A very fine audience, far better than at Boston. *Carol* and *Trial* on first night, great: still greater, *Copperfield* and *Bob Sawyer* on second. For the tickets of the four readings of next week there were, at nine o'clock this morning, 3000 people in waiting, and they had begun to assemble in the bitter cold as early as two o'clock in the morning.' To myself he wrote on the 15th, adding touches to the curious picture. 'Dolby has got into trouble about the manner of issuing the tickets for next week's series. He cannot get four thousand people into a room holding only two thousand, he cannot induce people to pay at the ordinary price for themselves instead of giving thrice as much to speculators, and he is attacked in all directions. . . I don't much like my hall, for it has two large balconies far removed from the platform; but no one ever waylays me as I go into it or come out of it, and it is kept as rigidly quiet as the Français at a rehearsal. We have not yet had in it less than £430 per night, allowing for

First New York reading.

Enthusiasm!

Manager's troubles.

AMERICA: 1867.

the depreciated currency! I send £3000 to England by this packet. From all parts of the States, applications 'and offers continually come in. We go to Boston next 'Saturday for two more readings, and come back here on 'Christmas Day for four more. I am not yet bound to go 'elsewhere, except three times (each time for two nights) 'to Philadelphia; thinking it wisest to keep free for the 'largest places. I have had an action brought against 'me by a man who considered himself injured (and really 'may have been) in the matter of his tickets. Personal 'service being necessary, I was politely waited on by a 'marshal for that purpose; whom I received with the 'greatest courtesy, apparently very much to his amaze-'ment. The action was handsomely withdrawn next day, 'and the plaintiff paid his own costs. . . Dolby hopes 'you are satisfied with the figures so far; the profit each 'night exceeding the estimated profit by £130 odd. He 'is anxious I should also tell you that he is the most un-'popular and best-abused man in America.' Next day a letter to his sister-in-law related an incident too common in American cities to disconcert any but strangers. He had lodged himself, I should have said, at the Westminster Hotel in Irving Place. 'Last night I was getting into bed 'just at 12 o'clock, when Dolby came to my door to inform 'me that the house was on fire. I got Scott up directly; 'told him first to pack the books and clothes for the 'Readings; dressed, and pocketed my jewels and papers; 'while the manager stuffed himself out with money. Mean-'while the police and firemen were in the house tracing the mischief to its source in a certain fire-grate. By

An action against Dickens: handsomely withdrawn.

The most 'unpopular 'man in 'America.'

At Westminster Hotel: Irving Place.

this time the hose was laid all through from a great tank on the roof, and everybody turned out to help. It was the oddest sight, and people had put the strangest things on! After chopping and cutting with axes through stairs, and much handing about of water, the fire was confined to a dining-room in which it had originated; and then everybody talked to everybody else, the ladies being particularly loquacious and cheerful. I may remark that the second landlord (from both, but especially the first, I have had untiring attention) no sooner saw me on this agitating occasion, than, with his property blazing, he insisted on taking me down into a room full of hot smoke, to drink brandy and water with him! And so we got to bed again about 2.'

AMERICA: 1867. — A fire at the hotel.

Dickens had been a week in New York before he was able to identify the great city which a lapse of twenty-five years had so prodigiously increased. 'The only portion that has even now come back to me,' he wrote, 'is the part of Broadway in which the Carlton Hotel (long since destroyed) used to stand. There is a very fine new park in the outskirts, and the number of grand houses and splendid equipages is quite surprising. There are hotels close here with 500 bedrooms and I don't know how many boarders; but this hotel is quite as quiet as, and not much larger than, Mivart's in Brook Street. My rooms are all en suite, and I come and go by a private door and private staircase communicating with my bedroom. The waiters are French, and one might be living in Paris. One of the two proprietors is also proprietor of Niblo's Theatre, and the greatest care is taken of me.

Increase of New York city.

i. 296.

Quiet of the hotel.

AMERICA: 1867.

Niblo's theatre.

'Niblo's great attraction, the *Black Crook*, has now been
'played every night for 16 months (!), and is the most pre-
'posterous peg to hang ballets on that was ever seen. The
'people who act in it have not the slightest idea of what it
'is about, and never had; but, after taxing my intellectual
'powers to the utmost, I fancy that I have discovered Black
'Crook to be a malignant hunchback leagued with the Powers
'of Darkness to separate two lovers; and that the Powers
'of Lightness coming (in no skirts whatever) to the rescue,
'he is defeated. I am quite serious in saying that I do
'not suppose there are two pages of *All the Year Round*
'in the whole piece (which acts all night); the whole of the
'rest of it being ballets of all sorts, perfectly unaccountable
'processions, and the Donkey out of last year's Covent
'Garden pantomime! At the other theatres, comic operas,
melodramas, and domestic dramas prevail all over the
'city, and my stories play no inconsiderable part in them.
'I go nowhere, having laid down the rule that to combine
'visiting with my work would be absolutely impossible. . .
'The Fenian explosion at Clerkenwell was telegraphed here
'in a few hours. I do not think there is any sympathy
'whatever with the Fenians on the part of the American
'people, though political adventurers may make capital
'out of a show of it. But no doubt large sections of the
'Irish population of this State are themselves Fenian;
'and the local politics of the place are in a most depraved
'condition, if half of what is said to me be true. I prefer
'not to talk of these things, but at odd intervals I look
'round for myself. Great social improvements in respect
'of manners and forbearance have come to pass since I

Story of *Black Crook!*

Fenianism.

Local and general politics.

was here before, but in public life I see as yet but little change.' AMERICA: 1867.

He had got through half of his first New York readings when a winter storm came on, and from this time until very near his return the severity of the weather was exceptional even for America. When the first snow fell, the railways were closed for some days; and he described New York crowded with sleighs, and the snow piled up in enormous walls the whole length of the streets. 'I turned out in a rather gorgeous sleigh yesterday with any quantity of buffalo robes, and made an imposing appearance.' 'If you were to behold me driving out,' he wrote to his daughter, 'furred up to the moustache, with an immense white red-and-yellow-striped rug for a covering, you would suppose me to be of Hungarian or Polish nationality.' These protections nevertheless availed him little; and when the time came for getting back to Boston, he found himself at the close of his journey with a cold and cough that never again left him until he had quitted the country, and of which the effects became more and more disastrous. For the present there was little allusion to this, his belief at the first being strong that he should overmaster it; but it soon forced itself into all his letters. Snow storm. Imposing sight. Struck with cold.

His railway journey otherwise had not been agreeable. 'The railways are truly alarming. Much worse (because more worn I suppose) than when I was here before. We were beaten about yesterday, as if we had been aboard the Cuba. Two rivers have to be crossed, and each time the whole train is banged aboard a big steamer. The steamer rises and falls with the river, which the railroad don't do; Railway travelling. i. 317, 349.

America: 1867.

'and the train is either banged up hill or banged dow
'hill. In coming off the steamer at one of these crossing
'yesterday, we were banged up such a height that the ro
'broke, and one carriage rushed back with a run down-hi
'into the boat again. I whisked out in a moment, ar
'two or three others after me; but nobody else seemed

Treatment of luggage.

'care about it. The treatment of the luggage is perfect
'outrageous. Nearly every case I have is already broke
'When we started from Boston yesterday, I beheld, to m
'unspeakable amazement, Scott, my dresser, leaning
'flushed countenance against the wall of the car, and *wee*
'*ing bitterly.* It was over my smashed writing-desk. Y
'the arrangements for luggage are excellent, if the porte
'would not be beyond description reckless.' The sam
excellence of provision, and flinging away of its advantage
are observed in connection with another subject in th
same letter. 'The halls are excellent. Imagine one hol
'ing two thousand people, seated with exact equality fo
'every one of them, and every one seated separately.
'have nowhere, at home or abroad, seen so fine a polic

Police of New York.

'as the police of New York; and their bearing in th
'streets is above all praise. On the other hand, the law
'for regulation of public vehicles, clearing of streets, an
'removal of obstructions, are wildly outraged by the peopl
'for whose benefit they are intended. Yet there is un
'doubtedly improvement in every direction, and I ar
'taking time to make up my mind on things in genera
'Let me add that I have been tempted out at three in th
'morning to visit one of the large police station-house
'and was so fascinated by the study of a horrible pho

tograph-book of thieves' portraits that I couldn't shut it up.' AMERICA: 1867.

A letter of the same date (22nd) to his sister-in-law told f personal attentions awaiting him on his return to Boston y which he was greatly touched. He found his rooms arnished with flowers and holly, with real red berries, and ith festoons of moss; and the homely Christmas look of ne place quite affected him. 'There is a certain Captain Dolliver belonging to the Boston custom-house, who came off in the little steamer that brought me ashore from the Cuba; and he took it into his head that he would have a piece of English mistletoe brought out in this week's Cunard, which should be laid upon my breakfast-table. And there it was this morning. In such affectionate touches as this, these New England people are especially amiable. . . As a general rule you may lay it down that whatever you see about me in the papers is not true; but you may generally lend a more believing ear to the Philadelphia correspondent of the *Times*, a well-informed gentleman. Our hotel in New York was on fire again the other night. But fires in this country are quite matters of course. There was a large one in Boston at four this morning; and I don't think a single night has passed, since I have been under the protection of the Eagle, that I have not heard the Fire Bells dolefully clanging all over both cities.' The violent abuse of his manager by portions of the press is the subject of the rest the letter, and receives farther illustration in one of the me date to me. 'A good specimen of the sort of news- aper you and I know something of, came out in Boston

Again in Boston.

Remembrance of Christmas.

Mistletoe from England.

More fires.

AMERICA: 1867.

'here this morning. The editor had applied for our adve
'tisements, saying that "it was at Mr. D's disposal fo

A nuisance in all countries.

'"paragraphs." The advertisements were not sent; Dolb
'did not enrich its columns paragraphically; and amon
'its news to-day is the item that "this chap calling him
'"self Dolby got drunk down town last night, and wa
'"taken to the police station for fighting an Irishman!"
'am sorry to say that I don't find anybody to be muc
'shocked by this liveliness.' It is right to add what wa
said to me a few days later. 'The *Tribune* is an excellen
'paper. Horace Greeley is editor in chief, and a consider
'able shareholder too. All the people connected with i

As to newspapers generally.

'whom I have seen are of the best class. It is also a very
'fine property—but here the *New York Herald* beats i
'hollow, hollow, hollow! Another able and well edited
'paper is the *New York Times*. A most respectable journa
'too is Bryant's *Evening Post*, excellently written. There
'is generally a much more responsible and respectable tone
'than prevailed formerly, however small may be the lite-
'rary merit, among papers pointed out to me as of large
'circulation. In much of the writing there is certainly
'improvement, but it might be more widely spread.'

Settling the Readings for other cities.

The time had now come when the course his Readings were to take independently of the two leading cities must be settled, and the general tour made out. His agent's original plan was that they should be in New York every week. 'But I say No. By the 10th of January I shall 'have read to 35,000 people in that city alone. Put the 'readings out of the reach of all the people behind them, 'for the time. It is that one of the popular peculiarities

which I most particularly notice, that they must not have a thing too easily. Nothing in the country lasts long; and a thing is prized the more, the less easy it is made. Reflecting therefore that I shall want to close, in April, with farewell readings here and in New York, I am convinced that the crush and pressure upon these necessary to their adequate success is only to be got by absence; and that the best thing I can do is not to give either city as much reading as it wants now, but to be independent of both while both are most enthusiastic. I have therefore resolved presently to announce in New York so many readings (I mean a certain number) as the last that can be given there, before I travel to promised places; and that we select the best places, with the largest halls, on our list. This will include, East here—the two or three best New England towns; South—Baltimore and Washington; West—Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Chicago, and St. Louis; and towards Niagara—Cleveland and Buffalo. Philadelphia we are already pledged to, for six nights; and the scheme will pretty easily bring us here again twice before the farewells. I feel convinced that this is the sound policy.' It was afterwards a little modified, as will be seen, by public occurrences and his own condition of health; the west, as well as a promise to Canada, having to be abandoned; but otherwise it was carried out.) 'I read here tomorrow and Tuesday; all tickets being sold to the end of the series, even for subjects not announced. I have not read a single time at a lower clear profit per night (all deductions made) than £315. But rely upon it I shall take great care not to read oftener than four times a week—

AMERICA: 1867.

Nothing lasts long.

Cities chosen for Readings.

Plan as carried out.

AMERICA: 1867.

'after this next week, when I stand committed to fiv
'The inevitable tendency of the staff, when these gre
Resisting temptation. 'houses excite them, is, in the words of an old friend
'ours, to "hurge the hartist hon;" and a night or two ag
'I had to cut away five readings from *their* list.'

An incident at Boston should have mention before h resumes his readings in New York. In the interval sinc he was first in America, the Harvard professor of chemi try, Dr. Webster, whom he had at that visit met amon the honoured men who held chairs in their Cambridg
The Webster murder in 1849. University, had been hanged for the murder, committe in his laboratory in the college, of a friend who had le him money, portions of whose body lay concealed unde the lid of the lecture-room table where the murderer co
Letter to Lord Lytton. tinued to meet his students. 'Being in Cambridge,' Dicken wrote to Lord Lytton, 'I thought I would go over th
'Medical School, and see the exact localities where Professo
'Webster did that amazing murder, and worked so hard t
'rid himself of the body of the murdered man. (I fin
'there is of course no rational doubt that the Professor wa
'always a secretly cruel man). They were horribly grim
'private, cold, and quiet; the identical furnace smelling fear
'fully (some anatomical broth in it I suppose) as if the bod
Going over scenes of a murder. 'were still there; jars of pieces of sour mortality standin
'about, like the forty robbers in *Ali Baba* after being
'scalded to death; and bodies near us ready to be carrie
'in to next morning's lecture. At the house where
'afterwards dined I heard an amazing and fearful story
'told by one who had been at a dinner-party of ten or
'dozen, at Webster's, less than a year before the murder

They began rather uncomfortably, in consequence of one of the guests (the victim of an instinctive antipathy) starting up with the sweat pouring down his face, and crying out, "O Heaven! There's a cat somewhere in the "room!" The cat was found and ejected, but they didn't get on very well. Left with their wine, they were getting on a little better; when Webster suddenly told the servants to turn the gas off and bring in that bowl of burning minerals which he had prepared, in order that the company might see how ghastly they looked by its weird light. All this was done, and every man was looking, horror-stricken, at his neighbour; when Webster was seen bending over the bowl with a rope round his neck, holding up the end of the rope, with his head on one side and his tongue lolled out, to represent a hanged man!'

America: 1867.

Dinner at the murderer's in 1848.

Disagreeable but appropriate.

Dickens read at Boston on the 23rd and the 24th of December, and on Christmas day travelled back to New York where he was to read on the 26th. The last words written before he left were of illness. 'The low action of the heart, or whatever it is, has inconvenienced me greatly this last week. On Monday night, after the reading, I was laid upon a bed, in a very faint and shady state; and on the Tuesday I did not get up till the afternoon.' But what in reality was less grave took outwardly the form of greater distress; and the effects of the cold which had struck him in travelling to Boston, as yet not known to his English friends, appear most to have alarmed those about him. I depart from my rule in this narrative, otherwise strictly observed, in singling out one of those friends to mention by name: but a business connection with the

Again at New York.

Ante, 274, 280.

Illness.

AMERICA: 1867.

Mr. James T. Fields.

Readings, as well as untiring offices of personal kindnes and sympathy, threw Mr. Fields into closer relations with Dickens from arrival to departure, than any other perso had; and his description of the condition of health in which Dickens now quitted Boston and went through the rest o the labour he had undertaken, will be a sad though fit prelude to what the following chapter has to tell. 'He went 'from Boston to New York carrying with him a severe 'catarrh contracted in our climate. He was quite ill from 'the effects of the disease; but he fought courageously 'against them. . . His spirit was wonderful, and, although 'he lost all appetite and could partake of very little food, he 'was always cheerful and ready for his work when the even- 'ing came round. A dinner was tendered to him by some 'of his literary friends in Boston; but he was so ill the day 'before that the banquet had to be given up. The strain 'upon his strength and nerves was very great during all the 'months he remained, and only a man of iron will could 'have accomplished what he did. He was accustomed to 'talk and write a good deal about eating and drinking, but 'I have rarely seen a man eat and drink less. He liked to 'dilate in imagination over the brewing of a bowl of punch, 'but when the punch was ready he drank less of it than any 'one who might be present. It was the sentiment of the 'thing and not the thing itself that engaged his attention. 'I scarcely saw him eat a hearty meal during his whole stay. 'Both at Parker's hotel in Boston, and at the Westminster 'in New York, everything was arranged by the proprietors 'for his comfort, and tempting dishes to pique his invalid 'appetite were sent up at different hours of the day; but

Account of Dickens while in America.

Illness and abstinence.

'the influenza had seized him with masterful power, and 'held the strong man down till he left the country.' America: 1867.

When he arrived in New York on the evening of Christmas Day he found a letter from his daughter. Answering her next day he told her: 'I wanted it much, for I had a frightful cold (English colds are nothing to those of this country) and was very miserable . . . It is a bad country to be unwell and travelling in. You are one of, say, a hundred people in a heated car with a great stove in it, all the little windows being closed; and the bumping and banging about are indescribable, the atmosphere detestable, the ordinary motion all but intolerable.' The following day this addition was made to the letter. 'I managed to read last night, but it was as much as I could do. To-day I am so very unwell that I have sent for a doctor. He has just been, and is in doubt whether I shall not have to stop reading for a while.' Christmas Day. Miseries of American travel.

His stronger will prevailed, and he went on without stopping. On the last day of the year he announced to us that though he had been very low he was getting right again; that in a couple of days he should have accomplished a fourth of the entire Readings; and that the first month of the new year would see him through Philadelphia and Baltimore, as well as through two more nights in Boston. He also prepared his English friends for the startling intelligence they might shortly expect, of four readings coming off in a church, before an audience of two thousand people accommodated in pews, and with himself emerging from a vestry. Startling prospect.

CHAPTER XVI.

AMERICA REVISITED: JANUARY TO APRIL 1868.

1868.

America: 1868.

THE Reading on the third of January closed a fourth of the entire series, and on that day Dickens wrote of the trouble brought on them by the 'speculators,' which to some extent had affected unfavourably the three previous nights in New York. When adventurers buy up the best places, the public resent it by refusing the worst; to prevent it by first helping themselves, being the last thing they ever think of doing. 'We try to withhold the best 'seats from the speculators, but the unaccountable thing 'is that the great mass of the public buy of them (prefer 'it), and the rest of the public are injured if we have not 'got those very seats to sell them. We have now a travel- 'ling staff of six men, in spite of which Dolby, who is leav- 'ing me to-day to sell tickets in Philadelphia to-morrow 'morning, will no doubt get into a tempest of difficulties. 'Of course also, in such a matter, as many obstacles as pos- 'sible are thrown in an Englishman's way; and he may 'himself be a little injudicious into the bargain. Last 'night, for instance, he met one of the "ushers" (who show 'people to their seats) coming in with one of our men. It

Speculators and the public.

An Englishman's disadvantage and mistakes.

'is against orders that any one employed in front should 'go out during the reading, and he took this man to task 'in the British manner. Instantly, the free and indepen- 'dent usher put on his hat and walked off. Seeing which, 'all the other free and independent ushers (some 20 in 'number) put on *their* hats and walked off; leaving us 'absolutely devoid and destitute of a staff for to-night. 'One has since been improvised: but it was a small matter 'to raise a stir and ill-will about, especially as one of our 'men was equally in fault; and really there is little to be 'done at night. American people are so accustomed to 'take care of themselves, that one of these immense audi- 'ences will fall into their places with an ease amazing to 'a frequenter of St. James's Hall; and the certainty with 'which they are all in, before I go on, is a very acceptable mark of respect. Our great labour is outside; and we have been obliged to bring our staff up to six, besides a boy or two, by employment of a regular additional clerk, a Bostonian. The speculators buying the front-seats (we have found instances of this being done by merchants in good position), the public won't have the back seats; return their tickets; write and print volumes on the subject; and deter others from coming. You are not to suppose that this prevails to any great extent, as our lowest house here has been £300; but it does hit us. There is no doubt about it. Fortunately I saw the danger when the trouble began, and changed the list at the right time. . . You may get an idea of the staff's work, by what is in hand now. They are preparing, numbering, and stamping, 6000 tickets for Philadelphia,

America: 1868.

'Freedom 'and inde- 'pendence.'

Republican self-help.

Receipts affected by specula- tors.

AMERICA: 1868.

Work of the staff.

'and 8000 tickets for Brooklyn. The moment those are 'done, another 8000 tickets will be wanted for Baltimore, 'and probably another 6000 for Washington; and all this in 'addition to the correspondence, advertisements, accounts, 'travelling, and the nightly business of the Readings four 'times a week . . . I cannot get rid of this intolerable cold! 'My landlord invented for me a drink of brandy, rum, and 'snow, called it a "Rocky Mountain Sneezer," and said it 'was to put down all less effectual sneezing; but it has 'not yet had the effect. Did I tell you that the favourite 'drink before you get up is an Eye-Opener? There has 'been another fall of snow, succeeded by a heavy thaw.'

Rocky Mountain Sneezers and Eye-openers.

Again at Boston: 5th Jan.

The day after (the 4th) he went back to Boston, and next day wrote to me: 'I am to read here on Monday 'and Tuesday, return to New York on Wednesday, and 'finish there (except the farewells in April) on Thursday 'and Friday. The New York reading of *Doctor Marigold* 'made really a tremendous hit. The people doubted at 'first, having evidently not the least idea what could be 'done with it, and broke out at last into a perfect chorus 'of delight. At the end they made a great shout, and 'gave a rush towards the platform as if they were going to 'carry me off. It puts a strong additional arrow into my 'quiver. Another extraordinary success has been *Nickleby* 'and *Boots at the Holly Tree* (appreciated here in Boston, 'by the bye, even more than *Copperfield*); and think of 'our last New York night bringing £500 English into the 'house, after making more than the necessary deduction 'for the present price of gold! The manager is always going about with an immense bundle that looks like a

Hit of *Marigold*:

and of *Boots at Holly Tree*.

'sofa-cushion, but is in reality paper-money, and it had risen 'to the proportions of a sofa on the morning he left for 'Philadelphia. Well, the work is hard, the climate is hard, 'the life is hard: but so far the gain is enormous. My 'cold steadily refuses to stir an inch. It distresses me 'greatly at times, though it is always good enough to leave 'me for the needful two hours. I have tried allopathy, homœopathy, cold things, warm things, sweet things, bitter things, stimulants, narcotics, all with the same result. Nothing will touch it.'

AMERICA: 1868.

The work and the gain.

In the same letter, light was thrown on the ecclesiastical mystery. 'At Brooklyn I am going to read in Mr. Ward Beecher's chapel: the only building there available for the purpose. You must understand that Brooklyn is a kind of sleeping-place for New York, and is supposed to be a great place in the money way. We let the seats pew by pew! the pulpit is taken down for my screen and gas! and I appear out of the vestry in canonical form! These ecclesiastical entertainments come off on the evenings of the 16th, 17th, 20th, and 21st, of the present month.'

Chapel readings.

His first letter after returning to New York (9th of January) made additions to the Brooklyn picture. 'Each evening an enormous ferry-boat will convey me and my state-carriage (not to mention half a dozen wagons and any number of people and a few score of horses) across the river to Brooklyn, and will bring me back again. The sale of tickets there was an amazing scene. The noble army of speculators are now furnished (this is literally true, and I am quite serious) each man with a straw mattress, a little bag of bread and meat, two blankets, and a bottle of whiskey. With

To and from Brooklyn.

Equipment of speculators.

AMERICA: 1868.

'this outfit, *they lie down in line on the pavement* the 'whole of the night before the tickets are sold: generally 'taking up their position at about 10. It being severely 'cold at Brooklyn, they made an immense bonfire in the 'street—a narrow street of wooden houses—which the 'police turned out to extinguish. A general fight then took 'place; from which the people farthest off in the line 'rushed bleeding when they saw any chance of ousting 'others nearer the door, put their mattresses in the spots so 'gained, and held on by the iron rails. At 8 in the morning 'Dolby appeared with the tickets in a portmanteau. He 'was immediately saluted with a roar of Halloa! Dolby! 'So Charley has let you have the carriage, has he, Dolby? 'How is he, Dolby? Don't drop the tickets, Dolby! Look 'alive, Dolby! &c. &c. &c. in the midst of which he proceeded 'to business, and concluded (as usual) by giving universal 'dissatisfaction. He is now going off upon a little journey 'to look over the ground and cut back again. This little 'journey (to Chicago) is twelve hundred miles on end, by 'railway, besides the back again!' It might tax the Englishman, but was nothing to the native American. It was part of his New York landlord's ordinary life in a week, Dickens told me, to go to Chicago and look at his theatre there on a Monday; to pelt back to Boston and look at his theatre there on a Thursday; and to come rushing to New York on a Friday, to apostrophize his enormous ballet.

Bonfire in a street of wood.

Salutations to manager

A small journey!

Nothing to a native American.

12th Jan. Three days later, still at New York, he wrote to his sister-in-law. 'I am off to Philadelphia this evening for 'the first of three visits of two nights each, tickets for all 'being sold. My cold steadily refuses to leave me, but

otherwise I am as well as I can hope to be under this heavy work. My New York readings are over (except the farewell nights), and I look forward to the relief of being out of my hardest hall. On Friday I was again dead beat at the end, and was once more laid upon a sofa. But the faintness went off after a little while. We have now cold bright frosty weather, without snow; the best weather for me.' Next day from Philadelphia he wrote to his daughter that he was lodged in The Continental, one of the most immense of American hotels, but that he found himself just as quiet as elsewhere. 'Everything is very good, my waiter is German, and the greater part of the servants seem to be coloured people. The town is very clean, and the day as blue and bright as a fine Italian day. But it freezes very very hard, and my cold is not improved; for the cars were so intolerably hot that I was often obliged to stand upon the brake outside, and then the frosty air bit me indeed. I find it necessary (so oppressed am I with this American catarrh as they call it) to dine at three o'clock instead of four, that I may have more time to get voice; so that the days are cut short and letter-writing not easy.'

AMERICA: 1868. Faintness. At Philadelphia. Sufferings.

He nevertheless found time in this city to write to me (4th of January) the most interesting mention he had yet made of such opinions as he had been able to form during his present visit, apart from the pursuit that absorbed him. Of such of those opinions as were given in a former page, it is only necessary to repeat that while the tone of party politics still impressed him unfavourably, he had thus far seen everywhere great changes for the better

ii. 18.

AMERICA : 1868.

socially. I will add other points from the same letter That he was unfortunate in his time of visiting New York

Changes for the better.

as far as its politics were concerned, what has since happened conclusively shows. 'The Irish element is acquiring 'such enormous influence in New York city, that when I 'think of it, and see the large Roman Catholic cathedral 'rising there, it seems unfair to stigmatise as "American" 'other monstrous things that one also sees. But the general

Irish element in New York.

'corruption in respect of the local funds appears to be stupendous, and there is an alarming thing as to some of 'the courts of law which I am afraid is native-born. A 'case came under my notice the other day in which it was 'perfectly plain, from what was said to me by a person interested in resisting an injunction, that his first proceeding

Looking up the judges.

'had been to "look up the Judge."' Of such occasional provincial oddity, harmless in itself but strange in large cities, as he noticed in the sort of half disappointment at the small fuss made by himself about the Readings, and in

ii. 18.

the newspaper references to 'Mr. Dickens's extraordinary 'composure' on the platform, he gives an illustration 'Last night here in Philadelphia (my first night), a very 'impressible and responsive audience were so astounded 'by my simply walking in and opening my book that I 'wondered what was the matter. They evidently thought 'that there ought to have been a flourish, and Dolby sent 'in to prepare for me. With them it is the simplicity of 'the operation that raises wonder. With the newspapers '"Mr. Dickens's extraordinary composure" is not reasoned 'out as being necessary to the art of the thing, but is sensitively watched with a lurking doubt whether it may not

mply disparagement of the audience. Both these things trike me as drolly expressive.' . . .

AMERICA: 1868.

His testimony as to improved social habits and ways was xpressed very decidedly. 'I think it reasonable to expect hat as I go westward, I shall find the old manners going n before me, and may tread upon their skirts mayhap. But so far, I have had no more intrusion or boredom than have when I lead the same life in England. I write his in an immense hotel, but I am as much at peace in my wn rooms, and am left as wholly undisturbed, as if I were t the Station Hotel in York. I have now read in New ork city to 40,000 people, and am quite as well known n the streets there as I am in London. People will turn ack, turn again and face me, and have a look at me, or ill say to one another "Look here! Dickens coming!" ut no one ever stops me or addresses me. Sitting read- ng in the carriage outside the New York post-office while ne of the staff was stamping the letters inside, I be- ame conscious that a few people who had been looking t the turn-out had discovered me within. On my peep- ng out good-humouredly, one of them (I should say a erchant's book-keeper) stepped up to the door, took off is hat, and said in a frank way: "Mr. Dickens, I should very much like to have the honour of shaking hands with you"—and, that done, presented two others. Nothing ould be more quiet or less intrusive. In the railway rs, if I see anybody who clearly wants to speak to me, usually anticipate the wish by speaking myself. If I m standing on the brake outside (to avoid the intoler- ble stove), people getting down will say with a smile:

Improved social ways.

No intrusiveness.

In railway cars.

AMERICA: 1868.

'"As I am taking my departure, Mr. Dickens, and can
'"trouble you for more than a moment, I should like t
'"take you by the hand sir." And so we shake hand
In the halls. 'and go our ways. . . Of course many of my impressior
'come through the readings. Thus I find the people lighte
'and more humorous than formerly; and there must b
'a great deal of innocent imagination among every class, c
'they never could pet with such extraordinary pleasure a
'they do, the Boots' story of the elopement of the two littl
'children. They seem to see the children; and the wome
'set up a shrill undercurrent of half-pity and half-pleasur
'that is quite affecting. To-night's reading is my 26th
'but as all the Philadelphia tickets for four more are sol
'as well as four at Brooklyn, you must assume that I ar
'at—say—my 35th reading. I have remitted to Coutts'
Result of 34 Readings. 'in English gold £10,000 odd; and I roughly calculat
'that on this number Dolby will have another thousan
'pounds profit to pay me. These figures are of cours
'between ourselves, at present; but are they not magnif
'cent? The expenses, always recollect, are enormou
Indisputable evidence! 'On the other hand we never have occasion to print
'bill of any sort (bill-printing and posting are great charge
'at home); and have just now sold off £90 worth of bil
'paper, provided beforehand, as a wholly useless incum
'brance.'

Shadow to the sunshine. Then came, as ever, the constant shadow that still at
tended him, the slave in the chariot of his triumph. 'Th
'work is very severe. There is now no chance of my bein
'rid of this American catarrh until I embark for Englan
'It is very distressing. It likewise happens, not seldom, tha

am so dead beat when I come off that they lay me down a sofa after I have been washed and dressed, and I lie here, extremely faint, for a quarter of an hour. In that me I rally and come right.' One week later from New rk, where he had become due on the 16th for the first his four Brooklyn readings, he wrote to his sister-in-law. y cold sticks to me, and I can scarcely exaggerate what undergo from sleeplessness. I rarely take any breakst but an egg and a cup of tea—not even toast or bread d butter. My small dinner at 3, and a little quail or me such light thing when I come home at night, is my ily fare; and at the hall I have established the custom taking an egg beaten up in sherry before going in, and other between the parts, which I think pulls me up. . . is snowing hard now, and I begin to move to-morrow. ere is so much floating ice in the river, that we are liged to have a pretty wide margin of time for getting er the ferry to read.' The last of the readings over ferry was on the day when this letter was written. 'I ished at my church to-night. It is Mrs. Stowe's brer's, and a most wonderful place to speak in. We had enormously full last night (*Marigold* and *Trial*), but it rcely required an effort. Mr. Ward Beecher being prent in his pew, I sent to invite him to come round before left. I found him to be an unostentatious, evidently le, straightforward, and agreeable man; extremely well-formed, and with a good knowledge of art.'

Baltimore and Washington were the cities in which he now, on quitting New York, to read for the first time; as to the latter some doubts arose. The exceptional

AMERICA: 1868.

Faintness.

Sleeplessness.

Daily fare.

Church readings.

Mr. Ward Beecher.

AMERICA: 1868.

Arrangements for Washington.

course had been taken in regard to it, of selecting a ha
with space for not more than 700 and charging everybod
five dollars; to which Dickens, at first greatly opposed, ha
yielded upon use of the argument, 'you have more peop
'at New York, thanks to the speculators, paying more tha
'five dollars every night.' But now other suggestions cam
'Horace Greeley dined with me last Saturday,' he wro
on the 20th, 'and didn't like my going to Washingto

A suggestion from Horace Greeley.

'now full of the greatest rowdies and worst kind of peop
'in the States. Last night at eleven came B. expressin
'like doubts; and though they may be absurd I though
'them worth attention, B. coming so close on Greeley.' M
Dolby was in consequence sent express to Washington wit
power to withdraw or go on, as enquiry on the spot migh
dictate; and Dickens took the additional resolve so far t
modify the last arrangements of his tour as to avoid th

Change of plan.

distances of Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, to conten
himself with smaller places and profits, and thereby to ge
home nearly a month earlier. He was at Philadelphi
on the 23rd of January, when he announced this inten
tion. 'The worst of it is, that everybody one advises wit

Chicago dropped.

'has a monomania respecting Chicago. "Good heaven
'"sir," the great Philadelphia authority said to me thi
'morning, "if you don't read in Chicago the people wi
'"go into fits!" Well, I answered, I would rather the
'went into fits than I did. But he didn't seem to see i
'at all.'

At Baltimore.

From Baltimore he wrote to his sister-in-law on the 29th
in the hour's interval he had to spare before going back t
Philadelphia. 'It has been snowing hard for four an

wenty hours—though this place is as far south as Va- AMERICA: 1868.
entia in Spain; and my manager, being on his way to New
ork, has a good chance of being snowed up somewhere.
his is one of the places where Butler carried it with a
igh hand during the war, and where the ladies used to Baltimore women.
pit when they passed a Northern soldier. They are very
andsome women, with an Eastern touch in them, and
ress brilliantly. I have rarely seen so many fine faces
an audience. They are a bright responsive people
kewise, and very pleasant to read to. My hall is a charm- Reading at Baltimore.
g little opera house built by a society of Germans:
uite a delightful place for the purpose. I stand on the
age, with the drop curtain down, and my screen before
The whole scene is very pretty and complete, and the
dience have a "ring" in them that sounds deeper than
e ear. I go from here to Philadelphia, to read to-morrow
ght and Friday; come through here again on Saturday
my way back to Washington; come back here on Movements to and fro.
turday week for two finishing nights; then go to Phila-
lphia for two farewells—and so turn my back on the
uthern part of the country. Our new plan will give 82
adings in all.' (The real number was 76, six having
n dropped on subsequent political excitements.) 'Of
urse I afterwards discovered that we had finally settled
e list on a Friday. I shall be halfway through it at
ashington; of course on a Friday also, and my birthday.'
myself he wrote on the following day from Philadelphia,
inning with a thank Heaven that he had struck off Canada
the West, for he found the wear and tear 'enormous.' End of doubt as to Washington.
lby decided that the croakers were wrong about Wash-

AMERICA: 1868.

'ington, and went on; the rather as his raised prices, whic
'he put finally at three dollars each, gave satisfactio
'Fields is so confident about Boston, that my remaining lis
'includes, in all, 14 more readings there. I don't kno

Success in Philadelphia.

'how many more we might not have had here (where
'have had attentions otherwise that have been very grate
'ful to me), if we had chosen. Tickets are now being re
'sold at ten dollars each. At Baltimore I had a charmin
'little theatre, and a very apprehensive impulsive audience

Ghost of Slavery.

'It is remarkable to see how the Ghost of Slavery haun
'the town; and how the shambling, untidy, evasive, an
'postponing Irrepressible proceeds about his free work, goin
'round and round it, instead of at it. The melancholy ab
'surdity of giving these people votes, at any rate at present
'would glare at one out of every roll of their eyes, chuckl
'in their mouths, and bump in their heads, if one did not se
'(as one cannot help seeing in the country) that their en

Alleged party devices.

'franchisement is a mere party trick to get votes. Being
'at the Penitentiary the other day (this, while we mentio
'votes), and looking over the books, I noticed that almost
'every man had been "pardoned" a day or two before
'his time was up. Why? Because, if he had served his
'time out, he would have been *ipso facto* disfranchised.
'So, this form of pardon is gone through to save his vote
'and as every officer of the prison holds his place only in

Value of a vote.

'right of his party, of course his hopeful clients vote for
'the party that has let them out! . When I read in Mr.
'Beecher's church at Brooklyn, we found the trustees had
'suppressed the fact that a certain upper gallery holding
'150 was "the Coloured Gallery." On the first night

not a soul could be induced to enter it; and it was not until it became known next day that I was certainly not going to read there more than four times, that we managed to fill it. One night at New York, on our second or third row, there were two well-dressed women with a tinge of colour—I should say, not even quadroons. But the holder of one ticket who found his seat to be next them, demanded of Dolby "what he meant by fixing him next to those two Gord darmed cusses of niggers?" and insisted on being supplied with another good place. Dolby firmly replied that he was perfectly certain Mr. Dickens could not recognize such an objection on any account, but he could have his money back, if he chose. Which, after some squabbling, he had. In a comic scene in the New York Circus one night, when I was looking on, four white people sat down upon a form in a barber's shop to be shaved. A coloured man came as the fifth customer, and the four immediately ran away. This was much laughed and applauded. In the Baltimore Penitentiary, the white prisoners dine on one side of the room, the coloured prisoners on the other; and no one has the slightest idea of mixing them. But it is indubitably the fact that the halations not the most agreeable arise from a number of coloured people got together, and I was obliged to beat a sick retreat from their dormitory. I strongly believe that they will die out of this country fast. It seems, looking at them, so manifestly absurd to suppose it possible that they can ever hold their own against a restless, shifty, driving, stronger race.'

AMERICA: 1868.

Objections to coloured people.

Ground for getting your money back.

Successful joke!

But in white dormitories is it not the same?

On the fourth of February he wrote from Washington. At Washington.

AMERICA: 1868.

Washington.

'You may like to have a line to let you know that it is al
'right here, and that the croakers were simply ridiculous.
'began last night. A charming audience, no dissatisfactio
'whatever at the raised prices, nothing missed or lost, cheer
'at the end of the *Carol*, and rounds upon rounds of applaus
'all through. All the foremost men and their families ha

A great success.

'taken tickets for the series of four. A small place to rea
'in. £300 in it.' It will be no violation of the rule of avoid
ing private detail if the very interesting close of this lette
is given. Its anecdote of President Lincoln was repeatedl
told by Dickens after his return, and I am under no neces
sity to withhold from it the authority of Mr. Sumner'
name. 'I am going to-morrow to see the President, wh

With Sumner and Stanton.

'has sent to me twice. I dined with Charles Sumner las
'Sunday, against my rule; and as I had stipulated for n
'party, Mr. Secretary Stanton was the only other guest
'besides his own secretary. Stanton is a man with a ver
'remarkable memory, and extraordinarily familiar with m
'books . . He and Sumner having been the first two publi

President Lincoln's death.

'men at the dying President's bedside, and having remaine
'with him until he breathed his last, we fell into a ver
'interesting conversation after dinner, when, each of them
'giving his own narrative separately, the usual discre
'pancies about details of time were observable. Then M
'Stanton told me a curious little story which will form th
'remainder of this short letter.

Lincoln's last cabinet council.

'On the afternoon of the day on which the Presiden
'was shot, there was a cabinet council at which he pre
'sided. Mr. Stanton, being at the time commander-in-chie
'of the Northern troops that were concentrated abou

AMERICA: 1868.

ıere, arrived rather late. Indeed they were waiting for im, and on his entering the room, the President broke off ı something he was saying, and remarked: "Let us pro- ceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton then noticed, ith great surprise, that the President sat with an air of ignity in his chair instead of lolling about it in the most ngainly attitudes, as his invariable custom was; and that ıstead of telling irrelevant or questionable stories, he was rave and calm, and quite a different man. Mr. Stanton, ı leaving the council with the Attorney-General, said) him, "That is the most satisfactory cabinet meeting I have attended for many a long day! What an extra- ordinary change in Mr. Lincoln!" The Attorney-Gene- l replied, "We all saw it, before you came in. While we were waiting for you, he said, with his chin down on his breast, 'Gentlemen, something very extraordinary is going to happen, and that very soon.'" To which e Attorney-General had observed, "Something good, ir, I hope?" when the President answered very gravely: I don't know; I don't know. But it will happen, and hortly too!" As they were all impressed by his man- r, the Attorney-General took him up again: "Have you eceived any information, sir, not yet disclosed to us?" No," answered the President: "but I have had a dream. And I have now had the same dream three times. Once, n the night preceding the Battle of Bull Run. Once, n the night preceding" such another (naming a battle o not favourable to the North). His chin sank on breast again, and he sat reflecting. "Might one ask ıe nature of this dream, sir?" said the Attorney-

Day of President Lincoln's death.

Altered bearing of the Presi- dent.

Lincoln's dream.

AMERICA: 1868.

President Lincoln.

'General. "Well," replied the President, without lifting
'his head or changing his attitude, "I am on a great broad
'"rolling river—and I am in a boat—and I drift—and I
'"drift!—But this is not business—" suddenly raising his
'face and looking round the table as Mr. Stanton entered,
'"let us proceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton and
'the Attorney-General said, as they walked on together, it
'would be curious to notice whether anything ensued on
'this; and they agreed to notice. He was shot that night.

On his birthday, the seventh of February, Dickens had his interview with President Andrew Johnson. 'This

Interview with President Johnson.

'scrambling scribblement is resumed this morning, because
'I have just seen the President: who had sent to me very
'courteously asking me to make my own appointment. He
'is a man with a remarkable face, indicating courage
'watchfulness, and certainly strength of purpose. It is a
'face of the Webster type, but without the "bounce" of
'Webster's face. I would have picked him out anywhere as
'a character of mark. Figure, rather stoutish for an Ameri-
'can; a trifle under the middle size; hands clasped in front
'of him; manner, suppressed, guarded, anxious. Each of
'us looked at the other very hard. . . . It was in his own

English minister.

'cabinet that I saw him. As I came away, Thornton drove
'up in a sleigh—turned out for a state occasion—to deliver
'his credentials. There was to be a cabinet council at 12.
'The room was very like a London club's ante-drawing
'room. On the walls, two engravings only: one, of his own

An old acquaintance.

'portrait; one, of Lincoln's. . . In the outer room was sitting
'a certain sunburnt General Blair, with many evidences of
'the war upon him. He got up to shake hands with me, and

hen I found that he had been out on the Prairie with me ive-and-twenty years ago. . . The papers having referred o my birthday's falling to-day, my room is filled with most exquisite flowers.* They came pouring in from all sorts f people at breakfast time. The audiences here are really ery fine. So ready to laugh or cry, and doing both so reely, that you would suppose them to be Manchester hillings rather than Washington half-sovereigns. Alas! las! my cold worse than ever.' So he had written too the opening of his letter.

AMERICA: 1868. i. 374–5.

Washington audiences.

The first reading had been four days earlier, and was escribed to his daughter in a letter on the 4th, with a mical incident that occurred in the course of it. 'The as was very defective indeed last night, and I began ith a small speech to the effect that I must trust to the ightness of their faces for the illumination of mine. his was taken greatly. In the *Carol* a most ridiculous ncident occurred. All of a sudden, I saw a dog leap out om among the seats in the centre aisle, and look very ntently at me. The general attention being fixed on ne, I don't think anybody saw this dog; but I felt so ure of his turning up again and barking, that I kept my ye wandering about in search of him. He was a very

Incident at first reading.

One of the audience.

* A few days later he described it to his daughter. 'I couldn't help ughing at myself on my birthday at Washington; it was observed so much though I were a little boy. Flowers and garlands of the most exquisite nd, arranged in all manner of green baskets, bloomed over the room; tters radiant with good wishes poured in; a shirt pin, a handsome silver avelling bottle, a set of gold shirt studs, and a set of gold sleeve links, were the dinner table. Also, by hands unknown, the hall at night was corated; and after *Boots at the Holly Tree*, the whole audience rose and mained, great people and all, standing and cheering, until I went back to e table and made them a little speech.'

Birthday at Washington.

Presents.

AMERICA: 1868.

Comical dog:

'comic dog, and it was well for me that I was reading
'comic part of the book. But when he bounced out int
'the centre aisle again, in an entirely new place, and (stil
'looking intently at me) tried the effect of a bark upon m
'proceedings, I was seized with such a paroxysm of laugh
'ter that it communicated itself to the audience, and w
'roared at one another, loud and long.' Three days late
the sequel came, in a letter to his sister-in-law. 'I men
'tioned the dog on the first night here? Next night, I
'thought I heard (in *Copperfield*) a suddenly-suppressed

Comes to second reading.

'bark. It happened in this wise:—One of our people
'standing just within the door, felt his leg touched, and
'looking down beheld the dog, staring intently at me, and
'evidently just about to bark. In a transport of presence
'of mind and fury, he instantly caught him up in both
'hands, and threw him over his own head, out into the
'entry, where the check-takers received him like a game at

Brings a friend to third.

'ball. Last night he came again, *with another dog;* but
'our people were so sharply on the look-out for him that
'he didn't get in. He had evidently promised to pass the
'other dog, free.'

What is expressed in these letters, of a still active, hopeful, enjoying, energetic spirit, able to assert itself against illness of the body and in some sort to overmaster it, was also so strongly impressed upon those who were with him, that, seeing his sufferings as they did, they yet found it difficult to understand the extent of them. The sadness thus ever underlying his triumph makes it all very tragical. 'That afternoon of my birthday,' he wrote from Baltimore on the 11th, 'my catarrh was in such a state that Charles

Sumner, coming in at five o'clock, and finding me covered with mustard poultice, and apparently voiceless, turned to Dolby and said: "Surely, Mr. Dolby, it is impossible that "he can read to-night!" Says Dolby: "Sir, I have told "Mr. Dickens so, four times to-day, and I have been very "anxious. But you have no idea how he will change, "when he gets to the little table." After five minutes of the little table I was not (for the time) even hoarse. The frequent experience of this return of force when it is wanted, saves me a vast amount of anxiety; but I am not at times without the nervous dread that I may some day sink altogether.' To the same effect in another letter e adds: 'Dolby and Osgood' (the latter represented the ublishing firm of Mr. Fields and was one of the travelling taff), 'who do the most ridiculous things to keep me in spirits* (I am often very heavy, and rarely sleep much), are determined to have a walking match at Boston on the last day of February to celebrate the arrival of the day when I can say "*next* month!" for home.' The match nded in the Englishman's defeat; which Dickens doubly ommemorated, by a narrative of the American victory in porting-newspaper style, and by a dinner in Boston to a arty of dear friends there.

AMERICA: 1868.

Incident before a Reading.

Virtue of the little table.

Proposed walking-match.

29th of February.

After Baltimore he was reading again at Philadelphia, rom which he wrote to his sister-in-law on the 13th as to characteristic trait observed in both places. 'Nothing

* Mr. Dolby unconsciously contributed at this time to the same happy result sending out some advertisements in these exact words: 'The Reading will be comprised within *two minutes*, and the audience are earnestly entreated to be seated *ten hours* before its commencement.' He had transposed the inutes and the hours.

Modest entreaty.

AMERICA: 1868.

No belief in farewells.

'will induce the people to believe in the farewells. A
'Baltimore on Tuesday night (a very brilliant nigh
'indeed), they asked as they came out: "When will Mr
'"Dickens read here again?" "Never." "Nonsense
'"Not come back, after such houses as these? Come
'"Say when he'll read again." Just the same here. We
'could as soon persuade them that I am the President, as
'that to-morrow night I am going to read here for the last

In his hotel at Philadelphia.

'time. . . There is a child in this house—a little girl—to
'whom I presented a black doll when I was here last; and as
'I have just seen her eye at the keyhole since I began writ-
'ing this, I think she and the doll must be outside still.
'"When you sent it up to me by the coloured boy," she
'said after receiving it (coloured boy is the term for black
'waiter), "I gave such a cream that Ma come running in

A scream of joy.

'"and creamed too, 'cos she fort I'd hurt myself. But I
'"creamed a cream of joy." She had a friend to play
'with her that day, and brought the friend with her—to
'my infinite confusion. A friend all stockings and much
'too tall, who sat on the sofa very far back with her
'stockings sticking stiffly out in front of her, and glared

Disconcerting visitor.

'at me, and never spake a word. Dolby found us con-
'fronted in a sort of fascination, like serpent and bird.'

On the 15th he was again at New York, in the thick of more troubles with the speculators. They involved even charges of fraud in ticket-sales at Newhaven and Providence; indignation meetings having been held by the Mayors, and unavailing attempts made by his manager to turn the wrath aside. 'I expect him back here presently half
'bereft of his senses, and I should be wholly bereft of mine

f the situation were not comical as well as disagreeable. We can sell at our own box-office to any extent; but we annot buy back of the speculators, because we have informed the public that all the tickets are gone; and ven if we made the sacrifice of buying at their price and elling at ours, we should be accused of treating with nem and of making money by it.' It ended in Providence his going himself to the town and making a speech; d in Newhaven it ended by his sending back the money ken, with intimation that he would not read until ere had been a new distribution of the tickets approved all the town. Fresh disturbance broke out upon this; t he stuck to his determination to delay the reading til the heats had cooled down, and what should have en given in the middle of February he did not give until close of March.

AMERICA: 1868.

More troubles from speculators.

Providence and Newhaven. i. 294-6.

The Readings he had promised at the smaller outng places by the Canadian frontier and Niagara district, luding Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo, were appointed that same March month which was to be the interval ween the close of the ordinary readings and the ewells in the two leading cities. All that had been mised in New York were closed when he returned Boston on the 23rd of February, ready for the increase had promised there; but the check of a sudden political itement came. It was the month when the vote was en for impeachment of President Johnson. 'It is well' th of February) 'that the money has flowed in hitherto fast, for I have a misgiving that the great excitement out the President's impeachment will damage our re-

North-west tour.

Return to Boston.

President's impeachment.

AMERICA: 1868.

Political excitement.

Nothing lasts long.

Boston audiences.

The *Carol* in Boston. 27th Feb.

'ceipts . . . The vote was taken at 5 last night. At 7 t
'three large theatres here, all in a rush of good busine
'were stricken with paralysis. At 8 our long line of ou
'siders waiting for unoccupied places, was nowhere. To-d
'you hear all the people in the streets talking of only o
'thing. I shall suppress my next week's promised readin
'(by good fortune, not yet announced), and watch the cour
'of events. Nothing in this country, as I before said, las
'long; and I think it likely that the public may be hearti
'tired of the President's name by the 9th of March, whe
'I read at a considerable distance from here. So beho
'me with a whole week's holiday in view!' Two days lat
he wrote pleasantly to his sister-in-law of his audience
'They have come to regard the Readings and the Read
'as their peculiar property; and you would be both amuse
'and pleased if you could see the curious way in whic
'they show this increased interest in both. Whenever the
'laugh or cry, they have taken to applauding as well; an
'the result is very inspiriting. I shall remain here unt
'Saturday the 7th; but after to-morrow night shall not rea
'here until the 1st of April, when I begin my farewells—
'six in number.' On the 28th he wrote: 'To-morro
'fortnight we purpose being at the Falls of Niagara, an
'then we shall come back and really begin to wind up.
'have got to know the *Carol* so well that I can't remembe
'it, and occasionally go dodging about in the wilde
'manner, to pick up lost pieces. They took it so tremen
'dously last night that I was stopped every five minute
'One poor young girl in mourning burst into a passion
'grief about Tiny Tim, and was taken out. We had a fin

ouse, and, in the interval while I was out, they covered he little table with flowers. The cough has taken a fresh tart as if it were a novelty, and is even worse than ver to-day. There is a lull in the excitement about the resident: but the articles of impeachment are to be roduced this afternoon, and then it may set in again. sgood came into camp last night from selling in remote laces, and reports that at Rochester and Buffalo (both laces near the frontier), tickets were bought by Canada eople, who had struggled across the frozen river and clam-ered over all sorts of obstructions to get them. Some of ose distant halls turn out to be smaller than represented; ut I have no doubt—to use an American expression—that e shall "get along." The second half of the receipts can-t reasonably be expected to come up to the first; political rcumstances, and all other surroundings, considered.'

America: 1868.

Struggle for tickets in remote places.

His old ill luck in travel pursued him. On the day his er was written a snow-storm began, with a heavy gale wind; and 'after all the hard weather gone through,' wrote on the 2nd of March, 'this is the worst day we ve seen. It is telegraphed that the storm prevails over immense extent of country, and is just the same at icago as here. I hope it may prove a wind up. We are tting sick of the very sound of sleigh-bells even.' The ds were so bad and the trains so much out of time, that had to start a day earlier; and on the 6th of March his north-west began, with the gale still blowing and the v falling heavily. On the 13th he wrote to me from falo.

Another snow-storm.

We go to the Falls of Niagara to-morrow for our own

AMERICA: 1868.

At Rochester.

'pleasure; and I take all the men, as a treat. We four
'Rochester last Tuesday in a very curious state. Perha
'you know that the Great Falls of the Genessee Riv
'(really very fine, even so near Niagara) are at that plac
'In the height of a sudden thaw, an immense bank of i

Town threatened:

'above the rapids refused to yield; so that the town w
'threatened (for the second time in four years) with su
'mersion. Boats were ready in the streets, all the peop
'were up all night, and none but the children slept. I
'the dead of the night a thundering noise was heard, th
'ice gave way, the swollen river came raging and roarin

and saved.

'down the Falls, and the town was safe. Very pictu
'resque! but "not very good for business," as the manag
'says. Especially as the hall stands in the centre
'danger, and had ten feet of water in it on the last occ
'sion of flood. But I think we had above £200 Englis

At Syracuse:

'On the previous night at Syracuse—a most out of th
'way and unintelligible-looking place, with apparently n

and Buffalo.

'people in it—we had £375 odd. Here, we had last nigh
'and shall have to-night, whatever we can cram into th
'hall.

'This Buffalo has become a large and important town
'with numbers of German and Irish in it. But it is ver
'curious to notice, as we touch the frontier, that the Amer

American female beauty.

'can female beauty dies out; and a woman's face clumsil
'compounded of German, Irish, Western America, an
'Canadian, not yet fused together, and not yet moulde
'obtains instead. Our show of Beauty at night is, gene
'rally, remarkable; but we had not a dozen pretty wome
'in the whole throng last night, and the faces were all blun

have just been walking about, and observing the same ing in the streets. . . The winter has been so severe, that e hotel on the English side at Niagara (which has the st view of the Falls, and is for that reason very prefer- le) is not yet open. So we go, perforce, to the American : hich telegraphs back to our telegram: "all Mr. Dickens's requirements perfectly understood." I have not yet en in more than two *very bad* inns. I have been in me, where a good deal of what is popularly called "slop- ping round" has prevailed; but have been able to get on ry well. "Slopping round," so used, means untidyness d disorder. It is a comically expressive phrase, and s many meanings. Fields was asking the price of a arter-cask of sherry the other day. "Wa'al Mussr Fields," the merchant replies, "that varies according to quality, as is but nay'tral. If yer wa'ant a sherry just o slop round with it, I can fix you some at a very low igger."'

Severity of the winter.

'Slopping 'round.'

Sherry to slop round with.

His letter was resumed at Rochester on the 18th. 'After o most brilliant days at the Falls of Niagara, we got ck here last night. To-morrow morning we turn out 6 for a long railway journey back to Albany. But is nearly all "back" now, thank God! I don't know w long, though, before turning, we might have gone on Buffalo. . . We went everywhere at the Falls, and saw em in every aspect. There is a suspension bridge ross, now, some two miles or more from the Horse oe; and another, half a mile nearer, is to be opened in ly. They are very fine but very ticklish, hanging aloft ere, in the continual vibration of the thun lering water :

Suspension bridge at Niagara.

America: 1868.

At Niagara.

'nor is one greatly reassured by the printed notice th
'troops must not cross them at step, that bands
'music must not play in crossing, and the like. I sha
'never forget the last aspect in which we saw Niagar
'yesterday. We had been everywhere, when I thought
'struggling (in an open carriage) up some very difficu
'ground for a good distance, and getting where we coul
'stand above the river, and see it, as it rushes forward to it
'tremendous leap, coming for miles and miles. All awa
'to the horizon on our right was a wonderful confusio

Final impression of the Falls.

'of bright green and white water. As we stood watch
'ing it with our faces to the top of the Falls, our back
'were towards the sun. The majestic valley below th
'Falls, so seen through the vast cloud of spray, was mad
'of rainbow. The high banks, the riven rocks, the forests
'the bridge, the buildings, the air, the sky, were all mad
'of rainbow. Nothing in Turner's finest water-colou
'drawings, done in his greatest day, is so ethereal, so imagi
'native, so gorgeous in colour, as what I then beheld.
'seemed to be lifted from the earth and to be looking int

i. 385-6.

'Heaven. What I once said to you, as I witnessed th
'scene five and twenty years ago, all came back at thi
'most affecting and sublime sight. The "muddy vestur
'" of our clay" falls from us as we look. . . . I chartered a
'separate carriage for our men, so that they might see al
'in their own way, and at their own time.

Prospects of travel. 18th Feb.

'There is a great deal of water out between Rochester
'and New York, and travelling is very uncertain, as I fea
'we may find to-morrow. There is again some little alarm
'here on account of the river rising too fast. But our to-

ight's house is far ahead of the first. Most charming halls in these places; excellent for sight and sound. Almost invariably built as theatres, with stage, scenery, and good dressing-rooms. Audience seated to perfection (every seat always separate), excellent doorways and passages, and brilliant light. My screen and gas are set up in front of the drop-curtain, and the most delicate touches will tell anywhere. No creature but my own men ever near me.' His anticipation of the uncertainty that might beset his travel back had dismal fulfilment. It is described in a letter written on the 21st from Springfield to his valued friend, Mr. Frederic Ouvry, having much interest of its own, and making lively addition to the picture which these chapters give. The unflagging spirit that bears up under all disadvantages is again marvellously shown. 'You can hardly imagine what my life is with its present conditions—how hard the work is, and how little time I seem to have at my disposal. It is necessary to the daily recovery of my voice that I should dine at 3 when not travelling; I begin to prepare for the evening at 6; and I get back to my hotel, pretty well knocked up, at half-past 9. Add to all this, perpetual railway travelling in one of the severest winters ever known; and you will descry reason or two for my being an indifferent correspondent. Last Sunday evening I left the Falls of Niagara for this and two intervening places. As there was a great thaw, and the melted snow was swelling all the rivers, the whole country for three hundred miles was flooded. On the Tuesday afternoon (I had read on the Monday) the train drove in, as under circumstances utterly hopeless, and

AMERICA: 1868.

At Rochester.

Letter to Mr. Ouvry.

Way of life.

Country flooded.

America: 1868.

'stopped at a place called Utica; the greater part of whic
'was under water, while the high and dry part coul

At Utica.

'produce nothing particular to eat. Here, some of th
'wretched passengers passed the night in the train, whi
'others stormed the hotel. I was fortunate enough to ge
'a bed-room, and garnished it with an enormous jug of gi
'punch; over which I and the manager played a doubl
'dummy rubber. At six in the morning we were knocke
'up: "to come aboard and try it." At half-past six w
'were knocked up again with the tidings "that it was
'"no use coming aboard or trying it." At eight all th
'bells in the town were set agoing, to summon us to "com

Through the water.

'"aboard" instantly. And so we started, through the wate
'at four or five miles an hour; seeing nothing but drowne
'farms, barns adrift like Noah's arks, deserted village
'broken bridges, and all manner of ruin. I was to rea
'at Albany that night, and all the tickets were sold.
'very active superintendent of works assured me that if

Getting along!

'could be "got along," he was the man to get me along
'and that if I couldn't be got along, I might conclude tha
'it couldn't possibly be fixed. He then turned on
'hundred men in seven-league boots, who went ahead o
'the train, each armed with a long pole and pushing th
'blocks of ice away. Following this cavalcade, we got t
'land at last, and arrived in time for me to read the *Caro*
'and *Trial* triumphantly. My people (I had five of th

Reading at Albany.

'staff with me) turned to at their work with a will, and
'did a day's labour in a couple of hours. If we had no
'come in as we did, I should have lost £350, and Albany
'would have gone distracted. You may conceive wha

...SLEY COLLEGE

AMERICA: 1868.

the flood was, when I hint at the two most notable incidents of our journey:—1, We took the passengers out of two trains, who had been in the water, immovable all night and all the previous day. 2, We released a large quantity of sheep and cattle from trucks that had been in the water I don't know how long, but so long that the creatures in them had begun to eat each other, and presented a most horrible spectable.'*

Incidents of the flood.

Beside Springfield, he had engagements at Portland, New Bedford, and other places in Massachusetts, before ne Boston farewells began; and there wanted but two ays to bring him to that time, when he thus described to is daughter the labour which was to occupy them. His tter was from Portland on the 29th of March, and it will e observed that he no longer compromises or glozes over hat he was and had been suffering. During his terrible avel to Albany his cough had somewhat spared him, but ne old illness had broken out in his foot; and, though he ersisted in ascribing it to the former supposed origin having been lately again wet, from walking in melted now, which I suppose to be the occasion of its swelling in he old way'), it troubled him sorely, extended now at invals to the right foot also, and lamed him for all the time remained in the States. 'I should have written to you y the last mail, but I really was too unwell to do it. The

New England engagements.

Again attacked by lameness. *Ante*, 272. *Post*, 477–8.

* What follows is from the close of the letter. 'On my return, I have ranged with Chappell to take my leave of reading for good and all, in a undred autumnal and winter Farewells *for ever*. I return by the Cunard eam-ship "Russia." I had the second officer's cabin on deck, when I came out; nd I am to have the chief steward's going home. Cunard was so considerate to remember that it will be on the sunny side of the vessel.'

'For ever.

America: 1868.

Reading at New Bedford.

'writing day was last Friday, when I ought to have le
'Boston for New Bedford (55 miles) before eleven in th
'morning. But I was so exhausted that I could not l
'got up, and had to take my chance of an evening train
'producing me in time to read—which it just did. Wit
'the return of snow, nine days ago, my cough became
'bad as ever. I have coughed every morning from two
'three till five or six, and have been absolutely sleeples

Illness.

'I have had no appetite besides, and no taste.* Last nigh
'here, I took some laudanum; and it is the only thing tha
'has done me good, though it made me sick this mornin
'But the life, in this climate, is so very hard! When
'did manage to get to New Bedford, I read with m
'utmost force and vigour. Next morning, well or ill, I mus
'turn out at seven, to get back to Boston on my way her

Exertion.

'I dined at Boston at three, and at five had to come on her
'(a hundred and thirty miles or so) for to-morrow night
'there being no Sunday train. To-morrow night I read her
'in a very large place; and Tuesday morning at six I mus
'again start, to get back to Boston once more. But after to
'morrow night I have only the farewells, thank God! Eve
'as it is, however, I have had to write to Dolby (who is i
'New York) to see my doctor there, and ask him to send m

* Here was his account of his mode of living for his last ten weeks i America. 'I cannot eat (to anything like the necessary extent) and ha 'established this system. At 7 in the morning, in bed, a tumbler of ne 'cream and two tablespoonsful of rum. At 12, a sherry cobbler and a bi

Sick diet.

'cuit. At 3 (dinner time) a pint of champagne. At five minutes to 8, a 'egg beaten up with a glass of sherry. Between the parts, the strongest be 'tea that can be made, drunk hot. At a quarter past 10, soup, and any litt 'thing to drink that I can fancy. I do not eat more than half a pound 'solid food in the whole four-and-twenty hours, if so much.'

some composing medicine that I can take at night, inasmuch as without sleep I cannot get through. However sympathetic and devoted the people are about one, they CAN NOT be got to comprehend, seeing me able to do the two hours when the time comes round, that it may also involve much misery.' To myself on the 30th he wrote rom the same place, making like confession. No comment could deepen the sadness of the story of suffering, evealed in his own simple language. 'I write in a town three parts of which were burnt down in a tremendous fire three years ago. The people lived in tents while their city was rebuilding. The charred trunks of he trees with which the streets of the old city were planted, yet stand here and there in the new thoroughfares like black spectres. The rebuilding is still in progress everywhere. Yet such is the astonishing energy of he people that the large hall in which I am to read tonight (its predecessor was burnt) would compare very favourably with the Free Trade Hall at Manchester! . . . I am nearly used up. Climate, distance, catarrh, travelling, and hard work, have begun (I may say so, now they are nearly all over) to tell heavily upon me. Sleeplessness besets me; and if I had engaged to go on into May, I think I must have broken down. It was well that I cut off the Far West and Canada when I did. There would else have been a sad complication. It is impossible to make he people about one understand, however zealous and devoted (it is impossible even to make Dolby understand until the pinch comes), that the power of coming up to he mark every night, with spirits and spirit, may coexist

AMERICA: 1868.

Sleeplessness.

Portland burnt and rebuilt.

'Nearly 'used up.'

Seeing prevents believing.

AMERICA: 1868.

'with the nearest approach to sinking under it. When
'got back to Boston on Thursday, after a very hard thre
'weeks, I saw that Fields was very grave about my goin
'on to New Bedford (55 miles) next day, and then comin
'on here (180 miles) *next* day. But the stress is ove
'and so I can afford to look back upon it, and think abou
'it, and write about it.' On the 31st he closed hi
letter at Boston, and he was at home when I heard of hir
again. 'The latest intelligence, my dear old fellow, is, tha
'I have arrived here safely, and that I am certainly bette

Work virtually over.

'I consider my work virtually over, now. My impressio
'is, that the political crisis will damage the farewells b
'about one half. I cannot yet speak by the card; but m
'predictions here, as to our proceedings, have thus far bee
'invariably right. We took last night at Portland, £36
'English; where a costly Italian troupe, using the same hal
'to-night, had not booked £14! It is the same all ove
'the country, and the worst is not seen yet. Everythin
'is becoming absorbed in the Presidential impeachment

Political excitements.

'helped by the next Presidential election. Connecticut i
'particularly excited. The night after I read at Hartfor
'this last week, there were two political meetings in th
'town; meetings of two parties; and the hotel was full o
'speakers coming in from outlying places. So at Newhaven
'the moment I had finished, carpenters came in to prepar
'for next night's politics. So at Buffalo. So everywher
'very soon.'

Farewell readings.

In the same tone he wrote his last letter to his sister in-law from Boston. 'My notion of the farewells is prett
'certain now to turn out right. We had £300 Englis

here last night. To-day is a Fast Day, and to-night we shall probably take much less. Then it is likely that we shall pull up again, and strike a good reasonable average; but it is not at all probable that we shall do anything enormous. Every pulpit in Massachusetts will resound with violent politics to-day and to-night.' That was on the second of April, and a postscript was added. 'Friday afternoon the 3rd. Catarrh worse than ever! and we don't know (at four o'clock) whether I can read to-night or must stop. Otherwise, all well.' AMERICA: 1868.

Dickens's last letter from America was written to his daughter Mary from Boston on the 9th of April, the day before his sixth and last farewell night. 'I not only read last Friday when I was doubtful of being able to do so, but read as I never did before, and astonished the audience quite as much as myself. You never saw or heard such a scene of excitement. Longfellow and all the Cambridge men have urged me to give in. I have been very near doing so, but feel stronger to-day. I cannot tell whether the catarrh may have done me any lasting injury in the lungs or other breathing organs, until I shall have rested and got home. I hope and believe not. Consider the weather! There have been two snow storms since I wrote last, and to-day the town is blotted out in a ceaseless whirl of snow and wind. Dolby is as tender as a woman, and as watchful as a doctor. He never leaves me during the reading, now, but sits at the side of the platform, and keeps his eye upon me all the time. Ditto George the gasman, steadiest and most reliable man I ever employed. I have *Dombey* to do to-night, and must go through it

Last letter from America.

Last Boston readings.

Care and kindness of Mr. Dolby.

Ante, 235-6.

AMERICA: 1868.

'carefully; so here ends my report. The personal affec-
'tion of the people in this place is charming to the last.
'Did I tell you that the New York Press are going to
'give me a public dinner on Saturday the 18th?'

New York farewells.

In New York, where there were five farewell nights, three thousand two hundred and ninety-eight dollars were the receipts of the last, on the 20th of April; those of the last at Boston, on the 8th, having been three thousand four hundred and fifty-six dollars. But on earlier nights in the same cities respectively, these sums also had been reached; and indeed, making allowance for an exceptional night here and there, the receipts varied so wonderfully little, that a mention of the highest average returns from other places will give no exaggerated impression of the ordinary receipts throughout. Excluding fractions of dollars, the lowest were New Bedford ($1640), Rochester ($1906), Springfield ($1970), and Providence ($2140). Albany and Worcester averaged something less than $2400; while Hartford, Buffalo, Baltimore, Syracuse, Newhaven, and Portland rose to $2600. Washington's last night was $2610, no night there having less than $2500. Philadelphia exceeded Washington by $300, and Brooklyn went ahead of Philadelphia by $200. The amount taken at the four Brooklyn readings was 11,128 dollars.

Receipts throughout.

The New York public dinner was given at Delmonico's, the hosts were more than two hundred, and the chair was taken by Mr. Horace Greeley. Dickens attended with great difficulty,* and spoke in pain. But he used

Public dinner to Dickens.

* Here is the newspaper account: 'At about five o'clock on Saturday the
'hosts began to assemble, but at 5.30 news was received that the expected

e occasion to bear his testimony to the changes of America: 1868.
venty-five years; the rise of vast new cities; growth in the
aces and amenities of life; much improvement in the
ess, essential to every other advance; and changes in him-
lf leading to opinions more deliberately formed. He
omised his kindly entertainers that no copy of his *Notes*, A promise which was faithfully redeemed.
his *Chuzzlewit*, should in future be issued by him without
companying mention of the changes to which he had re-
rred that night; of the politeness, delicacy, sweet temper,
spitality, and consideration in all ways for which he had
thank them; and of his gratitude for the respect shown,
uring all his visit, to the privacy enforced upon him by the
ature of his work and the condition of his health.

He had to leave the room before the proceedings were
er. On the following Monday he read to his last American
udience, telling them at the close that he hoped often to
call them, equally by his winter fire and in the green Adieu.
ummer weather, and never as a mere public audience but
a host of personal friends. He sailed two days later in
he 'Russia,' and reached England in the first week of
May 1868.

guest had succumbed to a painful affection of the foot. In a short time, however, another bulletin announced Mr. Dickens's intention to attend the dinner at all hazards. At a little after six, having been assisted up the stairs, he was joined by Mr. Greeley, and the hosts forming in two lines silently permitted the distinguished gentlemen to pass through. Mr. Dickens limped perceptibly; his right foot was swathed, and he leaned heavily on the arm of Mr. Greeley. He evidently suffered great pain.'

CHAPTER XVII.

LAST READINGS.

1868—1870.

London: 1868.

FAVOURABLE weather helped him pleasantly home. He had profited greatly by the sea voyage, perhaps greatly more by its repose; and on the 25th of May he described himself to his Boston friends as brown beyond belief, and causing the greatest disappointment in all quarters by looking so well. 'My doctor was quite broken down in 'spirits on seeing me for the first time last Saturday. '*Good Lord! seven years younger!* said the doctor, re-'coiling.' That he gave all the credit to 'those fine days 'at sea,' and none to the rest from such labours as he had passed through, the close of the letter too sadly showed. 'We are already settling—think of this!—the details of 'my farewell course of readings.'

Health improved.

Project for last readings.

Even on his way out to America that enterprise was in hand. From Halifax he had written to me. 'I told the 'Chappells that when I got back to England, I would 'have a series of farewell readings in town and country; 'and then read No More. They at once offer in writing 'to pay all expenses whatever, to pay the ten per cent. for 'management, and to pay me, for a series of 75, six thou-

and pounds.' The terms were raised and settled before e first Boston readings closed. The number was to be a ındred; and the payment, over and above expenses and r centage, eight thousand pounds. Such a temptation ıdoubtedly was great; and though it was a fatal mis-ke which Dickens committed in yielding to it, it was t an ignoble one. He did it under no excitement from e American gains, of which he knew nothing when he edged himself to the enterprise. No man could care sentially less for mere money than he did. But the cessary provision for many sons was a constant anxiety; was proud of what the Readings had done to abridge is care; and the very strain of them under which it ems certain that his health had first given way, and ıich he always steadily refused to connect especially th them, had also broken the old confidence of being at times available for his higher pursuit. What affected s health only he would not regard as part of the ques-on either way. That was to be borne as the lot more or ss of all men; and the more thorough he could make his ling of independence, and of ability to rest, by what s now in hand, the better his final chances of a perfect covery would be. That was the spirit in which he entered this last engagement. It was an opportunity offered making a particular work really complete before he ould abandon it for ever. Something of it will not be liscernible even in the summary of his past acquisitions, ıich with a pardonable exultation he now sent me.

LONDON: 1868.

Yielding to a temptation.

What the Readings did and undid.

The motive for more.

We had great difficulty in getting our American accounts quared to the point of ascertaining what Dolby's com-

LONDON: 1868.

'mission amounted to in English money. After all, we 'were obliged to call in the aid of a money-changer, to 'determine what he should pay as his share of the average 'loss of conversion into gold. With this deduction made, 'I think his commission (I have not the figures at hand) 'was £2,888; Ticknor and Fields had a commission of '£1,000, besides 5 per cent on all Boston receipts. The

The expenses in America.

'expenses in America to the day of our sailing were 38,948 'dollars;—roughly 39,000 dollars, or £13,000. The prelimi- 'nary expenses were £614. The average price of gold was 'nearly 40 per cent, and yet my profit was within a hun- 'dred or so of £20,000. Supposing me to have got through 'the present engagement in good health, I shall have made

The gains.

'by the Readings, *in two years*, £33,000: that is to say, '£13,000 received from the Chappells, and £20,000 from 'America. What I had made by them before, I could only 'ascertain by a long examination of Coutts's books. I should

Profit from all the readings.

'say, certainly not less than £10,000: for I remember that 'I made half that money in the first town and country 'compaign with poor Arthur Smith. These figures are of 'course between ourselves; but don't you think them 'rather remarkable? The Chappell bargain began with '£50 a night and everything paid; then became £60; 'and now rises to £80.'

The last readings were appointed to begin with October; and at the request of an old friend, Chauncy Hare Townshend, who died during his absence in the States, he had

Chauncy Townshend's trust.

accepted the trust, which occupied him some part of the summer, of examining and selecting for publication a bequest of some papers on matters of religious belief, which

re issued in a small volume the following year. There me also in June a visit from Longfellow and his daugh- s, with later summer visits from the Eliot Nortons; d at the arrival of friends whom he loved and honoured he did these, from the great country to which he owed much, infinite were the rejoicings of Gadshill. Nothing uld quench his old spirit in this way. But in the inter- ls of my official work I saw him frequently that summer, d never without the impression that America had told avily upon him. There was manifest abatement of s natural force, the elasticity of bearing was impaired, d the wonderful brightness of eye was dimmed at times. ie day, too, as he walked from his office with Miss Hogarth dine at our house, he could read only the halves of e letters over the shop doors that were on his right as looked. He attributed it to medicine. It was an ditional unfavourable symptom that his right foot had come affected as well as the left, though not to anything e the same extent, during the journey from the Canada ntier to Boston. But all this disappeared, upon any ecial cause for exertion; and he was never unprepared lavish freely for others the reserved strength that should ve been kept for himself. This indeed was the great nger, for it dulled the apprehension of us all to the fact at absolute and pressing danger did positively exist.

LONDON: 1868.

Ante, 189–90.

Noticeable changes.

Danger in the new scheme.

He had scarcely begun these last readings than he was set by a misgiving, that, for a success large enough to pay Messrs. Chappell's liberality, the enterprise would quire a new excitement to carry him over the old ground; l it was while engaged in Manchester and Liverpool at

LONDON : 1868.

the outset of October that this announcement came.

Proposed reading from *Oliver Twist*.

'have made a short reading of the murder in *Oliver Twi*
'I cannot make up my mind, however, whether to do it
'not. I have no doubt that I could perfectly petrify
'audience by carrying out the notion I have of the way
'rendering it. But whether the impression would not
'so horrible as to keep them away another time, is what
'cannot satisfy myself upon. What do you think? It
'in three short parts: 1, Where Fagin sets Noah Claypo
'on to watch Nancy. 2, The scene on London Bridg
'3, Where Fagin rouses Claypole from his sleep, to te
'his perverted story to Sikes. And the Murder, and th
'Murderer's sense of being haunted. I have adapted an
'cut about the text with great care, and it is very powe
'ful. I have to-day referred the book and the question
'the Chappells as so largely interested.' I had a stron

Objections to such a reading.

dislike to this proposal, less perhaps on the ground whi
ought to have been taken of the physical exertion it wou
involve, than because such a subject seemed to be alt
gether out of the province of reading; and it was resolve

Proposed private trial of it.

that, before doing it, trial should be made to a limit
private audience in St. James's Hall. The note announci
this, from Liverpool on the 25th of October, is for oth
reasons worth printing. 'I give you earliest notice that t
'Chappells suggest to me the 18th of November' (the 14
was chosen) 'for trial of the *Oliver Twist* murder, wh
'everything in use for the previous day's reading can
'made available. I hope this may suit you? We have be
'doing well here; and how it was arranged, nobody kno
'but we had £410 at St. James's Hall last Tuesday, havi

advanced from our previous £360. The expenses are such, however, on the princely scale of the Chappells, that we never begin at a smaller, often at a larger, cost than £180. . . I have not been well, and have been heavily tired. However, I have little to complain of—nothing, nothing; though, like Mariana, I am aweary. But think of this. If all go well, and (like Mr. Dennis) I "work off" this series triumphantly, I shall have made of these readings £28,000 in a year and a half.' This did not better reconcile me to what had been too clearly forced upon him by the supposed necessity of some new excitement to ensure a triumphant result; and even the private rehearsal only led to a painful correspondence between us, of which a few words are all that need now be preserved. 'We might have agreed,' he wrote, 'to differ about it very well, because we only wanted to find out the truth if we could, and because it was quite understood that I wanted to leave behind me the recollection of something very passionate and dramatic, done with simple means, if the art would justify the theme.' Apart from mere personal considerations, the whole question lay in these last words. It was impossible for me to admit that the effect to be produced was legitimate, or such as it was desirable to associate with the recollection of his readings.

LONDON: 1868.

Supposed need for new excitement.

Suggestion for agreement to differ.

Not possible.

Mention should not be omitted of two sorrows which affected him at this time. At the close of the month before the readings began his youngest son went forth from home to join an elder brother in Australia. 'These partings are hard hard things' (26th of September), 'but they are the lot of us all, and might have to be done without means

Parting from his youngest son. *Post*, 445.

LONDON: 1868.

'or influence, and then would be far harder. God bl
'him!' Hardly a month later, the last of his surviv

Death of his brother Frederick.

brothers, Frederick, the next to himself, died at Darli
ton. 'He had been tended' (24th of October) 'with t
'greatest care and affection by some local friends. It v
'a wasted life, but God forbid that one should be ha
'upon it, or upon anything in this world that is not delil
'rately and coldly wrong.'

Before October closed the renewal of his labour had l
gun to tell upon him. He wrote to his sister-in-law
the 29th of sickness and sleepless nights, and of its havi
become necessary, when he had to read, that he should
on the sofa all day. After arrival at Edinburgh in I
cember he had been making a calculation that the railw
travelling over such a distance involved something mo

Effect of renewed work and travel.

than thirty thousand shocks to the nerves; but he we
on to Christmas, alternating these far-off places with nigh
regularly intervening in London, without much more co
plaint than of an inability to sleep. Trade reverses
Glasgow had checked the success there,* but Edinbur
made compensation. 'The affectionate regard of the peo

Old friends.

'exceeds all bounds and is shown in every way. The au
'ences do everything but embrace me, and take as mu
'pains with the readings as I do . . . The keeper of t
'Edinburgh hall, a fine old soldier, presented me on Frid

* 'I think I shall be pretty correct in both places as to the run being
'the Final readings. We had an immense house here' (Edinburgh, 12th
December) 'last night, and a very large turnaway. But Glasgow being sh
'and the charges very great, it will be the most we can do, I fancy, on th
'first Scotch readings, to bring the Chappells safely home (as to them) w
'out loss.'

night with the most superb red camellia for my button-hole that ever was seen. Nobody can imagine how he came by it, as the florists had had a considerable demand for that colour, from ladies in the stalls, and could get no such thing.' LONDON: 1869. The red camellia.

The second portion of the enterprise opened with the New Year, and the *Sikes and Nancy* scenes, everywhere his prominent subject, exacted the most terrible physical exertion from him. In January he was at Clifton, where he had given, he told his sister-in-law, 'by far the best Murder yet done;' while at the same date he wrote to his daughter: 'At Clifton on Monday night we had a contagion of fainting; and yet the place was not hot. I should think we had from a dozen to twenty ladies taken out stiff and rigid, at various times! It became quite ridiculous.' He was afterwards at Cheltenham. 'Macready is of opinion that the Murder is two Macbeths. He declares that he heard every word of the reading, but I doubt it. Alas! he is sadly infirm.' On the 27th he wrote to his daughter from Torquay that the place into which they had put him to read, and where a pantomime had been played the night before, was something between a Methodist chapel, a theatre, a circus, a riding-school, and a cow-house. That day he wrote to me from Bath: 'Landor's ghost goes along the silent streets here before me . . . The place looks to me like a cemetery which the Dead have succeeded in rising and taking. Having built streets, of their old gravestones, they wander about scantly trying to "look alive." A dead failure.' 1869 *Sikes and Nancy* reading. A fancy about Bath.

In the second week of February he was in London, under engagement to return to Scotland (which he had just left)

LONDON: 1869.

Lameness.

Reading stopped.

Sir Henry Thompson's certificate.

Again travelling to Edinburgh.

after the usual weekly reading at St. James's Hall, whe there was a sudden interruption. 'My foot has turne 'lame again!' was his announcement to me on the 15t followed next day by this letter. 'Henry Thompson wi 'not let me read to-night, and will not let me go to Scotlan 'to-morrow. Tremendous house here, and also in Edinburg 'Here is the certificate he drew up for himself and Beard t 'sign. "We the undersigned hereby certify that Mr. C. I '" is suffering from inflammation of the foot (caused by ove '" exertion), and that we have forbidden his appearance o '" the platform this evening, as he must keep his room fo '" a day or two." I have sent up to the Great Wester 'Hotel for apartments, and, if I can get them, shall mov 'there this evening. Heaven knows what engagement 'this may involve in April! It throws us all back, an 'will cost me some five hundred pounds.'

A few days' rest again brought so much relief, that, against the urgent entreaties of members of his family as well a other friends, he was in the railway carriage bound fo Edinburgh on the morning of the 20th of February, ac companied by Mr. Chappell himself. 'I came down lazil 'on a sofa,' he wrote to me from Edinburgh next day 'hardly changing my position the whole way. The railwa 'authorities had done all sorts of things, and I was mor 'comfortable than on the sofa at the hotel. The foot gav 'me no uneasiness, and has been quiet and steady a 'night.'* He was nevertheless under the necessity, two day

* The close of the letter has an amusing picture which I may be excuse for printing in a note. 'The only news that will interest you is that the good 'natured Reverdy Johnson, being at an Art Dinner in Glasgow the other nigh 'and falling asleep over the post-prandial speeches (only too naturally), woke

er, of consulting Mr. Syme; and he told his daughter at this great authority had warned him against over-igue in the readings, and given him some slight remedies, t otherwise reported him in 'joost pairfactly splendid ondition.' With care he thought the pain might be got of. '"Wa'at mad' Thompson think it was goot?" he aid often, and seemed to take that opinion extremely ill.' gain before leaving Scotland he saw Mr. Syme, and wrote me on the second of March of the indignation with ich he again treated the gout diagnosis, declaring the order to be an affection of the delicate nerves and uscles originating in cold. 'I told him that it had shewn self in America in the other foot as well. "Noo I'll joost swear," said he, "that ayond the fatigue o' the readings ye'd been tramping i' th' snaw, within twa or three days." certainly had. "Wa'al," said he triumphantly, "and hoo did it first begin? I' th' snaw. Goot! Bah!—Thompson knew no other name for it, and just ca'd it Goot.—Boh!" or which he took two guineas.' Yet the famous pupil, Henry Thompson, went certainly nearer the mark than distinguished master, Mr. Syme, in giving to it a more n local character.

The whole of that March month he went on with the

EDINBURGH: 1869.

Consults a famous surgeon.

Mr. Syme's opinion of the lameness.

A doctors' difference.

ldenly on hearing the name of "Johnson" in a list of Scotch painters ich one of the orators was enumerating; at once plunged up, under impression that somebody was drinking his health; and immediately, and h overflowing amiability, began returning thanks. The spectacle was then esented to the astonished company, of the American Eagle being restrained the coat tails from swooping at the moon, while the smaller birds endea-ured to explain to it how the case stood, and the cock robin in possession the chairman's eye twittered away as hard as he could split. I am told t it was wonderfully droll.'

American eagle and smaller birds.

LONDON: 1869.

scenes from *Oliver Twist*. 'The foot goes famously,' he wrot to his daughter. 'I feel the fatigue in it (four Murder 'in one week*) but not overmuch. It merely aches a 'night; and so does the other, sympathetically I suppose At Hull on the 8th he heard of the death of the old and dea

Emerson Tennent's funeral.

friend, Emerson Tennent, to whom he had inscribed hi last book; and on the morning of the 12th I met him a the funeral. He had read the *Oliver Twist* scenes the nigh before at York; had just been able to get to the expres train, after shortening the pauses in the reading, by violent rush when it was over; and had travelled throug the night. He appeared to me 'dazed' and worn. N man could well look more so than he did, that sorrowfu morning.

Public dinner in Liverpool. *Post*, 461–2.

The end was near. A public dinner, which will hav mention on a later page, had been given him in Liverpo on the 10th of April, with Lord Dufferin in the chair, an a reading was due from him in Preston on the 22r of that month. But on Sunday the 18th we had ill repo

At Blackpool.

of him from Chester, and on the 21st he wrote from Blacl pool to his sister-in-law. 'I have come to this Sea-Beac 'Hotel (charming) for a day's rest. I am much better tha 'I was on Sunday; but shall want careful looking to, to g 'through the readings. My weakness and deadness a 'all on the left side; and if I don't look at anything I t

Alarming symptoms.

'to touch with my left hand, I don't know where it is. 'am in (secret) consultation with Frank Beard, who sa

* I take from the letter a mention of the effect on a friend. 'The nig 'before last, unable to get in, B. had a seat behind the screen, and was nea 'frightened off it, by the Murder. Every vestige of colour had left his face wh 'I came off, and he sat staring over a glass of champagne in the wildest wa

that I have given him indisputable evidences of overwork which he could wish to treat immediately; and so I have telegraphed for him. I have had a delicious walk by the sea to-day, and I sleep soundly, and have picked up amazingly in appetite. My foot is greatly better too, and I wear my own boot.' Next day was appointed for the reading at Preston; and from that place he wrote to me, while waiting the arrival of Mr. Beard. 'Don't say anything about it, but the tremendously severe nature of this work is a little shaking me. At Chester last Sunday I found myself extremely giddy, and extremely uncertain of my sense of touch, both in the left leg and the left hand and arms. I had been taking some slight medicine of Beard's; and immediately wrote to him describing exactly what I felt, and asking him whether those feelings *could be* referable to the medicine? He promptly replied: "There can be no mistaking them from your exact account. "The medicine cannot possibly have caused them. I "recognise indisputable symptoms of overwork, and I wish "to take you in hand without any loss of time." They have greatly modified since, but he is coming down here this afternoon. To-morrow night at Warrington I shall have but 25 more nights to work through. If he can coach me up for them, I do not doubt that I shall get all right again—as I did when I became free in America. The foot has given me very little trouble. Yet it is remarkable that it is *the left foot too;* and that I told Henry Thompson (before I saw his old master Syme) that I had an inward conviction that whatever it was, it was not gout. I also told Beard, a year after the Staplehurst acci-

PRESTON: 1869.

His description of his illness.

Still hoping to go on.

Ante, 272. *Post*, 477–8.

LONDON : 1869.

Making the best he can of it.

'dent, that I was certain that my heart had been fluttered
'and wanted a little helping. This the stethoscope con-
'firmed ; and considering the immense exertion I am under
'going, and the constant jarring of express trains, the case
'seems to me quite intelligible. Don't say anything in the
'Gad's direction about my being a little out of sorts. I
'have broached the matter of course ; but very lightly.
'Indeed there is no reason for broaching it otherwise.'

Even to the close of that letter he had buoyed himself up with the hope that he might yet be 'coached' and that the readings need not be discontinued. But Mr Beard stopped them at once, and brought his patient to London. On Friday morning the 23rd, the same envelope brought me a note from himself to say that he was well enough, but tired ; in perfectly good spirits, not at all uneasy, and writing this himself that I should have it under his own hand ; with a note from his eldest son to say that his father appeared to him to be very ill, and that a consultation had been appointed with Sir Thomas Watson. The statement of that distinguished physician, sent to myself in June 1872, completes for the present the sorrowful narrative.

Brought to town.

Sir Thomas Watson called in.

'It was, I think, on the 23rd of April 1869 that I was
'asked to see Charles Dickens, in consultation with Mr
'Carr Beard. After I got home I jotted down, from the
'joint account, what follows.

Sir Thomas Watson's note of the case.

'After unusual irritability, C. D. found himself, late
'Saturday or Sunday, giddy, with a tendency to go back-
'wards, and to turn round. Afterwards, desiring to put
'something on a small table, he pushed it and the tab

forwards, undesignedly. He had some odd feeling of insecurity about his left leg, as if there was something unnatural about his heel; but he could lift, and he did not drag, his leg. Also he spoke of some strangeness of his left hand and arm; missed the spot on which he wished to lay that hand, unless he carefully looked at it; felt an unreadiness to lift his hands towards his head, especially his left hand—when, for instance, he was brushing his hair. LONDON: 1869.

'He had written thus to Mr. Carr Beard.

'"Is it possible that anything in my medicine can have "made me extremely giddy, extremely uncertain of my "footing, especially on the left side, and extremely indis- "posed to raise my hands to my head. These symptoms "made me very uncomfortable on Saturday (qy. Sunday?) "night, and all yesterday, &c."

Sir Thomas Watson's note of Dickens' illness in April 1869.

'The state thus described showed plainly that C. D. had been on the brink of an attack of paralysis of his left side, and possibly of apoplexy. It was, no doubt, the result of extreme hurry, overwork, and excitement, incidental to his Readings.

'On hearing from him Mr. Carr Beard had gone at once to Preston, or Blackburn (I am not sure which), had forbidden his reading that same evening, and had brought him to London.

'When I saw him he *appeared* to be well. His mind was unclouded, his pulse quiet. His heart was beating with some slight excess of the natural impulse. He told me he had of late sometimes, but rarely, lost or misused a word; that he forgot names, and numbers, but had

LONDON: 1869.

'always done that; and he promised implicit obedience to
'our injunctions.

Certificate of Sir Thomas Watson and Mr. Beard.

'We gave him the following certificate.

'"The undersigned certify that Mr. Charles Dickens
'"has been seriously unwell, through great exhaustion and
'"fatigue of body and mind consequent upon his public
'"Readings and long and frequent railway journeys. In our
'"judgment Mr. Dickens will not be able with safety to him-
'"self to resume his Readings for several months to come.

'"THOS. WATSON, M.D.

'"F. CARR BEARD."

Appeal to Sir Thomas Watson.

'However, after some weeks, he expressed a wish for
'my sanction to his endeavours to redeem, in a careful
'and moderate way, some of the reading engagements to
'which he had been pledged before those threatenings of
'brain-mischief in the North of England.

'As he had continued uniformly to seem and to feel
'perfectly well, I did not think myself warranted to refuse
Guarded sanction to additional Readings.
'that sanction: and in writing to enforce great caution in
'the trials, I expressed some apprehension that he might
'fancy we had been too peremptory in our injunctions on
'mental and bodily repose in April; and I quoted the
'following remark, which occurs somewhere in one of Cap-
'tain Cook's Voyages. "Preventive measures are always
'"invidious, for when most successful, the necessity for
'"them is the least apparent."

Sir Thomas Watson to J. F.

'I mention this to explain the letter which I send here
'with,* and which I must beg you to return to me, as a

* In this letter Dickens wrote: 'I thank you heartily' (23rd of June 1869)
'for your great kindness and interest. It would really pain me if I though

precious remembrance of the writer with whom I had long enjoyed very friendly and much valued relations. LONDON: 1869.

'I scarcely need say that if what I have now written can, *in any way*, be of use to you, it is entirely at your service and disposal—nor need I say with how much interest I have read the first volume of your late friend's Life. I cannot help regretting that a great pressure of professional work at the time, prevented my making a fuller record of a case so interesting.'

The twelve readings to which Sir Thomas Watson consented, with the condition that railway travel was not to accompany them, were farther to be delayed until the opening months of 1870. They were an offering from Dickens by way of small compensation to Messrs. Chappell for the breakdown of the enterprise on which they had staked so much. But here practically he finished his career as a public reader, and what remains will come with the end of what is yet to be told. One effort only intervened, by which he hoped to get happily back to his old pursuits; but to this, as to that which preceded it, sterner Fate said also No, and his Last Book, like his Last Readings, prematurely closed. Close of career as public reader.

'you could seriously doubt my implicit reliance on your professional skill and advice. I feel as certain now as I felt when you came to see me on my breaking down through over fatigue, that the injunction you laid upon me to stop in my course of Readings was necessary and wise. And to its firmness I refer (humanly speaking) my speedy recovery from that moment. I would on no account have resumed, even on the turn of this year, without your sanction. Your friendly aid will never be forgotten by me; and again I thank you for it with all my heart.' Dickens to Sir Thomas Watson, June 1869.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LAST BOOK.

1869—1870.

London: 1869–70.

The last book undertaken by Dickens was to be published in illustrated monthly numbers, of the old form, but to close with the twelfth.* It closed, unfinished, with

* In drawing the agreement for the publication, Mr. Ouvry had, by Dickens' wish, inserted a clause thought to be altogether needless, but found to b sadly pertinent. It was the first time such a clause had been inserted in on of his agreements. 'That if the said Charles Dickens shall die during th 'composition of the said work of the *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, or shall othe 'wise become incapable of completing the said work for publication in twelv 'monthly numbers as agreed, it shall be referred to John Forster, Esq, on 'of Her Majesty's Commissioners in Lunacy, or in the case of his death, inca 'pacity, or refusal to act, then to such person as shall be named by He 'Majesty's Attorney-General for the time being, to determine the amoun 'which shall be repaid by the said Charles Dickens, his executors or adminis 'trators, to the said Frederic Chapman as a fair compensation for so much o 'the said work as shall not have been completed for publication.' The sur to be paid at once for 25,000 copies was £7500; publisher and author sharin equally in the profit of all sales beyond that impression; and the numbe reached, while the author yet lived, was 50,000. The sum paid for earl sheets to America was £1000; and Baron Tauchnitz paid liberally, as he alway did, for his Leipzig reprint. 'All Mr. Dickens's works,' M. Tauchnitz write to me, 'have been published under agreement by me. My intercourse witl 'him lasted nearly twenty-seven years. The first of his letters dates i 'October 1843, and his last at the close of March 1870. Our long relation 'were not only never troubled by the least disagreement, but were the occasio 'of most hearty personal feeling; and I shall never lose the sense of his kin 'and friendly nature. On my asking him his terms for *Edwin Drood*, h 'replied "Your terms shall be mine."'

Clause in the agreement for *Edwin Drood*.

Sale of 50,000.

Baron Tauchnitz.

ne sixth number, which was itself underwritten by two ages. LONDON: 1869–70.

His first fancy for the tale was expressed in a letter in ne middle of July. 'What should you think of the idea of a story beginning in this way?—Two people, boy and girl, or very young, going apart from one another, pledged to be married after many years—at the end of the book. The interest to arise out of the tracing of their separate ways, and the impossibility of telling what will be done with that impending fate.' This was laid aside; but it ft a marked trace on the story as afterwards designed, the position of Edwin Drood and his betrothed. First fancy for *Edwin Drood*. First design.

I first heard of the later design in a letter dated 'Friday the 6th of August 1869,' in which after speaking, with the sual unstinted praise he bestowed always on what moved im in others, of a little tale he had received for his journal,* e spoke of the change that had occurred to him for the ew tale by himself. 'I laid aside the fancy I told you of, and have a very curious and new idea for my new story. Not a communicable idea (or the interest of the book would be gone), but a very strong one, though difficult to work.' The story, I learnt immediately afterward, was o be that of the murder of a nephew by his uncle; the riginality of which was to consist in the review of the *Post*, 454. Later design. Story of *Drood* as planned in his mind.

* 'I have a very remarkable story indeed for you to read. It is in only two chapters. A thing never to melt into other stories in the mind, but always to keep itself apart.' The story was published in the 37th number the new series of *All the Year Round*, with the title of 'An Experience.' The 'new series' had been started to break up the too great length of volumes sequence, and the only change it announced was the discontinuance of Christmas Numbers. He had tired of them himself; and, observing the extent which they were now copied in all directions (as usual with other examples t by him), he supposed them likely to become tiresome to the public.

LONDON : 1869–70.

murderer's career by himself at the close, when its tempt tions were to be dwelt upon as if, not he the culprit, bu some other man, were the tempted. The last chapte were to be written in the condemned cell, to which h wickedness, all elaborately elicited from him as if told another, had brought him. Discovery by the murderer the utter needlessness of the murder for its object, was t follow hard upon commission of the deed; but all discover of the murderer was to be baffled till towards the clos

What the end was to be.

when, by means of a gold ring which had resisted the co rosive effects of the lime into which he had thrown the bod not only the person murdered was to be identified but th locality of the crime and the man who committed it.* S much was told to me before any of the book was written

Recollections of proposed course of the tale.

and it will be recollected that the ring, taken by Drood t be given to his betrothed only if their engagement wen on, was brought away with him from their last interview Rosa was to marry Tartar, and Crisparkle the sister Landless, who was himself, I think, to have perished i assisting Tartar finally to unmask and seize the murdere

Nothing written of his intentions.

Nothing had been written, however, of the main par of the design excepting what is found in the publishe numbers; there was no hint or preparation for th sequel in any notes of chapters in advance; and the remained not even what he had himself so sadly written the book by Thackeray also interrupted by death. Th evidence of matured designs never to be accomplishe

* The reader curious in such matters will be helped to the clue for much this portion of the plot by reference to pp. 90, 103, and 109, in Chapters XI XIII, and XIV.

LONDON: 1869–70.

ɛentions planned never to be executed, roads of thought ırked out never to be traversed, goals shining in the dis- ıce never to be reached, was wanting here. It was all a ınk. Enough had been completed nevertheless to give ıomise of a much greater book than its immediate pre- ɔcessor. 'I hope his book is finished,' wrote Longfellow ıen the news of his death was flashed to America. 'It is ɛrtainly one of his most beautiful works, if not the most ɔeautiful of all. It would be too sad to think the pen had ıllen from his hand, and left it incomplete.' Some of its ıaracters were touched with subtlety, and in its descrip- ɔns his imaginative power was at its best. Not a line ıs wanting to the reality, in the most minute local detail, places the most widely contrasted; and we saw with ıual vividness the lazy cathedral town and the lurid ɪium-eater's den.* Something like the old lightness and ɔoyancy of animal spirits gave a new freshness to the ımour; the scenes of the child-heroine and her luckless ɪtrothed had both novelty and nicety of character in ɛem; and Mr. Grewgious in chambers with his clerk and ɛe two waiters, the conceited fool Sapsea, and the bluster- g philanthropist Honeythunder, were first-rate comedy. ɪiss Twinkleton was of the family of Miss La Creevy; and

Opinion of Long-fellow.

Merits of the frag-ment.

The minor characters.

* I subjoin what has been written to me by an American correspondent. Homage to Dickens.
went lately with the same inspector who accompanied Dickens to see the ɔom of the opium-smokers, old Eliza and her Lascar or Bengalee friend. here a fancy seized me to buy the bedstead which figures so accurately in *Edwin Drood*, in narrative and picture. I gave the old woman a pound for ', and have it now packed and ready for shipment to New York. Another merican bought a pipe. So you see we have heartily forgiven the novelist his leasantries at our expense. Many military men who came to England from merica refuse to register their titles, especially if they be Colonels; all the esult of the basting we got on that score in *Martin Chuzzlewit*.'

London: 1869–70.

Miss Billickin.

the lodging-house keeper, Miss Billickin, though she ga
Miss Twinkleton but a sorry account of her blood, h
that of Mrs. Todgers in her veins. 'I was put in life to
'very genteel boarding-school, the mistress being no less
'lady than yourself, of about your own age, or it may b
'some years younger, and a poorness of blood flowed fro
'the table which has run through my life.' Was ever an
thing better said of a school-fare of starved gentility?

Last page of *Edwin Drood.*

The last page of *Edwin Drood* was written in th
Châlet in the afternoon of his last day of consciousnes
and I have thought there might be some interest in
facsimile of the greater part of this final page of manuscri
that ever came from his hand, at which he had worke
unusually late in order to finish the chapter. It has ve
much the character, in its excessive care of correction an
interlineation, of all his later manuscripts; and in ord
that comparison may be made with his earlier and easi
method, I place beside it a portion of a page of the origin
of *Oliver Twist.* His greater pains and elaboration
writing, it may be mentioned, become first very obvio
in the later parts of *Martin Chuzzlewit;* but not the lea
remarkable feature in all his manuscripts, is the accura
with which the portions of each representing the sever
numbers are exactly adjusted to the space the print
had to fill. Whether without erasure or so interlined
to be illegible, nothing is wanting, and there is nothi
in excess. So assured was the habit, that he has himse
remarked upon an instance the other way, in *Our Mutu
Friend,* as not having happened to him for thirty yea
But *Edwin Drood* more startlingly showed him h

Com-parison of his early and his late MSS.

Ante, 343.

settled the habit he most prized had become, in the ushing of old and new pursuits. 'When I had written' 2nd of December 1869) 'and, as I thought, disposed of ne first two Numbers of my story, Clowes informed me o my horror that they were, together, *twelve printed ages too short!!!* Consequently I had to transpose a hapter from number two to number one, and remodel umber two altogether! This was the more unlucky, hat it came upon me at the time when I was obliged to eave the book, in order to get up the Readings' (the ditional twelve for which Sir Thomas Watson's consent d been obtained), 'quite gone out of my mind since I eft them off. However, I turned to it and got it done, nd both numbers are now in type. Charles Collins has esigned an excellent cover.' It was his wish that his n-in-law should have illustrated the story; but, this not ing practicable, upon an opinion expressed by Mr. Millais hich the result thoroughly justified, choice was made of r. S. L. Fildes.

London: 1869–70.

Ante, 423.

Ante, 227.

This reference to the last effort of Dickens's genius had en written as it thus stands, when a discovery of some terest was made by the writer. Within the leaves of one Dickens's other manuscripts were found some detached ips of his writing, on paper only half the size of that used r the tale, so cramped, interlined, and blotted as to be arly illegible, which on close inspection proved to be a ene in which Sapsea the auctioneer is introduced as the rincipal figure, among a group of characters new to the ory. The explanation of it perhaps is, that, having become little nervous about the course of the tale, from a fear

Discovery of unpublished scene.

From *Edwin Drood:* the last page written by Dickens. 8th June 1870.

quit the shop for his life, besides which my
absence is a breakfasting thing with nothing until
he will dissident of the house of Commons, but
I shall have something & am, Barbara, and
so wishing her and so with a unanimous and
respectable smile of acquaintance as I be a she
Mem Barbara wish Mrs, I never been how, or
Not Mrs' of for this Barbara postman I am
'em at to this our acquaintance after Mrs
but 'em come out this morning, I thy it on
upon me. Ill —

"Yes; his folly committee" : interposed the
clerk : "take him away."

From *Oliver Twist* : written in 1837.

LONDON: 1869–70.

Probable reason for writing it in advance.

that he might have plunged too soon into the inciden leading on to the catastrophe, such as the Datche assumption in the fifth number (a misgiving he had ce tainly expressed to his sister-in-law), it had occurred to hi to open some fresh veins of character incidental to the i terest, though not directly part of it, and so to handle the in connection with Sapsea as a little to suspend the fin development even while assisting to strengthen it. Befo beginning any number of a serial he used, as we have see in former instances, to plan briefly what he intended to p into it chapter by chapter; and his first number-plan *Drood* had the following: 'Mr. Sapsea. Old Tory jackas 'Connect Jasper with him. (He will want a solemn donke 'by and by):' which was effected by bringing togeth both Durdles and Jasper, for connection with Sapsea, in th matter of the epitaph for Mrs. Sapsea's tomb. The scen now discovered might in this view have been designed strengthen and carry forward that element in the tale; ar otherwise it very sufficiently expresses itself. It would supp an answer, if such were needed, to those who have asserte that the hopeless decadence of Dickens as a writer had s in before his death. Among the lines last written by hi these are the very last we can ever hope to receive; ar they seem to me a delightful specimen of the pow possessed by him in his prime, and the rarest which ar novelist can have, of revealing a character by a touc Here are a couple of people, Kimber and Peartree, n known to us before, whom we read off thoroughly a dozen words; and as to Sapsea himself, auctioneer ar mayor of Cloisterham, we are face to face with what befo

Ante, 133-4.

A delightful specimen of Dickens's writing.

e only dimly realised, and we see the solemn jackass, in s business pulpit, playing off the airs of Mr. Dean in his thedral pulpit, with Cloisterham laughing at the impostor. LONDON: 1869–70.

'HOW MR. SAPSEA CEASED TO BE A MEMBER OF 'THE EIGHT CLUB.

'TOLD BY HIMSELF.

'Wishing to take the air, I proceeded by a circuitous oute to the Club, it being our weekly night of meeting. found that we mustered our full strength. We were nrolled under the denomination of the Eight Club. We ere eight in number; we met at eight o'clock during ight months of the year; we played eight games of four-anded cribbage, at eightpence the game; our frugal upper was composed of eight rolls, eight mutton chops, ight pork sausages, eight baked potatoes, eight marrow-ones, with eight toasts, and eight bottles of ale. There nay, or may not, be a certain harmony of colour in the uling idea of this (to adopt a phrase of our lively neigh-ours) reunion. It was a little idea of mine. Unpublished scene for *Edwin Drood*.

'A somewhat popular member of the Eight Club, was a ember by the name of Kimber. By profession, a ancing-master. A commonplace, hopeful sort of man, holly destitute of dignity or knowledge of the world.

'As I entered the Club-room, Kimber was making the mark: "And he still half-believes him to be very high in the Church."

'In the act of hanging up my hat on the eighth peg by ne door, I caught Kimber's visual ray. He lowered it, nd passed a remark on the next change of the moon. I id not take particular notice of this at the moment,

London: 1869–70.

'because the world was often pleased to be a little shy
'ecclesiastical topics in my presence. For I felt that I w
'picked out (though perhaps only through a coincidenc
'to a certain extent to represent what I call our glorio
'constitution in Church and State. The phrase may
'objected to by captious minds; but I own to it as min
'I threw it off in argument some little time back. I sai
'"Our Glorious Constitution in Church and Stat
'Another member of the Eight Club was Peartree; al
'member of the Royal College of Surgeons. Mr. Pea
'tree is not accountable to me for his opinions, and I s
'no more of them here than that he attends the po
'gratis whenever they want him, and is not the pari
'doctor. Mr. Peartree may justify it to the grasp of *h*
'mind thus to do his republican utmost to bring an a
'pointed officer into contempt. Suffice it that Mr. Pea
'tree can never justify it to the grasp of *mine*.

Unpublished scene for *Edwin Drood*.

'Between Peartree and Kimber there was a sickly s
'of feeble-minded alliance. It came under my particu
'notice when I sold off Kimber by auction. (Goods tak
'in execution). He was a widower in a white under-wai
'coat, and slight shoes with bows, and had two daught
'not ill-looking. Indeed the reverse. Both daught
'taught dancing in scholastic establishments for You
'Ladies—had done so at Mrs. Sapsea's; nay, Twinkleto
'—and both, in giving lessons, presented the unwoma
'spectacle of having little fiddles tucked under their ch
'In spite of which, the younger one might, if I am
'rectly informed—I will raise the veil so far as to sa
'KNOW she might—have soared for life from this degrad

LONDON: 1869–70.

saint, but for having the class of mind allotted to what I call the common herd, and being so incredibly devoid of veneration as to become painfully ludicrous.

'When I sold off Kimber without reserve, Peartree (as poor as he can hold together) had several prime household lots knocked down to him. I am not to be blinded; and of course it was as plain to me what he was going to do with them, as it was that he was a brown hulking sort of revolutionary subject who had been in India with the soldiers, and ought (for the sake of society) to have his neck broke. I saw the lots shortly afterwards in Kimber's lodgings—through the window—and I easily made out that there had been a sneaking pretence of lending them till better times. A man with a smaller knowledge of the world than myself might have been led to suspect that Kimber had held back money from his creditors, and fraudulently bought the goods. But, besides that I knew for certain he had no money, I knew that this would involve a species of forethought not to be made compatible with the frivolity of a caperer, inoculating other people with capering, for his bread.

Unpublished scene for *Edwin Drood*.

"As it was the first time I had seen either of those two since the sale, I kept myself in what I call Abeyance. When selling him up, I had delivered a few remarks—shall I say a little homily?—concerning Kimber, which the world did regard as more than usually worth notice. I had come up into my pulpit, it was said, uncommonly like—and a murmur of recognition had repeated his (I will not name whose) title, before I spoke. I had then gone on to say that all present would find, in the first

LONDON: 1869–70.

'page of the catalogue that was lying before them, in th
'last paragraph before the first lot, the following words
'"Sold in pursuance of a writ of execution issued by
'"creditor." I had then proceeded to remind my friend
'that however frivolous, not to say contemptible, the bus
'ness by which a man got his goods together, still h
'goods were as dear to him, and as cheap to society (
'sold without reserve), as though his pursuits had bee
'of a character that would bear serious contemplation.
'had then divided my text (if I may be allowed so to ca
'it) into three heads: firstly, Sold; secondly, In pursuan
'of a writ of execution; thirdly, Issued by a creditor
'with a few moral reflections on each, and winding u
'with, "Now to the first lot" in a manner that w
'complimented when I afterwards mingled with m
'hearers.

Unpublished scene for *Edwin Drood*.

'So, not being certain on what terms I and Kimb
'stood, I was grave, I was chilling. Kimber, howeve
'moving to me, I moved to Kimber. (I was the credit
'who had issued the writ. Not that it matters.)

'"I was alluding, Mr. Sapsea," said Kimber, "to
'"stranger who entered into conversation with me in t
'"street as I came to the Club. He had been speakin
'"to you just before, it seemed, by the churchyard; an
'"though you had told him who you were, I could hard
'"persuade him that you were not high in the Church."

'"Idiot!" said Peartree.

'"Ass!" said Kimber.

'"Idiot and Ass!" said the other five members.

'"Idiot and Ass, gentlemen," I remonstrated, lookin

around me, "are strong expressions to apply to a young "man of good appearance and address." My generosity was roused; I own it. LONDON: 1869–70.

'"You'll admit that he must be a Fool," said Peartree.

'"You can't deny that he must be a Blockhead," said Kimber.

'Their tone of disgust amounted to being offensive. Why should the young man be so calumniated? What had he done? He had only made an innocent and natural mistake. I controlled my generous indignation, and said so.

'"Natural?" repeated Kimber; "*He's* a Natural!"

'The remaining six members of the Eight Club laughed unanimously. It stung me. It was a scornful laugh. My anger was roused in behalf of an absent, friendless stranger. I rose (for I had been sitting down). Unpublished scene for *Edwin Drood*.

'"Gentlemen," I said with dignity, "I will not remain "one of this Club allowing opprobrium to be cast on an "unoffending person in his absence. I will not so violate "what I call the sacred rites of hospitality. Gentlemen, "until you know how to behave yourselves better, I leave "you. Gentlemen, until then I withdraw, from this "place of meeting, whatever personal qualifications I "may have brought into it. Gentlemen, until then you "cease to be the Eight Club, and must make the best "you can of becoming the Seven."

'I put on my hat and retired. As I went down stairs I distinctly heard them give a suppressed cheer. Such is the power of demeanour and knowledge of mankind. I had forced it out of them.

LONDON: 1869–70.

'II.

'Whom should I meet in the street, within a few yard
'of the door of the inn where the Club was held, but th
'self-same young man whose cause I had felt it my duty s
'warmly—and I will add so disinterestedly—to take up.

'"Is it Mr. Sapsea," he said doubtfully, "or is it——"

"'It is Mr. Sapsea," I replied.

"'Pardon me, Mr. Sapsea; you appear warm, sir."

'"I have been warm," I said, "and on your account.
'Having stated the circumstances at some length (m
'generosity almost overpowered him), I asked him h
'name.

Unpublished scene for *Edwin Drood*.

'"Mr. Sapsea," he answered, looking down, "you
'"penetration is so acute, your glance into the souls
'"your fellow men is so penetrating, that if I was hard
'"enough to deny that my name is Poker, what would
'"avail me?"

'I don't know that I had quite exactly made out to
'fraction that his name *was* Poker, but I daresay I ha
'been pretty near doing it.

'"Well, well," said I, trying to put him at his ease b
'nodding my head in a soothing way. "Your name
'"Poker, and there is no harm in being named Poker."

'"Oh Mr. Sapsea!" cried the young man, in a ver
'well-behaved manner. "Bless you for those words!" H
'then, as if ashamed of having given way to his feeling
'looked down again.

'"Come, Poker," said I, "let me hear more about yo
'"Tell me. Where are you going to, Poker? and whe
'"do you come from?"

LONDON: 1869–70.

Unpublished scene for *Edwin Drood.*

'"Ah Mr. Sapsea!" exclaimed the young man. "Dis-
'guise from you is impossible. You know already that
'I come from somewhere, and am going somewhere else.
'If I was to deny it, what would it avail me?"

'"Then don't deny it," was my remark.

'"Or," pursued Poker, in a kind of despondent rapture,
'or if I was to deny that I came to this town to see and
'hear you sir, what would it avail me? Or if I was to
'deny————"

The fragment ends there, and the hand that could alone ave completed it is at rest for ever.

Some personal characteristics remain for illustration efore the end is briefly told.

CHAPTER XIX.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

1836—1870.

London: 1836–70.

Objection has been taken to this biography as likely t
disa ppoint its readers in not making them 'talk to Dicker
'as Boswell makes them talk to Johnson.' But where wi
the blame lie if a man takes up *Pickwick* and is disap
pointed to find that he is not reading *Rasselas?* A boo
must be judged for what it aims to be, and not for wha
it cannot by possibility be. I suppose so remarkable a

Dickens not a bookish man.

author as Dickens hardly ever lived who carried so little
authorship into ordinary social intercourse. Potent as th
sway of his writings was over him, it expressed itself i
other ways. Traces or triumphs of literary labour, displa
of conversational or other personal predominance, were n
part of the influence he exerted over friends. To them h
was only the pleasantest of companions, with whom the
forgot that he had ever written anything, and felt only th

Character of his talk.

charm which a nature of such capacity for supreme enjo
ment causes every one around it to enjoy. His talk wa
unaffected and natural, never bookish in the smallest degre
He was quite up to the average of well read men, but a
there was no ostentation of it in his writing, so neither wa

nere in his conversation. This was so attractive because keenly observant, and lighted up with so many touches humorous fancy; but, with every possible thing to give lish to it, there were not many things to bring away. LONDON: 1836–70.

Of course a book must stand or fall by its contents. What determines a book's place. acaulay said very truly that the place of books in the ublic estimation is fixed, not by what is written about nem, but by what is written in them. I offer no com- laint of any remark made upon these volumes, but there ave been some misapprehensions. Though Dickens bore utwardly so little of the impress of his writings, they ormed the whole of that inner life which essentially con- tituted the man; and as in this respect he was actually, I ave thought that his biography should endeavour to pre- nt him. The story of his books, therefore, at all stages of Why so much said of Dickens's books. heir progress, and of the hopes or designs connected with nem, was my first care. With that view, and to give also o the memoir what was attainable of the value of auto- iography, letters to myself, such as were never addressed to ny other of his correspondents, and covering all the im- Why letters to one correspondent so largely used. ortant incidents in the life to be retraced, were used with w exceptions exclusively; and though the exceptions are nuch more numerous in the present volume, this general lan has guided me to the end. Such were my limits indeed, nat half even of those letters had to be put aside; and to ave added all such others as were open to me would have oubled the size of my book, not contributed to it a new ct of life or character, and altered materially its design. t would have been so much lively illustration added to he subject, but out of place here. The purpose here was

London: 1836–70.

Dickens made to tell his own story.

to make Dickens the sole central figure in the scene revived, narrator as well as principal actor; and only b the means employed could consistency or unity be give to the self-revelation, and the picture made definite an clear. It is the peculiarity of few men to be to their mos intimate friend neither more nor less than they are t themselves, but this was true of Dickens; and what kin

Intercourse with a friend.

or quality of nature such intercourse expressed in him, c what strength, tenderness, and delicacy susceptible, of wha steady level warmth, of what daily unresting activity c intellect, of what unbroken continuity of kindly impuls through the change and vicissitude of three-and-thirt years, the letters to myself given in these volumes coul alone express. Gathered from various and differing source their interest could not have been as the interest of these in which everything comprised in the successive stages c a most attractive career is written with unexampled car dour and truthfulness, and set forth in definite pictures c what he saw and stood in the midst of, unblurred by vague

A fault not consciously committed.

ness or reserve. Of the charge of obtruding myself to whic their publication has exposed me, I can only say that studied nothing so hard as to suppress my own personality and have to regret my ill success where I supposed I ha even too perfectly succeeded. But we have all of u frequent occasion to say, parodying Mrs. Peachem's remark that we are bitter bad judges of ourselves.

The other properties of these letters are quite subordinat to this main fact that the man who wrote them is thu perfectly seen in them. But they do not lessen the estimat of his genius. Admiration rises higher at the writer

ental forces, who, putting so much of himself into his ork for the public, had still so much overflowing for such ivate intercourse. The sunny health of nature in them manifest; its largeness, spontaneity, and manliness; but ey have also that which highest intellects appreciate st. 'I have read them,' Lord Russell wrote to me, rith delight and pain. His heart, his imagination, his ualities of painting what is noble, and finding diamonds idden far away, are greater here than even his works onvey to me. How I lament he was not spared to s longer. I shall have a fresh grief when he dies in our volumes.' Shallower people are more apt to find her things. If the bonhommie of a man's genius is vious to all the world, there are plenty of knowing es ready to take the shine out of the genius, to discover at after all it is not so wonderful, that what is grave it wants depth, and the humour has something echanical. But it will be difficult even for these to look er letters so marvellous in the art of reproducing to the ght what has once been seen, so natural and unstudied their wit and fun, and with such a constant well-spring sprightly runnings of speech in them, point of epigram, genuity of quaint expression, absolute freedom from every uch of affectation, and to believe that the source of this an's humour, or of whatever gave wealth to his genius, as other than habitual, unbounded, and resistless.

There is another consideration of some importance. terne did not more incessantly fall back from his works pon himself than Dickens did, and undoubtedly one of ne impressions left by the letters is that of the intensity

LONDON: 1836–70.

Lord Russell on Dickens's letters.

Shallower judgments.

Answer to detractors.

London: 1868.

and tenacity with which he recognized, realized, contem plated, cultivated, and thoroughly enjoyed, his own indi viduality in even its most trivial manifestations. But i any one is led to ascribe this to self-esteem, to a narro exclusiveness, or to any other invidious form of egotism, le him correct the impression by observing how Dickens bor himself amid the universal blazing-up of America, at th beginning and at the end of his career. Of his hearty, un disguised, and unmistakeable enjoyment of his astonishin and indeed quite bewildering popularity, there can be a little doubt as that there is not a particle of vanity in i any more than of false modesty or grimace.* While realiz ing fully the fact of it, and the worth of the fact, there i not in his whole being a fibre that answers falsely to th charmer's voice. Few men in the world, one fancies, coul have gone through such grand displays of fireworks, no merely with so marvellous an absence of what the Frenc call *pose*, but unsoiled by the smoke of a cracker. No man' strong individuality was ever so free from conceit.

No self-conceit in Dickens.

His bearing in America.

Other personal incidents and habits, and especially som matters of opinion of grave importance, will help to mak

Fitz-Greene Halleck on Dickens in 1842.

* Mr. Grant Wilson has sent me an extract from a letter by Fitz-Green Halleck (author of one of the most delightful poems ever written abou Burns) which exactly expresses Dickens as he was, not only in 1842, but, a far as the sense of authorship went, all his life. It was addressed t Mrs. Rush of Philadelphia, and is dated the 8th of March 1842. 'Yo 'ask me about Mr. Boz. I am quite delighted with him. He is a thoroug 'good fellow, with nothing of the author about him but the reputation, an 'goes through his task as Lion with exemplary grace, patience,' and goo 'nature. He has the brilliant face of a man of genius . . . His writings yo 'know. I wish you had listened to his eloquence at the dinner here. It wa 'the only real specimen of eloquence I have ever witnessed. Its charm wa 'not in its words, but in the manner of saying them.'

: character better known. Much questioning followed a ef former reference to his religious belief, but, inconsistent illogical as the conduct described may be, there is nothing correct or to modify in my statement of it;* and, to at otherwise appeared to be in doubt, explicit answer will afforded by a letter, written upon the youngest of his ildren leaving home in September 1868 to join his other in Australia, than which none worthier appears his story. 'I write this note to-day because your oing away is much upon my mind, and because I rant you to have a few parting words from me, to think f now and then at quiet times. I need not tell you that love you dearly, and am very, very sorry in my heart part with you. But this life is half made up of partings, nd these pains must be borne. It is my comfort and ny sincere conviction that you are going to try the life or which you are best fitted. I think its freedom and vildness more suited to you than any experiment in a tudy or office would have been; and without that train-ng, you could have followed no other suitable occupation. What you have always wanted until now, has been a set, teady, constant purpose. I therefore exhort you to per-evere in a thorough determination to do whatever you have to do, as well as you can do it. I was not so old as rou are now, when I first had to win my food, and to do t out of this determination; and I have never slackened m it since. Never take a mean advantage of any one in

LONDON: 1868.

ii. 37–38.

Letter to his youngest son.

Pains of parting.

His own example.

** In a volume called *Home and Abroad*, by Mr. David Macrae, is printed correspondence with Dickens on matters alluded to in the text, held in 861, which will be found to confirm all that is here said.

LONDON : 1868.

'any transaction, and never be hard upon people who a
'in your power. Try to do to others as you would hav
'them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fa
'sometimes. It is much better for you that they shoul
'fail in obeying the greatest rule laid down by Our Saviou
Advice to a son.
'than that you should. I put a New Testament amon
'your books for the very same reasons, and with the ver
'same hopes, that made me write an easy account of it fo
Ante, ii. 215.
'you, when you were a little child. Because it is the bes
'book that ever was, or will be, known in the world; an
'because it teaches you the best lessons by which an
'human creature, who tries to be truthful and faithful t
'duty, can possibly be guided. As your brothers have gon
'away, one by one, I have written to each such words as
'am now writing to you, and have entreated them all t
'guide themselves by this Book, putting aside the inter
'pretations and inventions of Man. You will remembe
'that you have never at home been harassed about religiou
Forms not realities in religion.
'observances, or mere formalities. I have always bee
'anxious not to weary my children with such things, befor
'they are old enough to form opinions respecting them
'You will therefore understand the better that I now mos
'solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of th
'Christian Religion, as it came from Christ Himself, an
'the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbl
'but heartily respect it. Only one thing more on thi
'head. The more we are in earnest as to feeling it, th
'less we are disposed to hold forth about it. Never abandon
Personal prayer.
'the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers
'night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself

nd I know the comfort of it. I hope you will always be ole to say in after life, that you had a kind father. You annot show your affection for him so well, or make him o happy, as by doing your duty.' They who most intiately knew Dickens will know best that every word there written from his heart, and is radiant with the truth of is nature. London: 1868.

To the same effect, in the leading matter, he expressed mself twelve years before, and again the day before his ath; replying in both cases to correspondents who had adessed him as a public writer. A clergyman, the Rev. R. H. avies, had been struck by the hymn in the Christmas tale of e Wreck of the Golden Mary (*Household Words*, 1856). 'I eg to thank you' Dickens answered (Christmas Eve, 1856) or your very acceptable letter—not the less gratifying to ie because I am myself the writer you refer to. . . There annot be many men, I believe, who have a more humble eneration for the New Testament, or a more profound onviction of its all-sufficiency, than I have. If I am ever as you tell me I am) mistaken on this subject, it is beause I discountenance all obtrusive professions of and radings in religion, as one of the main causes why eal Christianity has been retarded in this world; and ecause my observation of life induces me to hold in unpeakable dread and horror, those unseemly squabbles bout the letter which drive the spirit out of hundreds f thousands.' In precisely similar tone, to a reader of *dwin Drood* (Mr. J. M. Makeham), who had pointed ut to him that his employment as a figure of speech of a ne from Holy Writ in his tenth chapter might be subject

Hymn in a Christmas tale.

Letter to a clergyman in 1856.

LONDON : 1868.

to misconstruction, he wrote from Gadshill on Wednesda the eighth of June, 1870. 'It would be quite inconceiv 'able to me, but for your letter, that any reasonable reade 'could possibly attach a scriptural reference to that pas 'sage. . . I am truly shocked to find that any reader ca 'make the mistake. I have always striven in my writing 'to express veneration for the life and lessons of ou 'Saviour; because I feel it; and because I re-wrote tha 'history for my children—every one of whom knew it, fro 'having it repeated to them, long before they could rea 'and almost as soon as they could speak. But I have neve 'made proclamation of this from the house tops.' *

Letter to a layman, 8th June 1870.

A dislike of all display was rooted in him; and hi objection to posthumous honours, illustrated by the in structions in his will, was very strikingly expressed tw years before his death, when Mr. Thomas Fairbairn aske his help to a proposed recognition of Rajah Brooke's service by a memorial in Westminster Abbey. 'I am very strongly 'impelled' (24th of June 1868) 'to comply with any reques 'of yours. But these posthumous honours of committee 'subscriptions, and Westminster Abbey are so profoundly 'unsatisfactory in my eyes that—plainly—I would rathe 'have nothing to do with them in any case. My daughte 'and her aunt unite with me in kindest regards to Mrs 'Fairbairn, and I hope you will believe in the possessio 'of mine until I am quietly buried without any memoria 'but such as I have set up in my lifetime.' Asked a yea later (August 1869) to say something on the inauguratio

Letter to Mr. Fairbairn.

Objection to posthumous honours.

* This letter is facsimile'd in *A Christmas Memorial of Charles Dickens b A. B. Hume* (1870), containing an Ode to his Memory written with feeling an spirit.

Leigh Hunt's bust at his grave in Kensal-green, he told a committee that he had a very strong objection to eech-making beside graves. 'I do not expect or wish y feelings in this wise to guide other men; still, it is so rious with me, and the idea of ever being the subject of ch a ceremony myself is so repugnant to my soul, that must decline to officiate.'

LONDON: 1836–70.

Dislike of speech-making at a grave.

His aversion to every form of what is called patron- of literature* was part of the same feeling. A few nths earlier a Manchester gentleman † wrote for his pport to such a scheme. 'I beg to be excused,' was his ly, 'from complying with the request you do me the nour to prefer, simply because I hold the opinion that ere is a great deal too much patronage in England. The tter the design, the less (as I think) should it seek such ventitious aid, and the more composedly should it rest its own merits.' This was the belief Southey held; it ended to the support by way of patronage given by such ieties as the Literary Fund, which Southey also strongly isted; and it survived the failure of the Guild whereby vas hoped to establish a system of self-help, under which n engaged in literary pursuits might be as proud to eive as to give. Though there was no project of his life which he flung himself with greater eagerness than the

Too much 'patronage in England.

Source of quarrel with Literary Fund.

* I may quote here from a letter (Newcastle-on-Tyne, 5th Sept. 1858) sent by the editor of the *Northern Express*. 'The view you take of the literary character in the abstract, or of what it might and ought to be, expresses that I have striven for all through my literary life—never to allow it to be patronized, or tolerated, or treated like a good or a bad child. I am always animated by the hope of leaving it a little better understood by the thoughts than I found it.'—To James B. Manson, Esq.

As to treatment of literature.

† Henry Ryder-Taylor, Esq. Ph.D. 8th Sept. 1868.

LONDON : 1836–70.

Exertions for the Guild of Literature.

Guild, it was not taken up by the class it was meant t
benefit, and every renewed exertion more largely added t
the failure. There is no room in these pages for the stor
which will add its chapter some day to the vanity of huma
wishes ; but a passage from a letter to Bulwer Lytton a
its outset will be some measure of the height from whic
the writer fell, when all hope for what he had so set h
heart upon ceased. 'I do devoutly believe that this pla

What he hoped from it. 1850.

'carried by the support which I trust will be given to i
'will change the status of the literary man in England, ar
'make a revolution in his position which no governmer
'no power on earth but his own, could ever effect. I ha
'implicit confidence in the scheme—so splendidly beg
'—if we carry it out with a stedfast energy. I have

Vanity of human wishes.

'strong conviction that we hold in our hands the pea
'and honour of men of letters for centuries to come, a
'that you are destined to be their best and most enduri
'benefactor. . . Oh what a procession of new years m
'walk out of all this for the class we belong to, after
'are dust.'

These views about patronage did not make him mc
indulgent to the clamour with which it is so often invok

Small poets.

for the ridiculously small. 'You read that life of Clare
he wrote (15th of August 1865). 'Did you ever see su
'preposterous exaggeration of small claims? And isn't
'expressive, the perpetual prating of him in the book
'*the Poet?* So another Incompetent used to write to t
'Literary Fund when I was on the committee: "T

Huge pretensions.

'"leaves the Poet at his divine mission in a corner of t
'"single room. The Poet's father is wiping his spectac

'The Poet's mother is weaving"—Yah!' He was equally olerant of every magnificent proposal that should render e literary man independent of the bookseller, and he arply criticized even a compromise to replace the half-ofits system by one of royalties on copies sold. 'What oes it come to?' he remarked of an ably-written pam-let in which this was urged (10th of November 1866): hat is the worth of the remedy after all? You and I now very well that in nine cases out of ten the author is a disadvantage with the publisher because the publisher as capital and the author has not. We know perfectly ell that in nine cases out of ten money is advanced by ne publisher before the book is producible—often, long efore. No young or unsuccessful author (unless he were n amateur and an independent gentleman) would make bargain for having that royalty, to-morrow, if he could ave a certain sum of money, or an advance of money. he author who could command that bargain, could com-nand it to-morrow, or command anything else. For the ss fortunate or the less able, I make bold to say—with ome knowledge of the subject, as a writer who made publisher's fortune long before he began to share in the eal profits of his books—that if the publishers met next eek, and resolved henceforth to make this royalty bar-ain and no other, it would be an enormous hardship and isfortune because the authors could not live while they rote. The pamphlet seems to me just another example of ne old philosophical chess-playing, with human beings for ieces. "Don't want money." "Be careful to be born with means, and have a banker's account." "Your

London: 1836–70.

As to writers and booksellers. 1866.

On 'royalty' bargains.

Personal experience.

LONDON: 1836–70.

'"publisher will settle with you, at such and such long
'"periods according to the custom of his trade, and you
'"will settle with your butcher and baker weekly, in the
'"meantime, by drawing cheques as I do." "You must be
'"sure not to want money, and then I have worked it out
'"for you splendidly."'

Editorship.

Less has been said in this work than might perhaps have been wished, of the way in which his editorship of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round* was discharged. It was distinguished above all by liberality; and a scrupulous consideration and delicacy, evinced by him to all his contributors, was part of the esteem in which he held literature itself. It was said in a newspaper after his death, evidently by one of his contributors, that he always brought the best out of a man by encouragement and appreciation; that he liked his writers to feel unfettered; and that his last reply to a proposition for a series of articles had been: 'Whatever you see your way to, I will see mine to, and we know and understand each other well enough to make the best of these conditions.' Yet the strong feeling of personal responsibility was always present in his conduct of both journals; and varied as the contents of a number might be, and widely apart the writers, a certain individuality of his own was never absent. He took immense pains (as indeed was his habit about everything) with numbers in which he had written nothing; would often accept a paper from a young or unhandy contributor because of some single notion in it which he thought was worth rewriting for; and in this way, or by helping generally to give strength and attractiveness to the work of

Relations with contributors.

LONDON: 1836–70.

Work for others.

ners, he grudged no trouble.* 'I have had a story' he ote (22nd of June 1856) 'to hack and hew into some rm for *Household Words* this morning, which has taken ne four hours of close attention. And I am perfectly

* By way of instance I subjoin an amusing insertion made by him in an erwise indifferently written paper descriptive of the typical Englishman on foreign stage, which gives in more comic detail experiences of his own eady partly submitted to the reader (ii. 102–3). 'In a pretty piece at e Gymnase in Paris, where the prime minister of England unfortunately ined himself by speculating in railway shares, a thorough-going English rvant appeared under that thorough-going English name Tom Bob—the nest fellow having been christened Tom, and born the lawful son of Mr. nd Mrs. Bob. In an Italian adaptation of DUMAS' preposterous play of EAN, which we once saw at the great theatre of Genoa, the curtain rose upon at celebrated tragedian, drunk and fast asleep in a chair, attired in a dark ue blouse fastened round the waist with a broad belt and a most prodigious ckle, and wearing a dark red hat of the sugar-loaf shape, nearly three et high. He bore in his hand a champagne-bottle, with the label RHUM, large capital letters, carefully turned towards the audience; and two or ree dozen of the same popular liquor, which we are nationally accustomed drink neat as imported, by the half gallon, ornamented the floor of the partment. Every frequenter of the Coal Hole tavern in the Strand, on that casion, wore a sword and a beard. Every English lady, presented on the age in Italy, wears a green veil; and almost every such specimen of our ir countrywomen carries a bright red reticule, made in the form of a onstrous heart. We do not remember to have ever seen an Englishman on e Italian stage, or in the Italian circus, without a stomach like Daniel mbert, an immense shirt-frill, and a bunch of watch-seals each several mes larger than his watch, though the watch itself was an impossible ngine. And we have rarely beheld this mimic Englishman, without seeing resent, then and there, a score of real Englishmen sufficiently characteristic nd unlike the rest of the audience, to whom he bore no shadow of resemlance.' These views as to English people and society, of which Count d'Orsay d always to say that an average Frenchman knew about as much as he w of the inhabitants of the moon, may receive amusing addition from one Dickens's letters during his last visit to France; which enclosed a cleverly itten Paris journal containing essays on English manners. In one of these writer remarked that he had heard of the venality of English politicians, t could not have supposed it to be so shameless as it is, for, when he went the House of Commons, he heard them call out 'Places! Places!' 'Give s Places!' when the Minister entered!

Insertion in another man's contribution.

Foreign views of English people.

Places! places!

LONDON: 1836–70.

'addled by its horrible want of continuity after all, and the 'dreadful spectacle I have made of the proofs—which look 'like an inky fishing-net.' A few lines from another letter will show the difficulties in which he was often involved by the plan he adopted for Christmas numbers, of putting within a framework by himself a number of stories by separate writers to whom the leading notion had before been severally sent. 'As yet' (25th of November 1859), 'not a story has come to me in the least belonging to the 'idea (the simplest in the world; which I myself described 'in writing, in the most elaborate manner); and everyone 'of them turns, by a strange fatality, on a criminal trial!' It had all to be set right by him, and editorship on such terms was not a sinecure.

Invention of Christmas numbers.

Editorial troubles.

Editorial pleasures.

It had its pleasures as well as pains, however, and the greatest was when he fancied he could descry unusual merit in any writer. A letter will give one instance for illustration of many; the lady to whom it was addressed, admired under her assumed name of Holme Lee, having placed it at my disposal. (Folkestone: 14th of August 1855.) 'I read your tale with the strongest emotion, and 'with a very exalted admiration of the great power dis- 'played in it. Both in severity and tenderness I thought 'it masterly. It moved me more than I can express to 'you. I wrote to Mr. Wills that it had completely un- 'settled me for the day, and that by whomsoever it was 'written, I felt the highest respect for the mind that had 'produced it. It so happened that I had been for some 'days at work upon a character externally like the Aunt. 'And it was very strange to me indeed to observe how

On a story by 'Holme 'Lee.'

e two people seemed to be near to one another at st, and then turned off on their own ways so wide under. I told Mr. Wills that I was not sure whether could have prevailed upon myself to present to a large udience the terrible consideration of hereditary mad-ess, when it was reasonably probable that there must e many—or some—among them whom it would awfully, ecause personally, address. But I was not obliged to ask nyself the question, inasmuch as the length of the story endered it unavailable for *Household Words*. I speak its length in reference to that publication only; rela-vely to what is told in it, I would not spare a page of our manuscript. Experience shows me that a story in our portions is best suited to the peculiar requirements of uch a journal, and I assure you it will be an uncommon atisfaction to me if this correspondence should lead to our enrolment among its contributors. But my strong nd sincere conviction of the vigour and pathos of this eautiful tale, is quite apart from, and not to be influenced y, any ulterior results. You had no existence to me hen I read it. The actions and sufferings of the cha-acters affected me by their own force and truth, and left profound impression on me.'* The experience there entioned did not prevent him from admitting into his ter periodical, *All the Year Round*, longer serial stories ublished with the names of known writers; and to his wn interference with these he properly placed limits. When one of my literary brothers does me the honour

LONDON: 1836–70.

Editorship.

Plan pursued in *Household Words*.

Change of plan in *All the Year Round*.

* The letter is addressed to Miss Harriet Parr, whose book called *Gilbert assenger* is the tale referred to.

LONDON: 1836–70.

'to undertake such a task, I hold that he executes it on 'his own personal responsibility, and for the sustainment 'of his own reputation; and I do not consider myself at 'liberty to exercise that control over his text which I claim 'as to other contributions.' Nor had he any greater pleasure, even in these cases, than to help younger novelists to popularity. 'You asked me about new writers last night. 'If you will read *Kissing the Rod*, a book I have read to-'day, you will not find it hard to take an interest in the 'author of such a book.' That was Mr. Edmund Yates, in whose literary successes he took the greatest interest himself, and with whom he continued to the last an intimate personal intercourse which had dated from kindness shown at a very trying time. 'I think' he wrote of another of his contributors, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, for whom he had also much personal liking, and of whose powers he thought highly, 'you will find *Fatal Zero* a very 'curious bit of mental development, deepening as the 'story goes on into a picture not more startling than true.' My mention of these pleasures of editorship shall close with what I think to him was the greatest. He gave to the world, while yet the name of the writer was unknown to him, the pure and pathetic verse of Adelaide Procter. 'In the spring of the year 1853 I observed a 'short poem among the proffered contributions, very dif-'ferent, as I thought, from the shoal of verses perpetually 'setting through the office of such a periodical.'* The contributions had been large and frequent under an assumed

Mr. Edmund Yates.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald.

Adelaide Procter's Poems.

* See the introductory memoir from his pen now prefixed to every edition of the popular and delightful *Legends and Lyrics*.

ne, when at Christmas 1854 he discovered that Miss y Berwick was the daughter of his old and dear friend ry Cornwall. LONDON: 1836–70.

But periodical writing is not without its drawbacks, and effect on Dickens, who engaged in it largely from time ime, was observable in the increased impatience of allu- to national institutions and conventional distinctions e found in his later books. Party divisions he cared less and less as life moved on; but the decisive, per- otory, dogmatic style, into which a habit of rapid remark topics of the day will betray the most candid and con- rate commentator, displayed its influence, perhaps not ays consciously to himself, in the underlying tone of erness that runs through the books which followed *perfield*. The resentment against remediable wrongs s praiseworthy in them as in the earlier tales; but the osure of Chancery abuses, administrative incompetence, tico-economic shortcomings, and social flunkeyism, in *ak House*, *Little Dorrit*, *Hard Times*, and *Our Mutual end*, would not have been made less odious by the erier tone that had struck with much sharper effect at on abuses, parish wrongs, Yorkshire schools, and hypo- ical humbug, in *Pickwick*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nickleby*, and *uzzlewit*. It will be remembered of him always that desired to set right what was wrong, that he held no se to be unimprovable, that he left none of the evils ned exactly as he found them, and that to influences wn from his writings were due not a few of the salutary nges which marked the age in which he lived; but er does not improve satire, and it gave latterly, from

Adverse influences of periodical writing.

Earlier and later tone in his books.

Anger and satire.

LONDON: 1836–70.

the causes named, too aggressive a form to what, after all, was but a very wholesome hatred of the cant that everything English is perfect, and that to call a thing *un*English is to doom it to abhorred extinction.

'Member 'for Nowhere.'

'I have got an idea for occasional papers in *Household* '*Words* called the Member for Nowhere. They will con-'tain an account of his views, votes, and speeches; and I 'think of starting with his speeches on the Sunday ques-'tion. He is a member of the Government of course. The 'moment they found such a member in the House, they 'felt that he must be dragged (by force, if necessary) into 'the Cabinet.' 'I give it up reluctantly,' he wrote afterwards, 'and with it my hope to have made every man in 'England feel something of the contempt for the House of 'Commons that I have. We shall never begin to do any-'thing until the sentiment is universal.' That was in August 1854; and the break-down in the Crimea that winter much embittered his radicalism. 'I am hourly 'strengthened in my old belief,' he wrote (3rd of February 1855) 'that our political aristocracy and our tuft-hunting 'are the death of England. In all this business I don't see 'a gleam of hope. As to the popular spirit, it has come to 'be so entirely separated from the Parliament and Govern-'ment, and so perfectly apathetic about them both, that I 'seriously think it a most portentous sign.' A couple of months later: 'I have rather a bright idea, I think, for '*Household Words* this morning: a fine little bit of satire 'an account of an Arabic MS. lately discovered very like 'the *Arabian Nights*—called the Thousand and One 'Humbugs. With new versions of the best known stories.

Failures abroad.

Break-down at home.

'Thousand 'and One 'Humbugs.'

: also had to be given up, and is only mentioned as ther illustration of his political discontents and of their nection with his journal-work. The influences from his y life which unconsciously strengthened them in certain al directions has been hinted at, and of his absolute erity in the matter there can be no doubt. The mis-s of Dickens were never such as to cast a shade on his grity. What he said with too much bitterness, in his rt he believed; and had, alas! too much ground for be-ing. 'A country,' he wrote (27th of April 1855) 'which discovered to be in this tremendous condition as to its r affairs; with an enormous black cloud of poverty in ry town which is spreading and deepening every hour, d not one man in two thousand knowing anything about, even believing in, its existence; with a non-working istocracy, and a silent parliament, and everybody for mself and nobody for the rest; this is the prospect, d I think it a very deplorable one.' Admirably did he of a notorious enquiry at that time: 'O what a fine pect of political economy it is, that the noble professors the science on the adulteration committee should have ed to make Adulteration a question of Supply and emand! We shall never get to the Millennium, sir, by e rounds of that ladder; and I, for one, won't hold by e skirts of that Great Mogul of impostors, Master M'Cul-ch!' Again he wrote (30th of September 1855): 'I ally am serious in thinking—and I have given as painful nsideration to the subject as a man with children to live d suffer after him can honestly give to it—that repre-ntative government is become altogether a failure with

LONDON: 1836–70.

Opinions honestly (if mistakenly) formed.

Non-working aristocracy and silent parliament:

Not the way to the Millennium.

Failure of representative government.

LONDON: 1869.

'us, that the English gentilities and subserviences render 'the people unfit for it, and that the whole thing has broken 'down since that great seventeenth-century time, and has 'no hope in it.'

No thought of parliament for himself.

With the good sense that still overruled all his farthest extremes of opinion he yet never thought of parliament for himself. He could not mend matters, and for him it would have been a false position. The people of the town of Reading and others applied to him during the first half of his life, and in the last half some of the Metropolitan constituencies. To one of the latter a reply is before me in which he says: 'I declare that as to all 'matters on the face of this teeming earth, it appears to 'me that the House of Commons and Parliament alto- 'gether is become just the dreariest failure and nuisance 'that ever bothered this much-bothered world.' To a private enquiry of apparently about the same date he replied: 'I have thoroughly satisfied myself, having often 'had occasion to consider the question, that I can be far 'more usefully and independently employed in my chosen 'sphere of action than I could hope to be in the House of 'Commons; and I believe that no consideration would in- 'duce me to become a member of that extraordinary as- 'sembly.' Finally, upon a reported discussion in Finsbury whether or not he should be invited to sit for that borough, he promptly wrote (November 1861): 'It may save some 'trouble if you will kindly confirm a sensible gentleman who doubted at that meeting whether I was quite the 'man for Finsbury. I am not at all the sort of man; for I 'believe nothing would induce me to offer myself as a

No desire to enter the House of Commons.

Not the man for Finsbury.

liamentary representative of that place, or of any other der the sun.' The only direct attempt to join a political ation was his speech at Drury-lane for administrative rm, and he never repeated it. But every movement for tical social reforms, to obtain more efficient sanitary legis- on, to get the best compulsory education practicable for poor, and to better the condition of labouring people, ssisted earnestly to his last hour; and the readiness with ch he took the chair at meetings having such objects in w, the help he gave to important societies working in bene- nt ways for themselves or the community, and the power attractiveness of his oratory, made him one of the forces he time. His speeches derived singular charm from the yancy of his perfect self-possession, and to this he added advantages of a person and manner which had become amiliar and as popular as his books. The most miscella- us assemblages listened to him as to a personal friend. Two incidents at the close of his life will show what on these matters his latest opinions were. At the great erpool dinner after his country readings in 1869, over ich Lord Dufferin eloquently presided, he replied to a nonstrance from Lord Houghton against his objection entering public life,* that when he took literature for

LONDON: 1869.

Reforms he took most interest in.

Chairmanship of meetings.

The Liverpool dinner in 1869.

On this remonstrance and Dickens's reply the *Times* had a leading cle of which the closing sentences find fitting place in his biography. 'If ere be anything in Lord Russell's theory that Life Peerages are wanted ecially to represent those forms of national eminence which cannot otherse find fitting representation, it might be urged, for the reasons we have fore mentioned, that a Life Peerage is due to the most truly national presentative of one important department of modern English literature. mething may no doubt be said in favour of this view, but we are inclined doubt if Mr. Dickens himself would gain anything by a Life Peerage. Mr. ckens is pre-eminently a writer of the people and for the people. To our

LONDON: 1870.

his profession he intended it to be his sole profession that at that time it did not appear to him to be so wel understood in England, as in some other countries, tha literature was a dignified profession by which any ma might stand or fall; and he resolved that in his person a least it should stand 'by itself, of itself, and for itself;' bargain which 'no consideration on earth would now in 'duce him to break.' Here however he probably failed t see the entire meaning of Lord Houghton's regret, whicl would seem to have been meant to say, in more polit form, that to have taken some part in public affairs migh have shown him the difficulty in a free state of providing remedies very swiftly for evils of long growth. A half re proach from the same quarter for alleged unkindly sen timents to the House of Lords, he repelled with vehemen warmth; insisting on his great regard for individual mem bers, and declaring that there was no man in England h respected more in his public capacity, loved more in hi private capacity, or from whom he had received more re markable proofs of his honour and love of literature, tha Lord Russell.* In Birmingham shortly after, discoursing on education to the members of the Midland Institute, h

Reply to Lord Houghton's remonstrance.

Tribute to Lord Russell.

'thinking, he is far better suited for the part of the "Great Commoner" o 'English fiction than for even a Life Peerage. To turn Charles Dickens int 'Lord Dickens would be much the same mistake in literature that it was i 'politics to turn William Pitt into Lord Chatham.'

The living statesman he most honoured.

* One of the many repetitions of the same opinion in his letters may b given. 'Lord John's note' (September 1853) 'confirms me in an old im 'pression that he is worth a score of official men; and has more generosity i 'his little finger than a Government usually has in its whole corporation.' I another of his public allusions, Dickens described him as a statesman of whon opponents and friends alike felt sure that he would rise to the level of ever occasion, however exalted; and compared him to the seal of Solomon in the ol Arabian story inclosing in a not very large casket the soul of a giant.

them they should value self-improvement not because ed to fortune but because it was good and right in lf; counselled them in regard to it that Genius was not th half so much as Attention, or the art of taking an nense deal of pains, which he declared to be, in every dy and pursuit, the one sole, safe, certain, remunerative lity; and summed up briefly his political belief.—'My ith in the people governing is, on the whole, infinitesi- al; my faith in the People governed is, on the whole, limitable.' This he afterwards (January 1870) explained mean that he had very little confidence in the people govern us ('with a small p'), and very great confidence the People whom they govern ('with a large P'). 'My nfession being shortly and elliptically stated, was, with evil intention I am absolutely sure, in some quarters versely explained.' He added that his political opinions already been not obscurely stated in an 'idle book or vo'; and he reminded his hearers that he was the inventor a certain fiction called the Circumlocution Office, said be very extravagant, but which I *do* see rather fre- uently quoted as if there were grains of truth at the ttom of it.' It may nevertheless be suspected, with me confidence, that the construction of his real meaning s not far wrong which assumed it as the condition pre- dent to his illimitable faith, that the people, even with e big P, should be 'governed.' It was his constant com- int that, being much in want of government, they had y sham governors; and he had returned from his second nerican visit, as he came back from his first, indisposed believe that the political problem had been solved in

LONDON: 1857.

The people governing and the People governed.

Reply to misconstruction.

Another explanation possible.

Last and first American experience.

LONDON: 1857.

Tone of last book.

the land of the free. From the pages of his last book, the bitterness of allusion so frequent in the books just named was absent altogether; and his old unaltered wish to better what was bad in English institutions, carried with it no desire to replace them by new ones.

In a memoir published shortly after his death there appeared this statement. 'For many years past Her 'Majesty the Queen has taken the liveliest interest in Mr. 'Dickens's literary labours, and has frequently expressed a 'desire for an interview with him. . . This interview took 'place on the 9th of April, when he received her commands 'to attend her at Buckingham Palace, and was introduced 'by his friend Mr. Arthur Helps, the clerk of the Privy 'Council. . . Since our author's decease the journal with 'which he was formerly connected has said: "The Queen '"was ready to confer any distinction which Mr. Dickens's '"known views and tastes would permit him to accept, and '"after more than one title of honour had been declined, '"Her Majesty desired that he would, at least, accept a '"place in her Privy Council."' As nothing is too absurd*

Alleged offers from the Queen.

* In a memoir by Dr. Shelton McKenzie which has had circulation in America, there is given the following statement, taken doubtless from publications at the time, of which it will be strictly accurate to say, that, excepting the part of its closing averment which describes Dickens sending a copy of his works to her Majesty by her own desire, *there is in it not a single word of truth.* 'Early in 1870 the Queen presented a copy of her book upon the 'Highlands to Mr. Dickens, with the modest autographic inscription, "from '"the humblest to the most distinguished author of England." This was 'meant to be complimentary, and was accepted as such by Mr. Dickens, who 'acknowledged it in a manly, courteous letter. Soon after, Queen Victoria 'wrote to him, requesting that he would do her the favour of paying her a 'visit at Windsor. He accepted, and passed a day, very pleasantly, in his 'Sovereign's society. It is said that they were mutually pleased, that Mr. 'Dickens caught the royal lady's particular humour, that they chatted together 'in a very friendly manner, that the Queen was never tired of asking questions

Statements in vogue after Dickens's death.

belief, it will not be superfluous to say that Dickens
w of no such desire on her Majesty's part; and though
the probabilities are on the side of his unwillingness to
ept any title or place of honour, certainly none was
red to him. LONDON: 1870.

t had been hoped to obtain her Majesty's name for the
rold performances in 1857, but, being a public effort in
alf of an individual, assent would have involved 'either
rpetual compliance or the giving of perpetual offence.'
r Majesty however then sent, through Colonel Phipps, a
uest to Dickens that he would select a room in the palace,
what he would with it, and let her see the play there.
aid to Col. Phipps thereupon' (21st of June 1857) 'that
e idea was not quite new to me; that I did not feel easy
to the social position of my daughters, &c. at a Court
der those circumstances; and that I would beg her

Ante, 145.

Communication with her Majesty in 1857.

ut certain characters in his books, that they had almost a *tête-à-tête*
cheon, and that, ere he departed, the Queen pressed him to accept a
onetcy (a title which descends to the eldest son), and that, on his declin-
, she said, "At least, Mr. Dickens, let me have the gratification of
making you one of my Privy Council." This, which gives the personal
e of "Right Honorable," he also declined—nor, indeed, did Charles
kens require a title to give him celebrity. The Queen and the author
ted, well pleased with each other. The newspapers reported that a peer-
had been offered and declined—*but even newspapers are not invariably*
rect. Mr. Dickens presented his Royal Mistress with a handsome set of
his works, and, on the very morning of his death, a letter reached Gad's
l, written by Mr. Arthur Helps, by her desire, acknowledging the present,
describing the exact position the books occupied at Balmoral—so placed
t she could see them before her when occupying the usual seat in her
ing-room. When this letter arrived, Mr. Dickens was still alive, but
olly unconscious. What to him, at that time, was the courtesy of an
thly sovereign?' I repeat that the only morsel of truth in all this rigmarole
at the books were sent by Dickens, and acknowledged by Mr. Helps at the
n's desire. The letter did not arrive on the day of his death, the 9th of
, but was dated from Balmoral on that day.

Rigmarole.

The only morsel of truth in it.

LONDON: 1870.

'Majesty to excuse me, if any other way of her seeing the
'play could be devised. To this Phipps said he had not
'thought of the objection, but had not the slightest doubt
Desire to see Dickens act.
'I was right. I then proposed that the Queen should come
'to the Gallery of Illustration a week before the subscrip-
'tion night, and should have the room entirely at her own
'disposal, and should invite her own company. This, with
'the good sense that seems to accompany her good nature
'on all occasions, she resolved within a few hours to do.
The effect of the performance was a great gratification
'My gracious sovereign' (5th of July 1857) 'was so pleased
Dickens sent for.
'that she sent round begging me to go and see her and
'accept her thanks. I replied that I was in my Farce
'dress, and must beg to be excused. Whereupon she sent
'again, saying that the dress "could not be so ridiculous as
'"that," and repeating the request. I sent my duty in
'reply, but again hoped her Majesty would have the kind-
Declines to present himself in stage dress.
'ness to excuse my presenting myself in a costume and
'appearance that were not my own. I was mighty glad to
'think, when I woke this morning, that I had carried the
'point.'

1858.

The opportunity of presenting himself in his own cos-
tume did not arrive till the year of his death, another effor
meanwhile made having proved also unsuccessful. 'I was pu
'into a state of much perplexity on Sunday' (30th of March
1858). 'I don't know who had spoken to my informant
Her Majesty's wish to hear Dickens read.
'but it seems that the Queen is bent upon hearing the
'*Carol* read, and has expressed her desire to bring it
'about without offence; hesitating about the manner of it
'in consequence of my having begged to be excused from

LONDON: 1857–58.

oing to her when she sent for me after the *Frozen eep*. I parried the thing as well as I could; but being lked to be prepared with a considerate and obliging nswer, as it was known the request would be preferred, I iid, "Well! I supposed Col. Phipps would speak to me about it, and if it were he who did so, I should assure him of my desire to meet any wish of her Majesty's, and should express my hope that she would indulge me by making one of some audience or other—for I thought an audience necessary to the effect." Thus it stands: but it others me.' The difficulty was not surmounted, but her jesty's continued interest in the *Carol* was shown by purchase of a copy of it with Dickens's autograph at ackeray's sale;* and at last there came, in the year of death, the interview with the author whose popularity ed from her accession, whose books had entertained ger numbers of her subjects than those of any other temporary writer, and whose genius will be counted long the glories of her reign. Accident led to it. ckens had brought with him from America some large d striking photographs of the Battle Fields of the Civil ar, which the Queen, having heard of them through Mr. lps, expressed a wish to look at. Dickens sent them once; and went afterwards to Buckingham Palace with

Queen's interest in the *Carol*.

How the interview with her Majesty originated.

* The book was thus entered in the catalogue. 'DICKENS (C.), A CHRISTMAS CAROL, in prose, 1843; *Presentation Copy*, inscribed "*W. M. Thackeray, from Charles Dickens* (*whom he made very happy once a long way from home*)."' Some pleasant verses by his friend had affected him ch while abroad. I quote the Life of Dickens published by Mr. Hotten. er Majesty expressed the strongest desire to possess this presentation py, and sent an unlimited commission to buy it. The original published ice of the book was 5*s*. It became Her Majesty's property for £25 10*s*., d was at once taken to the palace.'

Purchase of Thackeray's copy of the *Carol*.

LONDON: 1870.

Mr. Helps, at her Majesty's request, that she might see and thank him in person.

It was in the middle of March, not April. 'Come now 'sir, this is an interesting matter, do favour us with it,' was the cry of Johnson's friends after his conversation with George the Third; and again and again the story was told to listeners ready to make marvels of its commonplaces. But the romance even of the eighteenth century in such a matter is clean gone out of the nineteenth. Suffice it that the Queen's kindness left a strong impression on Dickens.

Account of it.

Upon her Majesty's regret not to have heard his Readings, Dickens intimated that they were become now a thing of the past, while he acknowledged gratefully her Majesty's compliment in regard to them. She spoke to him of the impression made upon her by his acting in the *Frozen Deep;* and on his stating, in reply to her enquiry, that the little play had not been very successful on the public stage, said this did not surprise her, since it no longer had the advantage of his performance in it. Then arose a mention of some alleged discourtesy shown to Prince Arthur in New York, and he begged her Majesty not to confound the true Americans of that city with the Fenian portion of its Irish population; on which she made the quiet comment that she was convinced the people about the Prince had made too much of the affair. He related to her the story of President Lincoln's dream on the night before his murder. She asked him to give her his writings, and could she have them that afternoon? but he begged to be allowed to send a bound copy. Her Majesty then took from a table her own book upon the Highlands, with an autograph inscription 'to

Ante, 386–8.

harles Dickens'; and, saying that 'the humblest' of iters would be ashamed to offer it to 'one of the greatest' t that Mr. Helps, being asked to give it, had remarked at it would be valued most from herself, closed the inter- w by placing it in his hands. 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'they ay say what they like of the young King, but Louis the ourteenth could not have shown a more refined courtli- ess'; and Dickens was not disposed to say less of the young ng's granddaughter. That the grateful impression sufficed carry him into new ways, I had immediate proof, coupled th intimation of the still surviving strength of old memo- s. 'As my sovereign desires' (26th of March 1870) 'that should attend the next levee, don't faint with amaze- ent if you see my name in that unwonted connexion. I ave scrupulously kept myself free for the second of April, case you should be accessible.' The name appeared at levee accordingly, his daughter was at the drawing-room at followed, and Lady Houghton writes to me 'I never aw Mr. Dickens more agreeable than at a dinner at our ouse about a fortnight before his death, when he met the King of the Belgians and the Prince of Wales at the pecial desire of the latter.' Up to nearly the hour of nner, it was doubtful if he could go. He was suffering m the distress in his foot; and on arrival at the house, ing unable to ascend the stairs, had to be assisted at ce into the dining-room.

The friend who had accompanied Dickens to Buckingham lace, writing of him* after his death, briefly but with

LONDON: 1870.

What passed at the inter- view.

Dickens's grateful impression from it.

Going to a levee!

i. 91, 129.

Meeting the Prince of Wales.

* 'In Memoriam' by Arthur Helps, in *Macmillan's Magazine* for July 70.

LONDON: 1870.

'In Memoriam' by Arthur Helps.

admirable knowledge and taste, said that he ardently desired, and confidently looked forward to, a time when there would be a more intimate union than exists at present between the different classes in the state, a union that should embrace alike the highest and the lowest. This perhaps expresses, as well as a few words could, what certainly was always at his heart; and he might have come to think it, when his life was closing, more possible of realisation some day than he ever thought it before. The hope of it was on his friend Talfourd's lips when he died, and his own most jarring opinions might at last have joined in the effort to bring about such reconcilement. More on this head it needs not to say. Whatever may be the objection to special views held by him, he would, wanting even the most objectionable, have been less himself. It was by something of the despot seldom separable from genius, joined to a truthfulness of nature belonging to the highest characters, that men themselves of a rare faculty were attracted to find in Dickens what Sir Arthur Helps has described, 'a man to confide in, and 'look up to as a leader, in the midst of any great peril.'

A hope at the close of life.

Mr. Layard at Gadshill, 1866–7.

Mr. Layard also held that opinion of him. He was at Gadshill during the Christmas before Dickens went for the last time to America, and witnessed one of those scenes, not infrequent there, in which the master of the house was pre-eminently at home. They took generally the form of cricket matches; but this was, to use the phrase of his friend Bobadil, more popular and diffused; and of course he rose with the occasion. 'The more you want of 'the master, the more you'll find in him,' said the gasman

ployed about his readings. 'Footraces for the villagers,' wrote on Christmas Day, 'come off in my field —morrow. We have been all hard at work all day, uilding a course, making countless flags, and I don't know hat else. Layard is chief commissioner of the domestic olice. The country police predict an immense crowd.' ere were between two and three thousand people; and nehow, by a magical kind of influence, said Layard, ckens seemed to have bound every creature present, upon nat honour the creature had, to keep order. What was e special means used, or the art employed, it might have en difficult to say; but that was the result. Writing on ew Year's Day, Dickens himself described it to me. 'We ad made a very pretty course, and taken great pains. ncouraged by the cricket matches experience, I allowed ne landlord of the Falstaff to have a drinking-booth n the ground. Not to seem to dictate or distrust, I gave ll the prizes (about ten pounds in the aggregate) in noney. The great mass of the crowd were labouring men f all kinds, soldiers, sailors, and navvies. They did not, etween half-past ten, when we began, and sunset, displace rope or a stake; and they left every barrier and flag as eat as they found it. There was not a dispute, and there vas no drunkenness whatever. I made them a little speech rom the lawn, at the end of the games, saying that please od we would do it again next year. They cheered most ustily and dispersed. The road between this and Chatham vas like a Fair all day; and surely it is a fine thing to et such perfect behaviour out of a reckless seaport town. Among other oddities we had A Hurdle Race for

GADSHILL: 1867.

New Year's Day in the meadow.

Games for the villagers.

Dickens's description.

GADSHILL: 1867.

'Strangers. One man (he came in second) ran 120 yards
'and leaped over ten hurdles, in twenty seconds, *with a*
A winner in the games.
'pipe in his mouth, and smoking it all the time. "If it
'"hadn't been for your pipe," I said to him at the winning-
'post, "you would have been first." "I beg your pardon,
'"sir,' he answered, "but if it hadn't been for my pipe, I
'"should have been nowhere."' The close of the letter had this rather memorable announcement. 'The sale of 'the Christmas number was, yesterday evening, 255,380.' Would it be absurd to say that there is something in such a vast popularity in itself electrical, and, though founded on books, felt where books never reach?

It is also very noticeable that what would have constituted the strength of Dickens if he had entered public life, the attractive as well as the commanding side of his nature, was that which kept him most within the circle of home pursuits and enjoyments. This 'better part' of him had now long survived that sorrowful period of 1857–8, when, for reasons which I have not thought myself free to suppress, a vaguely disturbed feeling for the time took possession of him, and occurrences led to his adoption of other pursuits than those to which till then he had given himself exclusively. It was a sad interval in his life; but, though changes incident to the new occupation then taken up remained, and with them many adverse influences which brought his life prematurely to a close, it was, with any reference to that feeling, an interval only; and the dominant impression of the later years, as of the earlier, takes the marvellously domestic home-loving shape in which also the strength of his genius is found. It will not do to draw

Home enjoyments.

Same in late as in early years.

LONDON: 1836–70.

and any part of such a man too hard a line, and the latter must not be charged with inconsistency who says that Dickens's childish sufferings,* and the sense they burnt into him of the misery of loneliness and a craving for joys of home, though they led to what was weakest in him, led also to what was greatest. It was his defect as well as his merit in maturer life not to be able to live alone. When the fancies of his novels were upon him and he was under their restless influence, though he often talked of shutting himself up in out of the way solitary places, he never went anywhere unaccompanied by members of his family. His habits of daily life he carried with him wherever he went. In Albaro and Genoa, at Lausanne and Geneva, in Paris and Boulogne, his ways were as entirely those of home as in London and Broadstairs. If it is the property of a domestic nature to be personally interested in every detail, the smallest as the greatest, of the four walls within which one lives, then no man had it so essentially as Dickens. No man was so inclined naturally to derive his happiness from home concerns. Even the kind of interest in a house which is commonly confined to women, he

What was weakest and greatest in him.

Habits of life everywhere.

* An entry, under the date of July 1833, from a printed but unpublished diary by Mr. Payne Collier, appeared lately in the *Athenæum*, having reference to Dickens at the time when he first obtained employment as a reporter, and connecting itself with what my opening volume had related of those childish sufferings. 'Soon afterwards I observed a great difference in C. D.'s dress, for he had bought a new hat and a very handsome blue cloak, which he threw over his shoulder *à l'Espagnole* . . . We walked together through Hungerford Market, where we followed a coal-heaver, who carried his little rosy but grimy child looking over his shoulder; and C. D. bought a halfpenny-worth of cherries, and as we went along he gave them one by one to the little fellow without the knowledge of the father . . . He informed me as he walked through it that he knew *Hunger*ford Market well . . . He did not affect to conceal the difficulties he and his family had had to contend against.'

C. D. in Hungerford-market: 1833.

LONDON: 1836–70.

Happiness in domestic concerns.

was full of. Not to speak of changes of importance, there was not an additional hook put up wherever he inhabited, without his knowledge, or otherwise than as part of some small ingenuity of his own. Nothing was too minute for his personal superintendence. Whatever might be in hand, theatricals for the little children, entertainments for those of larger growth, cricket matches, dinners, field sports, from the first new year's eve dance in Doughty Street to the last musical party in Hyde Park Place, he was the centre and soul of it. He did not care to take measure of its greater or less importance. It was enough that a thing was to do, to be worth his while to do it as if there was nothing else to be done in the world. The cry of Laud and Wentworth was his, alike in small and great things; and to no man was more applicable the German 'Echt,' which expresses reality as well as thoroughness. The usual result followed, in all his homes, of an absolute reliance on him for everything. Under every difficulty, and in every emergency, his was the encouraging influence, the bright and ready help. In illness, whether of the children or any of the servants, he was better than a doctor. He was so full of resource, for which every one eagerly turned to him, that his mere presence in the sick-room was a healing influence, as if nothing could fail if he were only there. So that at last, when, all through the awful night which preceded his departure, he lay senseless in the room where he had fallen, the stricken and bewildered ones who tended him found it impossible to believe that what they saw before them alone was left, or to shut out wholly the strange wild hope that he might again be suddenly

Centre and soul of his home.

Family dependence on him.

Night of the 8th of June, 1870.

ng them *like* himself, and revive what they could not nect, even then, with death's despairing helplessness. t was not a feeling confined to the relatives whom he thus taught to have such exclusive dependence on him. ong the consolations addressed to those mourners came ds from one whom in life he had most honoured, and also found it difficult to connect him with death, or to k that he should never see that blithe face any more. is almost thirty years,' Mr. Carlyle wrote, 'since my quaintance with him began; and on my side, I may y, every new meeting ripened it into more and more ar discernment of his rare and great worth as a brother an: a most cordial, sincere, clear-sighted, quietly de- ive, just and loving man: till at length he had grown such a recognition with me as I have rarely had for y man of my time. This I can tell you three, for it is ae and will be welcome to you: to others less concerned ad as soon *not* speak on such a subject.' 'I am pro- ndly sorry for *you*,' Mr. Carlyle at the same time wrote me; 'and indeed for myself and for us all. It is an ent world-wide; a *unique* of talents suddenly extinct; d has "eclipsed," we too may say, "the harmless gaiety of nations." No death since 1866 has fallen on me th such a stroke. No literary man's hitherto ever did. ae good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble ickens,—every inch of him an Honest Man.'

London: 1836–70.

Thomas Carlyle: 4th of July 1870.

The same: 11th of June 1870.

Of his ordinary habits of activity I have spoken, and they re doubtless carried too far. In youth it was all well, he did not make allowance for years. This has had abun- t illustration, but will admit of a few words more. To

Daily habits.

LONDON: 1836–70.

all men who do much, rule and order are essential; metho in everything was Dickens's peculiarity; and betwee breakfast and luncheon, with rare exceptions, was hi time of work. But his daily walks were less of rul than of enjoyment and necessity. In the midst of hi writing they were indispensable, and especially, as it ha often been shown, at night. Mr. Sala is an authorit on London streets, and, in the eloquent and generou tribute he was among the first to offer to his memory has described himself encountering Dickens in the oddes places and most inclement weather, in Ratcliffe-highway on Haverstock-hill, on Camberwell-green, in Gray's-inn lane, in the Wandsworth-road, at Hammersmith Broad way, in Norton Folgate, and at Kensal New Town. 'A 'hansom whirled you by the Bell and Horns at Brompton 'and there he was striding, as with seven-league boots 'seemingly in the direction of North-end, Fulham. The 'Metropolitan Railway sent you forth at Lisson-grove, and 'you met him plodding speedily towards the Yorkshire 'Stingo. He was to be met rapidly skirting the grim brick 'wall of the prison in Coldbath-fields, or trudging along the 'Seven Sisters-road at Holloway, or bearing, under a steady 'press of sail, underneath Highgate Archway, or pursuing 'the even tenor of his way up the Vauxhall-bridge-road.' But he was equally at home in the intricate byways of narrow streets and in the lengthy thoroughfares. Wherever there was 'matter to be heard and learned,' in back streets behind Holborn, in Borough courts and passages, in city wharfs or alleys, about the poorer lodging-houses, in prisons, workhouses, ragged-schools, police-courts, rag-shops, chand-

Street walks.

Mr. G. A. Sala in *Daily Telegraph*, June 1870.

London haunts.

' shops, and all sorts of markets for the poor, he carried keen observation and untiring study. 'I was among the ilian Boys from 12 to 2 this morning,' says one of his ers. 'I am going out to-night in their boat with the ames Police,' says another. It was the same when he was taly or Switzerland, as we have seen; and when, in later he was in French provincial places. 'I walk miles away o the country, and you can scarcely imagine by what serted ramparts and silent little cathedral closes, or how pass over rusty drawbridges and stagnant ditches out and into the decaying town.' For several consecutive rs I accompanied him every Christmas Eve to see the rketings for Christmas down the road from Aldgate to w; and he had a surprising fondness for wandering about poor neighbourhoods on Christmas-day, past the areas of bby genteel houses in Somers or Kentish Towns, and ching the dinners preparing or coming in. But the ptations of his country life led him on to excesses in king. 'Coming in just now,' he wrote in his third year Gadshill, 'after twelve miles in the rain, I was so wet at I have had to change and get my feet into warm ater before I could do anything.' Again, two years later: south-easter blowing, enough to cut one's throat. I am eeping the house for my cold, as I did yesterday. But e remedy is so new to me, that I doubt if it does me alf the good of a dozen miles in the snow. So, if this ode of treatment fails to-day, I shall try that to-morrow.' tried it perhaps too often. In the winter of 1865 he first l the attack in his left foot which materially disabled walking-power for the rest of his life. He supposed

LONDON: 1865.

Our old walk on Christmas Eve.

Walks on Christmas Day.

In rain and snow.

First attack of lameness. 1865.

LONDON: 1836–70.

its cause to be overwalking in the snow, and that this ha aggravated the suffering is very likely; but, read by th light of what followed, it may now be presumed to hav had more serious origin. It recurred at intervals, befor America, without any such provocation; in America i came back, not when he had most been walking in th snow, but when nervous exhaustion was at its worst witl him; after America, it became prominent on the eve o the occurrence at Preston which first revealed the progres that disease had been making in the vessels of the brain and in the last year of his life, as will immediately b seen, it was a constant trouble and most intense suffering extending then gravely to his left hand also, which had before been only slightly affected.

Ante, 272.

How the lameness came on.

It was from a letter of the 21st of February 1865 I first learnt that he was suffering tortures from a 'frost-bitten foot, and ten days later brought more detailed account. 'I 'got frost-bitten by walking continually in the snow, and 'getting wet in the feet daily. My boots hardened and 'softened, hardened and softened, my left foot swelled, and 'I still forced the boot on; sat in it to write, half the day; 'walked in it through the snow, the other half; forced the 'boot on again next morning; sat and walked again; and 'being accustomed to all sorts of changes in my feet, took 'no heed. At length, going out as usual, I fell lame on the 'walk, and had to limp home dead lame, through the snow, 'for the last three miles—to the remarkable terror, by-the- 'bye, of the two big dogs.' The dogs were Turk and Linda. Boisterous companions as they always were, the sudden change in him brought them to a stand-still; and for the

How it affected his large dogs: *ante*, 191–3.

of the journey they crept by the side of their master slowly as he did, never turning from him. He was atly moved by the circumstance, and often referred to it. k's look upward to his face was one of sympathy as l as fear, he said; but Linda was wholly struck down. The saying in his letter to his youngest son that he was lo to others what he would that they should do to him, hout being discouraged if they did not do it; and his ing to the Birmingham people that they were to attend self-improvement not because it led to fortune, but ause it was right; express a principle that at all times led himself. Capable of strong attachments, he was not at is called an effusive man; but he had no half-hearted- s in any of his likings. The one thing entirely hateful him, was indifference. 'I give my heart to very few ople; but I would sooner love the most implacable an in the world than a careless one, who, if my place ere empty to-morrow, would rub on and never miss me.' ere was nothing he more repeatedly told his children n that they were not to let indifference in others appear ustify it in themselves. 'All kind things,' he wrote, 'must done on their own account, and for their own sake, d without the least reference to any gratitude.' Again laid it down, while he was making some exertion the sake of a dead friend that did not seem likely to proper appreciation from those it was to serve. 'As gratitude from the family—as I have often remarked you, one does a generous thing because it is right and easant, and not for any response it is to awaken in hers.' The rule in another form frequently appears

LONDON: 1836–70.

Right things to be done for their own sake.

The thing most hateful.

LONDON: 1836–70.

in his letters; and it was enforced in many ways upo all who were dear to him. It is worth while to ad his comment on a regret of a member of his family at a act of self-devotion supposed to have been thrown away 'Nothing of what is nobly done can ever be lost.' It i also to be noted as in the same spirit, that it was not th loud but the silent heroisms he most admired. Of Si John Richardson, one of the few who have lived in ou days entitled to the name of a hero, he wrote from Pari in 1856. 'Lady Franklin sent me the whole of that Rich- 'ardson memoir; and I think Richardson's manly friend- 'ship, and love of Franklin, one of the noblest things I 'ever knew in my life. It makes one's heart beat high, 'with a sort of sacred joy.' (It is the feeling as strongly awakened by the earlier exploits of the same gallant man to be found at the end of Franklin's first voyage, and neve to be read without the most exalted emotion.) It was fo something higher than mere literature he valued the most original writer and powerful teacher of the age. 'I would 'go at all times farther to see Carlyle than any man alive.'

The silent heroisms.

One of his heroes.

Another.

Of his attractive points in society and conversation I have particularized little, because in truth they were himself. Such as they were, they were never absent from him. His acute sense of enjoyment gave such relish to his social qualities that probably no man, not a great wit or a professed talker, ever left, in leaving any social gathering, a blank so impossible to fill up. In quick and varied sympathy, in ready adaptation to every whim or humour, in help to any mirth or game, he stood for a dozen men. If one may say such a thing, he seemed to be always the more

At social meetings.

self for being somebody else, for continually putting his personality. His versatility made him unique. at he said once of his own love of acting, applied to him ally when at his happiest among friends he loved; ching a character, telling a story, acting a charade, ng part in a game; turning into comedy an incident ne day, describing the last good or bad thing he had , reproducing in quaint, tragical, or humorous form figure, some part of the passionate life with which is being overflowed. 'Assumption has charms for me delightful—I hardly know for how many wild reasons— tt I feel a loss of Oh I can't say what exquisite foolery, en I lose a chance of being some one not in the re- test degree like myself.' How it was, that, from one uch boundless resource in contributing to the pleasure is friends, there was yet, as I have said, so compara- y little to bring away, may be thus explained. But it been also seen that no one at times said better things, to happy examples formerly given I will add one or of a kind he more rarely indulged. 'He is below par the Exchange,' a friend remarked of a notorious puffing ; 'he doesn't stand well at Lloyds.' 'Yet no one ds so well with the under-writers,' said Dickens; a that Swift would have envied. 'I call him an Incubus!' a non-literary friend, at a loss to express the boredom ted on him by a popular author. 'Pen-and-ink-ubus, mean,' interposed Dickens. So, when Stanfield said s midshipman son, then absent on his first cruise, 'the has got his sea-legs on by this time!' 'I dont know, rked Dickens, 'about his getting his sea-legs on; but

LONDON: 1836–70.

His delight in 'assumption.'

Agreeable pleasantries.

Puns.

LONDON: 1836–70.

'if I may judge from his writing, he certainly has not got 'his A B C legs on.'

Other agreeable pleasantries might be largely cited from his letters. 'An old priest' (he wrote from France in 1862) 'the express image of Frederic Lemaitre got up for the 'part, and very cross with the toothache, told me in a 'railway carriage the other day, that we had no antiquities

A cross old priest.

'in heretical England. "None at all?" I said. "You '"have some ships however." "Yes; a few." "Are they '"strong?" "Well," said I, "your trade is spiritual, my '"father: ask the ghost of Nelson." A French captain 'who was in the carriage, was immensely delighted with 'this small joke. I met him at Calais yesterday going 'somewhere with a detachment; and he said—Pardon! But 'he had been so limited as to suppose an Englishman in

Humouring a joke.

'capable of that bonhommie!' In humouring a joke he was excellent, both in letters and talk; and for this kind of enjoyment his least important little notes are often worth preserving. Take one small instance. So freely had he admired a tale told by his friend and solicitor Mr. Frederic Ouvry, that he had to reply to a humorous proposal for publication of it, in his own manner, in his

To Frederic Ouvry.

own periodical. 'Your modesty is equal to your merit. . . . 'think your way of describing that rustic courtship in middle 'life, quite matchless. . . . A cheque for £1000 is lying 'with the publisher. We would willingly make it more 'but that we find our law charges so exceedingly heavy.' His letters have also examples now and then of what he called his conversational triumphs. 'I have distinguished 'myself' (28th of April 1861) 'in two respects lately. I took

Two unlucky hits.

young lady, unknown, down to dinner, and, talking to r about the Bishop of Durham's nepotism in the matter Mr. Cheese, I found she was Mrs. Cheese. And I ex- ttiated to the member for Marylebone, Lord Fermoy, nerally conceiving him to be an Irish member, on the ntemptible character of the Marylebone constituency d Marylebone representation.' LONDON: 1836–70.

Among his good things should not be omitted his tell- of a ghost story. He had something of a hankering r them, as the readers of his briefer pieces will know; such was his interest generally in things supernatural t, but for the strong restraining power of his common se, he might have fallen into the follies of spiritualism. it was, the fanciful side of his nature stopped short such pardonable superstitions as those of dreams, and y days, or other marvels of natural coincidence; and man was readier to apply sharp tests to a ghost story a haunted house, though there was just so much dency to believe in any such, 'well-authenticated,' made perfect his manner of telling one. Such a story related in the 125th number of *All the Year Round*, ch before its publication both Mr. Layard and myself at Gadshill, and identified as one related by Lord ton. It was published in September, and in a day or led to what Dickens will relate. 'The artist himself o is the hero of that story' (to Lord Lytton, 15th of tember 1861) 'has sent me in black and white his n account of the whole experience, so very original, so ry extraordinary, so very far beyond the version I have blished, that all other like stories turn pale before it.' Ghost stories. Story of a portrait painter.

LONDON: 1870.

The ghost thus reinforced came out in the number published on the 5th of October; and the reader who cares to turn to it, and compare what Dickens in the interval (17th of September) wrote to myself, will have some measure of his readiness to believe in such things. 'Upon the publication of the ghost story, up has started the portrait-painter who saw the phantoms! His own written story is out of all distance the most extraordinary that ever was produced; and is as far beyond my version or Bulwer's, as Scott is beyond James. Everything connected with it is amazing but conceive this—the portrait-painter had been engaged to write it elsewhere as a story for next Christmas, and not unnaturally supposed, when he saw himself anticipated in *All the Year Round*, that there had been treachery at his printer's. "In particular," says he, "how else was it possible that the date, the 13th of September, could have been got at? For I never told the date, until I wrote it." Now, *my* story had NO DATE; but seeing when I looked over the proof, the great importance of having a date, I (C. D.) wrote in, unconsciously, the exact date on the margin of the proof!' The reader will remember the Doncaster race story; and to other like illustrations of the subject already given, may be added this dream. 'Here is a curious case at first-hand' (30th of May 1863). 'On Thursday night in last week, being at the office here, I dreamed that I saw a lady in a red shawl with her back towards me (whom I supposed to be E.). On her turning round I found that I didn't know her, and she said "I am Miss Napier." All the time I was dressing next morning, I thought—What a preposterous

Portrait painter's own account.

Marvels of coincidence.

Ante, 151.

A dream.

ing to have so very distinct a dream about nothing! and LONDON: 1870.
ny Miss Napier? for I never heard of any Miss Napier.
nat same Friday night, I read. After the reading, came
to my retiring-room, Mary Boyle and her brother, and
e Lady in the red shawl whom they present as "Miss
Napier!" These are all the circumstances, exactly told.'
Another kind of dream has had previous record, with no ii. 122–5.
erstition to build itself upon but the loving devotion to i. 98, 386.
tender memory. With longer or shorter intervals this
with him all his days. Never from his waking thoughts
the recollection altogether absent; and though the
am would leave him for a time, it unfailingly came back.
was the feeling of his life that always had a mastery Predominant impression of his life.
r him. What he said on the sixth anniversary of the
th of his sister-in-law, that friend of his youth whom
had made his ideal of all moral excellence, he might
e said as truly after twenty-six years more. In the very
r before he died, the influence was potently upon him.
e is so much in my thoughts at all times, especially
nen I am successful, and have greatly prospered in any-
ing, that the recollection of her is an essential part of
y being, and is as inseparable from my existence as the
ating of my heart is.' Through later troubled years,
atever was worthiest in him found in this an ark of
ty; and it was the nobler part of his being which had Effects on his career.
s become also the essential. It gave to success what
cess by itself had no power to give; and nothing could
sist with it, for any length of time, that was not of good
ort and pure. What more could I say that was not
ter said from the pulpit of the Abbey where he rests?

LONDON: 1870.

'He whom we mourn was the friend of mankind, a philan-
'thropist in the true sense; the friend of youth, the friend
'of the poor, the enemy of every form of meanness and
'oppression. I am not going to attempt to draw a portrait
'of him. Men of genius are different from what we sup-
'pose them to be. They have greater pleasures and greater
'pains, greater affections and greater temptations, than the
'generality of mankind, and they can never be altogether
'understood by their fellow men. . . But we feel that a
'light has gone out, that the world is darker to us, when
'they depart. There are so very few of them that we cannot
'afford to lose them one by one, and we look vainly round
'for others who may supply their places. He whose loss
'we now mourn occupied a greater space than any other
'writer in the minds of Englishmen during the last thirty-
'three years. We read him, talked about him, acted him;
'we laughed with him; we were roused by him to a con-
'sciousness of the misery of others, and to a pathetic inte-
'rest in human life. Works of fiction, indirectly, are great
'instructors of this world; and we can hardly exaggerate
'the debt of gratitude which is due to a writer who has led
'us to sympathize with these good, true, sincere, honest
'English characters of ordinary life, and to laugh at the
'egotism, the hypocrisy, the false respectability of religious
'professors and others. To another great humourist who
'lies in this Church the words have been applied that his
'death eclipsed the gaiety of nations. But of him who
'has been recently taken I would rather say, in humbler
'language, that no one was ever so much beloved or so
'much mourned.'

Doctor Jowett in Westminster Abbey.

CHAPTER XX.

THE END.

1869—1870.

THE summer and autumn of 1869 were passed quietly Gadshill: 1869.
Gadshill. He received there, in June, the American
ends to whom he had been most indebted for unweary- Mr. and Mrs. Fields.
g domestic kindness at his most trying time in the
ates. In August, he was at the dinner of the Interna-
nal boat-race; and, in a speech that might have gone far
reconcile the victors to changing places with the van-
ished, gave the healths of the Harvard and the Oxford Harvard and Oxford.
ews. He went to Birmingham, in September, to fulfil a
omise that he would open the session of the Institute;
d there, after telling his audience that his invention,
ch as it was, never would have served him as it had
ne, but for the habit of commonplace, patient, drudging At Birmingham. *Ante*, 460-1.
tention, he declared his political creed to be infinitesimal
ith in the people governing and illimitable faith in the
eople governed. In such engagements as these, with
othing of the kind of strain he had most to dread, there
as hardly more movement or change than was necessary
his enjoyment of rest.

He had been able to show Mr. Fields something of the

LONDON: 1869.

interest of London as well as of his Kentish home. He went over its 'general post-office' with him, took him among its cheap theatres and poor lodging-houses, and piloted him by night through its most notorious thieves' quarter. Its localities that are pleasantest to a lover of books, such as Johnson's Bolt-court and Goldsmith's Temple-chambers, he explored with him; and, at his visitor's special request, mounted a staircase he had not ascended for more than thirty years, to show the chambers in Furnival's Inn where the first page of *Pickwick* was written. One more book, unfinished, was to close what that famous book began; and the original of the scene of its opening chapter, the opium-eater's den, was the last place visited. 'In a miserable court at night,' says Mr. Fields, 'we found a haggard old woman blowing at a kind of pipe made of an old ink-bottle; and the words which Dickens puts into the mouth of this wretched creature in *Edwin Drood*, we heard her croon as we leaned over the tattered bed in which she was lying.'

Places shown to visitor.

Where *Pickwick* was begun.

An opium den. *Ante*, 427.

Before beginning his novel he had written his last paper for his weekly publication. It was a notice of my *Life of Landor*, and contained some interesting recollections of that remarkable man. His memory at this time dwelt much, as was only natural, with past pleasant time, as he saw familiar faces leaving us or likely to leave; and, on the death of one of the comedians associated with the old bright days of Covent Garden, I had intimation of a fancy that had never quitted him since the Cheltenham reading. 'I see in the paper to-day that Meadows is dead. I had a talk with him at Coutts's a week or two ago, when he

Last paper in *All the Year Round*.

Ante, 415.

id he was seventy-five, and very weak. Except for LONDON: 1869.
ving a tearful eye, he looked just the same as ever. My
ind still constantly misgives me concerning Macready. Macready.
uriously, I don't think he has been ever, for ten minutes
gether, out of my thoughts since I talked with Meadows
st. Well, the year that brings trouble brings comfort
o: I have a great success in the boy-line to announce
you. Harry has won the second scholarship at Trinity
all, which gives him £50 a year as long as he stays Son Henry's scholarship. *Ante*, 42.
ere; and I begin to hope that he will get a fellowship.'
oubt if anything ever more truly pleased him than this
le success of his son Henry at Cambridge. Henry
ssed the fellowship, but was twenty-ninth wrangler in
ir year, when the wranglers were over forty.

He finished his first number of *Edwin Drood* in the
rd week of October, and on the 26th read it at my house
h great spirit. A few nights before we had seen together
the Olympic a little drama taken from his *Copperfield*,
ich he sat out with more than patience, even with some-
ng of enjoyment; and another pleasure was given him
t night by its author, Mr. Halliday, who brought into the
another dramatist, Mr. Robertson, to whom Dickens, Author of *Caste* and *School*.
o then first saw him, said that to himself the charm of his
le comedies was 'their unassuming form,' which had so
ppily shown that 'real wit could afford to put off any airs
f pretension to it.' He was at Gadshill till the close of
e year; coming up for a few special occasions, such as
octer's eighty-second birthday; and at my house on new-
r's eve he read to us, again aloud, a fresh number of his
k. Yet these very last days of December had not been

LONDON: 1869–70.

without a reminder of the grave warnings of April. The pains in somewhat modified form had returned in both his left hand and his left foot a few days before we met; and they were troubling him still on that day. But he made so light of them himself; so little thought of connecting them with the uncertainties of touch and tread of which they were really part; and read with such an overflow of humour Mr. Honeythunder's boisterous philanthropy; that there was no room, then, for anything but enjoyment. His only allusion to an effect from his illness was his mention of a now invincible dislike which he had to railway travel. This had decided him to take a London house for the twelve last readings in the early months of 1870, and he had become Mr. Milner-Gibson's tenant at 5, Hyde Park Place.

A reading of *Edwin Drood*.

House for a season.

St. James's Hall was to be the scene of these Readings, and they were to occupy the interval from the 11th of January to the 15th of March; two being given in each week to the close of January, and the remaining eight on each of the eight Tuesdays following. Nothing was said of any kind of apprehension as the time approached; but, with a curious absence of the sense of danger, there was certainly both distrust and fear. Sufficient precaution was supposed to have been taken* by arrangement for the presence, at

The additional readings. *Ante*, 423.

* I desire to guard myself against any possible supposition that I think these Readings might have been stopped by the exercise of medical authority. I am convinced of the contrary. Dickens had pledged himself to them; and the fact that others' interests were engaged rather than his own supplied him with an overpowering motive for being determinedly set on going through with them. At the sorrowful time in the preceding year, when, yielding to the stern sentence passed by Sir Thomas Watson, he had dismissed finally the staff employed on his country readings, he had thus written to me. 'I do believe' (3rd of

Motive for these readings.

LONDON: 1870.

Medical attendance at readings.

Penalty of disregarding fixed laws.

Ante, 461.

Tribute to Messrs. Chappell.

th reading, of his friend and medical attendant, Mr. Carr ard; but this resolved itself, not into any measure of ety, the case admitting of none short of stopping the ding altogether, but simply into ascertainment of the act amount of strain and pressure, which, with every fresh ertion, he was placing on those vessels of the brain where Preston trouble too surely had revealed that danger lay. supposed force in reserve, no dominant strength of will, n turn aside the penalties sternly exacted for disregard such laws of life as were here plainly overlooked; and ough no one may say that it was not already too late for y but the fatal issue, there will be no presumption in lieving that life might yet have been for some time pro-ged if these readings could have been stopped.

'I am a little shaken,' he wrote on the 9th of January, y my journey to Birmingham to give away the Institu-ion's prizes on Twelfth Night, but I am in good heart; nd, notwithstanding Lowe's worrying scheme for collect-ng a year's taxes in a lump, which they tell me is amaging books, pictures, music, and theatres beyond recedent, our "let" at St. James's Hall is enormous.' e opened with *Copperfield* and the *Pickwick Trial;* and I

y 1869) 'that such people as the Chappells are very rarely to be found in uman affairs. To say nothing of their noble and munificent manner of weeping away into space all the charges incurred uselessly, and all the im-ense inconvenience and profitless work thrown upon their establishment, omes a note this morning from the senior partner, to the effect that they el that my overwork has been "indirectly caused by them, and by my great and kind exertions to make their venture successful to the extreme." There something so delicate and fine in this, that I feel it deeply.' That feeling to his resolve to make the additional exertion of these twelve last readings, nothing would have turned him from it as long as he could stand at the k.

LONDON: 1870.

may briefly mention, from the notes taken by Mr. Beard and placed at my disposal, at what cost of exertion to himself he gratified the crowded audiences that then and to the close made these evenings memorable. His ordinary pulse on the first night was at 72; but never on any subsequent night was lower than 82, and had risen on the later nights to more than 100. After *Copperfield* on the first night it went up to 96, and after *Marigold* on the second to 99; but on the first night of the *Sikes and Nancy* scenes (Friday the 21st of January) it went from 80 to 112, and on the second night (the 1st of February) to 118. From this, through the six remaining nights, it never was lower than 110 after the first piece read; and after the third and fourth readings of the *Oliver Twist* scenes it rose, from 90 to 124 on the 15th of February, and from 94 to 120 on the 8th of March; on the former occasion, after twenty minutes' rest, falling to 98, and on the latter, after fifteen minutes' rest, falling to 82. His ordinary pulse on entering the room, during these last six nights, was more than once over 100, and never lower than 84; from which it rose, after *Nickleby* on the 22nd of February, to 112. On the 8th of February, when he read *Dombey*, it had risen from 91 to 114; on the 1st of March, after *Copperfield*, it rose from 100 to 124; and when he entered the room on the last night it was at 108, having risen only two beats more when the reading was done. The pieces on this occasion were the *Christmas Carol*, followed by the *Pickwick Trial*; and probably in all his life he never read so well. On his return from the States, where he had to address his effects to audiences composed of immense numbers of people, a

Excitement incident to readings.

After *Oliver Twist* scenes.

Last night of all.

ain loss of refinement had been observable; but the delicacy was now again delightfully manifest, and a dued tone, as well in the humorous as the serious por- ns, gave something to all the reading as of a quiet sadness farewell. The charm of this was at its height when shut the volume of *Pickwick* and spoke in his own son. He said that for fifteen years he had been reading own books to audiences whose sensitive and kindly ognition of them had given him instruction and enjoy- nt in his art such as few men could have had; but tt he nevertheless thought it well now to retire upon er associations, and in future to devote himself exclu- ely to the calling which had first made him known. but two short weeks from this time I hope that you ay enter, in your own homes, on a new series of read- gs at which my assistance will be indispensable; but om these garish lights I vanish now for evermore, with heartfelt, grateful, respectful, affectionate farewell.' The ef hush of silence as he moved from the platform; and prolonged tumult of sound that followed suddenly, yed him, and again for another moment brought him ck; will not be forgotten by any present.

Little remains to be told that has not in it almost mixed pain and sorrow. Hardly a day passed, while readings went on or after they closed, unvisited by ne effect or other of the disastrous excitement shown by notes of Mr. Beard. On the 23rd of January, when for last time he met Carlyle, he came to us with his left nd in a sling; on the 7th of February, when he passed h us his last birthday, and on the 25th, when he read

LONDON: 1870.

Farewell address.

Effect produced.

Results of over excitement.

LONDON: 1870.

the third number of his novel, the hand was still swollen and painful; and on the 21st of March, when he read admirably his fourth number, he told us that as he came along, walking up the length of Oxford-street, the same incident had recurred as on the day of a former dinner with us, and he had not been able to read, all the way, more than the right-hand half of the names over the shops. Yet he had the old fixed persuasion that this was rather the effect of a medicine he had been taking than of any grave cause, and he still strongly believed his other troubles to be exclusively local. Eight days later he wrote: 'My uneasiness 'and hemorrhage, after having quite left me, as I supposed, 'has come back with an aggravated irritability that it has 'not yet displayed. You have no idea what a state I am 'in to-day from a sudden violent rush of it; and yet it has 'not the slightest effect on my general health that I know 'of.' This was a disorder which troubled him in his earlier life; and during the last five years, in his intervals of suffering from other causes, it had from time to time taken aggravated form.

Ante, 411.

Return of an old malady.

Ante, 283; i. 263.

Last appearances in public.

His last public appearances were in April. On the 5th he took the chair for the Newsvendors, whom he helped with a genial address in which even his apology for little speaking overflowed with irrepressible humour. He would try, he said, like Falstaff, 'but with a modification almost 'as large as himself,' less to speak himself than to be the cause of speaking in others. 'Much in this manner they 'exhibit at the door of a snuff-shop the effigy of a High-'lander with an empty mull in his hand, who, apparently 'having taken all the snuff he can carry, and discharged

At Newsvendors' Dinner.

the sneezes of which he is capable, politely invites his ends and patrons to step in and try what they can do in e same line.' On the 30th of the same month he re- ned thanks for 'Literature' at the Royal Academy ner, and I may preface my allusion to what he then l with what he had written to me the day before. Three s earlier Daniel Maclise had passed away. 'Like you Ely, so I at Higham, had the shock of first reading at railway station of the death of our old dear friend and mpanion. What the shock would be, you know too ell. It has been only after great difficulty, and after rdening and steeling myself to the subject by at once inking of it and avoiding it in a strange way, that I ve been able to get any command over it or over yself. If I feel at the time that I can be sure of the ecessary composure, I shall make a little reference to it the Academy to-morrow. I suppose you won't be there.'* e reference made was most touching and manly. He d those who listened that since he first entered the blic lists, a very young man indeed, it had been his nstant fortune to number among his nearest and dearest ends members of that Academy who had been its pride ;

LONDON: 1870.

At Royal Academy Dinner.

Death of Daniel Maclise.

An old story.

* I preserve also the closing words of the letter. 'It is very strange—you member I suppose?—that the last time we spoke of him together, you said at we should one day hear that the wayward life into which he had fallen as over, and there an end of our knowledge of it.' The waywardness, which s merely the having latterly withdrawn himself too much from old friendly ercourse, had its real origin in disappointments connected with the public k on which he was engaged in those later years, and to which he sacrificed ry private interest of his own. His was only the common fate of English- n, so engaged, who do this; and when the real story of the 'Fresco-painting r the Houses of Parliament' comes to be written, it will be another chapter led to our national misadventures and reproaches in everything connected h Art and its hapless cultivators.

LONDON: 1870.

and who had now, one by one, so dropped from his side that he was grown to believe, with the Spanish monk of whom Wilkie spoke, that the only realities around him were the pictures which he loved, and all the moving life but a shadow and a dream. 'For many years I was one 'of the two most intimate friends and most constant 'companions of Mr. Maclise, to whose death the Prince of 'Wales has made allusion, and the President has referred 'with the eloquence of genuine feeling. Of his genius in 'his chosen art, I will venture to say nothing here; but 'of his fertility of mind and wealth of intellect I may con- 'fidently assert that they would have made him, if he had 'been so minded, at least as great a writer as he was a 'painter. The gentlest and most modest of men, the freshest 'as to his generous appreciation of young aspirants and the 'frankest and largest hearted as to his peers, incapable of 'a sordid or ignoble thought, gallantly sustaining the true 'dignity of his vocation, without one grain of self-ambition, 'wholesomely natural at the last as at the first, "in wit a '"man, simplicity a child,"—no artist of whatsoever deno- 'mination, I make bold to say, ever went to his rest leaving 'a golden memory more pure from dross, or having devoted 'himself with a truer chivalry to the art-goddess whom 'he worshipped.' These were the last public words of Dickens, and he could not have spoken any worthier.

Ante, i. 157-8.

Eulogy well deserved.

Dickens's last public words.

Upon his appearance at the dinner of the Academy had followed some invitations he was led to accept; greatly to his own regret, he told me on the night (7th of May) when he read to us the fifth number of *Edwin Drood*; for he was now very eager to get back to the quiet of Gadshill.

Temptations of London.

lined with Mr. Motley, then American minister; had Mr. Disraeli at a dinner at Lord Stanhope's; had xfasted with Mr. Gladstone; and on the 17th was to d the Queen's ball with his daughter. But she had there without him; for on the 16th I had intimation sudden disablement. 'I am sorry to report, that, in old preposterous endeavour to dine at preposterous rs and preposterous places, I have been pulled up by harp attack in my foot. And serve me right. I hope get the better of it soon, but I fear I must not think dining with you on Friday. I have cancelled everyng in the dining way for this week, and that is a very all precaution after the horrible pain I have had and remedies I have taken.' He had to excuse himself from the General Theatrical Fund dinner, where the ce of Wales was to preside; but at another dinner a x later, where the King of the Belgians and the Prince to be present, so much pressure was put upon him he went, still suffering as he was, to dine with Lord ghton.

London: 1870.

Another attack in the foot.

Ante, ii. 195.

Ante, 469.

Ve met for the last time on Sunday the 22nd of May, n I dined with him in Hyde Park Place. The death Mr. Lemon, of which he heard that day, had led his ghts to the crowd of friendly companions in letters and who had so fallen from the ranks since we played Ben son together that we were left almost alone. 'And none vond his sixtieth year,' he said, 'very few even fifty.' s no good to talk of it, I suggested. 'We shall not nk of it the less' was his reply; and an illustration h to the point was before us, afforded by an incident

Our last meeting.

LONDON: 1870.

deserving remembrance in his story. Not many weel before, a correspondent had written to him from Liverpo describing himself as a self-raised man, attributing his pro perous career to what Dickens's writings had taught hi at its outset of the wisdom of kindness, and sympathy f others; and asking pardon for the liberty he took in hopin that he might be permitted to offer some acknowledgmer of what not only had cheered and stimulated him throug all his life, but had contributed so much to the success of i The letter enclosed £500. Dickens was greatly touched b this; and told the writer, in sending back his cheque, tha he would certainly have taken it if he had not been, thoug not a man of fortune, a prosperous man himself; but tha the letter, and the spirit of its offer, had so gratified him that if the writer pleased to send him any small memoria of it in another form he would gladly receive it. Th memorial soon came. A richly worked basket of silve inscribed 'from one who has been cheered and stimulate by Mr. Dickens's writings, and held the author among hi 'first remembrances when he became prosperous,' was ac companied by an extremely handsome silver centrepiece fo the table, of which the design was for figures representin the Seasons. But the kindly donor shrank from sendin Winter to one whom he would fain connect with none bu the brighter and milder days, and he had struck the fourth figure from the design. 'I never look at it,' said Dickens 'that I don't think most of the Winter.'

Noteworthy incident.

Tribute of gratitude for his books.

'Conspicuous' by absence.

A matter discussed that day with Mr. Ouvry was briefly resumed in a note of the 29th of May, the last I ever received from him; which followed me to Exeter, and closed

s. 'You and I can speak of it at Gads by and by. GADSHILL: 1870.
ot no worse. But no better.' The old trouble was
n him when we parted, and this must have been nearly Last letter from him.
last note written before he quitted London. He was
Gadshill on the 30th of May; and I heard no more
il the telegram reached me at Launceston on the night
the 9th of June, which told me that the 'by and by'
s not to come in this world.

The few days at Gadshill had been given wholly to
k on his novel. He had been easier in his foot and
nd; and, though he was suffering severely from the local
morrhage before named, he made no complaint of illness.
t there was observed in him a very unusual appearance
atigue. 'He seemed very weary.' He was out with
dogs for the last time on Monday the 6th of June, Last days.
en he walked with his letters into Rochester. On
esday the 7th, after his daughter Mary had left on a
it to her sister Kate, not finding himself equal to much
igue, he drove to Cobham-wood with his sister-in-law,
re dismissed the carriage, and walked round the park
l back. He returned in time to put up in his new con-
vatory some Chinese lanterns sent from London that *Ante*, 189.
ernoon; and, the whole of the evening, he sat with
ss Hogarth in the dining-room that he might see their
ect when lighted. More than once he then expressed
satisfaction at having finally abandoned all intention
exchanging Gadshill for London; and this he had done
re impressively some days before. While he lived, he
d, he should like his name to be more and more asso-
ted with the place; and he had a notion that when he

Gadshill: 1870.

died he should like to lie in the little graveyard belongin to the Cathedral at the foot of the Castle wall.

On the 8th of June he passed all the day writing in th Châlet. He came over for luncheon; and, much agains his usual custom, returned to his desk. Of the sentence he was then writing, the last of his long life of literature a portion has been given in facsimile on a previous page and the reader will observe with a painful interest, no alone its evidence of minute labour at this fast-closing hou of time with him, but the direction his thoughts had taker He imagines such a brilliant morning as had risen witl that eighth of June shining on the old city of Rochester He sees in surpassing beauty, with the lusty ivy gleaming in the sun, and the rich trees waving in the balmy air, it antiquities and its ruins; its Cathedral and Castle. Bu his fancy, then, is not with the stern dead forms of either but with that which makes warm the cold stone tombs o centuries, and lights them up with flecks of brightness 'fluttering there like wings.' To him, on that sunny sum mer morning, the changes of glorious light from moving boughs, the songs of birds, the scents from garden, woods and fields, have penetrated into the Cathedral, have sub dued its earthy odour, and are preaching the Resurrectio and the Life.

Writing in the Châlet.

Thoughts on his last day of consciousness.

Wednesday evening, 8th of June.

He was late in leaving the Châlet; but before dinner which was ordered at six o'clock with the intention of walk ing afterwards in the lanes, he wrote some letters, among them one to his friend Mr. Charles Kent appointing to see him in London next day; and dinner was begun before

ss Hogarth saw, with alarm, a singular expression of uble and pain in his face. 'For an hour,' he then told r, 'he had been very ill;' but he wished dinner to go These were the only really coherent words uttered him. They were followed by some, that fell from him connectedly, of quite other matters; of an approach- g sale at a neighbour's house, of whether Macready's n was with his father at Cheltenham, and of his own cention to go immediately to London; but at these ter he had risen, and his sister-in-law's help alone pre- nted him from falling where he stood. Her effort then s to get him on the sofa, but after a slight struggle he nk heavily on his left side. 'On the ground' were the t words he spoke. It was now a little over ten minutes st six o'clock. His two daughters came that night with . Beard, who had also been telegraphed for, and whom ey met at the station. His eldest son arrived early next orning, and was joined in the evening (too late) by his unger son from Cambridge. All possible medical aid d been summoned. The surgeon of the neighbourhood s there from the first, and a physician from London was attendance as well as Mr. Beard. But all human help s unavailing. There was effusion on the brain; and ough stertorous breathing continued all night, and until n minutes past six o'clock on the evening of Thursday e 9th of June, there had never been a gleam of hope ring the twenty-four hours. He had lived four months yond his 58th year.

GADSHILL: 1870.

The close.

Ante, 474. Thursday, 9th of June.

The excitement and sorrow at his death are within the

LONDON: 1870.

memory of all. Before the news of it even reached the remoter parts of England, it had been flashed across Europe; was known in the distant continents of India, Australia, and America; and not in English-speaking communities only, but in every country of the civilised earth, had awakened grief and sympathy. In his own land it was as if a personal bereavement had befallen every one. Her Majesty the Queen telegraphed from Balmoral 'her deepest regret at the sad news of Charles Dickens's 'death;' and this was the sentiment alike of all classes of her people. There was not an English journal that did not give it touching and noble utterance; and the *Times* took the lead in suggesting* that the only fit resting-place for the remains of a man so dear to England was the Abbey in which the most illustrious Englishmen are laid.

General mourning.

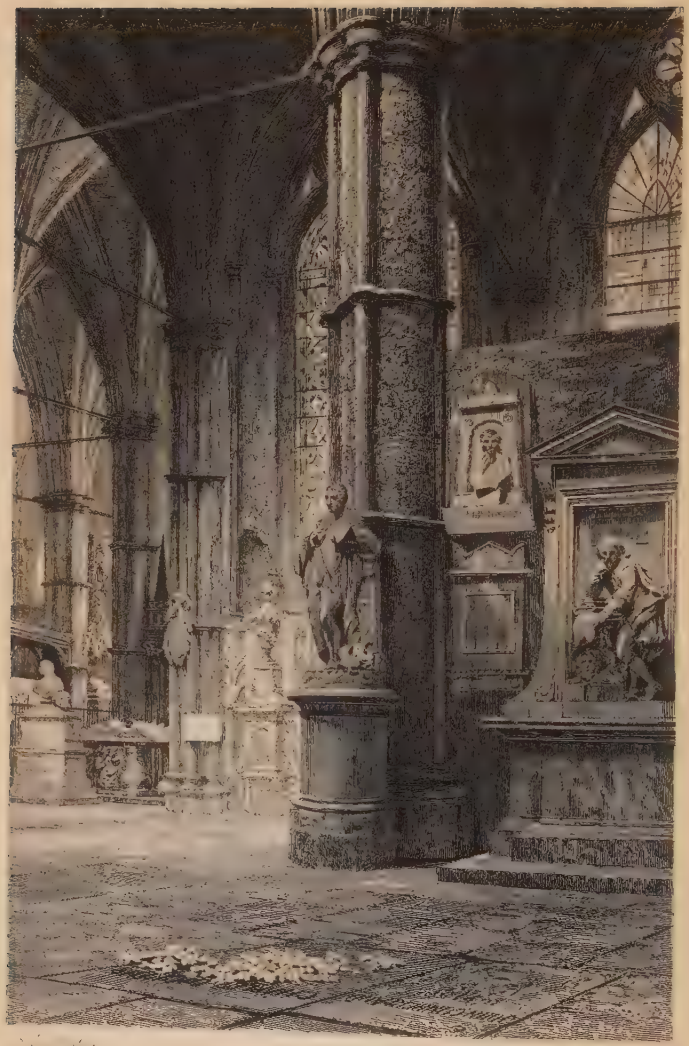
Wish to bury him in the Abbey.

With the expression thus given to a general wish, the Dean of Westminster lost no time in showing ready compliance; and on the morning of the day when it appeared

Friday, 10th of June.

Monday, 13th of June.

* It is a duty to quote these eloquent words. 'Statesmen, men of science, 'philanthropists, the acknowledged benefactors of their race, might pass away, 'and yet not leave the void which will be caused by the death of Dickens. 'They may have earned the esteem of mankind; their days may have been 'passed in power, honour, and prosperity; they may have been surrounded by 'troops of friends; but, however pre-eminent in station, ability, or public 'services, they will not have been, like our great and genial novelist, the in-'timate of every household. Indeed, such a position is attained not even by 'one man in an age. It needs an extraordinary combination of intellectual and 'moral qualities . . before the world will thus consent to enthrone a man as 'their unassailable and enduring favourite. This is the position which Mr. 'Dickens has occupied with the English and also with the American public for 'the third of a century. . . Westminster Abbey is the peculiar resting-place 'of English literary genius; and among those whose sacred dust lies there, 'or whose names are recorded on the walls, very few are more worthy than 'Charles Dickens of such a home. Fewer still, we believe, will be regarde 'with more honour as time passes and his greatness grows upon us.'



THE GRAVE.

s in communication with the family and representatives. London: 1870.
e public homage of a burial in the Abbey had to be
onciled with his own instructions to be privately buried
hout previous announcement of time or place, and
hout monument or memorial. He would himself have His own wish.
ferred to lie in the small graveyard under Rochester
stle wall, or in the little churches of Cobham or Shorne;
all these were found to be closed; and the desire of
Dean and Chapter of Rochester to lay him in their
thedral had been entertained, when the Dean of West-
nster's request, and the considerate kindness of his
nerous assurance that there should be only such cere-
nial as would strictly obey all injunctions of privacy,
de it a grateful duty to accept that offer. The spot
eady had been chosen by the Dean; and before mid- The Burial.
on the following morning, Tuesday the 14th of June,
h knowledge of those only who took part in the burial,
was done. The solemnity had not lost by the sim-
city. Nothing so grand or so touching could have
ompanied it, as the stillness and the silence of the vast
thedral. Then, later in the day and all the following
, came unbidden mourners in such crowds, that the
an had to request permission to keep open the grave
il Thursday; but after it was closed they did not
se to come, and 'all day long,' Doctor Stanley wrote Unbidden mourners.
the 17th, 'there was a constant pressure to the spot,
d many flowers were strewn upon it by unknown
nds, many tears shed from unknown eyes.' He alluded
his in the impressive funeral discourse delivered by
in the Abbey on the morning of Sunday the 19th,

LONDON: 1870.

pointing to the fresh flowers that then had been new thrown (as they still are thrown, in this fourth year aft the death), and saying that 'the spot would thenceforwa 'be a sacred one with both the New World and the O 'as that of the representative of the literature, not of tl 'island only, but of all who speak our English tongu The stone placed upon it is inscribed

CHARLES DICKENS.

BORN FEBRUARY THE SEVENTH 1812. DIED JUNE THE NINTH 187

The highest associations of both the arts he loved su round him where he lies. Next to him is RICHARD CU BERLAND. Mrs. PRITCHARD'S monument looks down up him, and immediately behind is DAVID GARRICK'S. N

The Grave.

is the actor's delightful art more worthily represented tha the nobler genius of the author. Facing the grave, a on its left and right, are the monuments of CHAUCE SHAKESPEARE, and DRYDEN, the three immortals who d most to create and settle the language to which CHARL DICKENS has given another undying name.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

I.

THE WRITINGS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

1835.

SKETCHES BY BOZ. Illustrative of Every-day Life and Every-day People. (The detached papers collected under this title were in course of publication during this year, in the pages of the *Monthly Magazine* and the columns of the *Morning* and the *Evening Chronicle*.) i. 76; 83–84; 86; 92–3.

1836.

SKETCHES BY BOZ. Illustrative of Every-day Life and Every-day People. Two volumes: Illustrations by George Cruikshank. (Preface dated from Furnival's Inn, February 1836.) John Macrone.

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. Edited by Boz. With Illustrations by R. Seymour and Phiz (Hablot Browne). (Nine numbers published monthly from April to December.) Chapman and Hall.

SUNDAY UNDER THREE HEADS. As it is; as Sabbath Bills would make it; as it might be made. By Timothy Sparks. Illustrated by H. K. B. (Hablot Browne). Dedicated (June 1836) to the Bishop of London. Chapman & Hall. i. 128.

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN. A Comic Burletta, in two acts. By "Boz." (Performed at the St. James's Theatre, 29th of September 1836, and published with the imprint of 1837.) Chapman & Hall. i. 95.

THE VILLAGE COQUETTES. A Comic Opera, in two acts. By Charles Dickens. The Music by John Hullah. (Dedication to Mr. Braham is dated from Furnival's Inn, 15th of December 1836.) Richard Bentley. i. 95.

SKETCHES BY BOZ. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. Second Series. One volume. (Preface dated from Furnival's Inn, 17th of December 1836.) John Macrone.

1837.

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. Edited by Boz. (Eleven numbers, the last being a double number, published monthly

from January to November. Issued complete in the latter month, with Dedication to Mr. Serjeant Talfourd dated from Doughty-street, 27th of September, as *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club. By Charles Dickens.*) Chapman & Hall. i. 86–91; 104–111. iii. 310–11.

Oliver Twist; or the Parish Boy's progress. By Boz. Begun in *Bentley's Miscellany* for January, and continued throughout the year. Richard Bentley.

1838.

Oliver Twist. By Charles Dickens, Author of the Pickwick Papers. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. Three volumes. (Had appeared in monthly portions, in the numbers of *Bentley's Miscellany* for 1837 and 1838, with the title of *Oliver Twist; or the Parish Boy's Progress.* By Boz. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. The Third Edition, with Preface dated Devonshire-terrace, March 1841, published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.) Richard Bentley. i. 100; 103–5; 130–142. iii. 4–5; 311; 338–9.

Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi. Edited by "Boz." Illustrated by George Cruikshank. Two volumes. (For Dickens's small share in the composition of this work, his preface to which is dated from Doughty-street, February 1838, see i. 120–2.) Richard Bentley.

Sketches of Young Gentlemen. Illustrated by Phiz. Chapman & Hall. i. 128.

Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by Phiz (Hablot Browne). (Nine numbers published monthly from April to December.) Chapman & Hall.

1839.

Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby. (Eleven numbers, the last being a double number, published monthly from January to October. Issued complete in the latter month, with dedication to William Charles Macready.) Chapman & Hall. i. 124; 142–156. ii. 76–7; 79. iii. 311.

Sketches by Boz. Illustrative of Every-day Life and Every-day People. With forty Illustrations by George Cruikshank. (The first complete edition, issued in monthly parts uniform with *Pickwick* and *Nickleby*, from November 1837 to June 1839, with preface dated 15th of May 1839.) Chapman & Hall. i. 100–103.

1840.

Sketches of Young Couples; with an urgent Remonstrance to the Gentlemen of England, being Bachelors or Widowers, at the present alarming crisis. By the Author of Sketches of Young Gentlemen. Illustrated by Phiz. Chapman & Hall. i. 128.

1840–1841.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by George Cattermole and Hablot Browne. Three volumes. (First and second volume, each 306 pp. ; third, 426 pp.) For the account of this work, published in 88 weekly numbers, extending over the greater part of these two years, see i. 168–180 ; 215 ; 256–7. In addition to occasional detached papers and a series of sketches entitled MR. WELLER'S WATCH, occupying altogether about 90 pages of the first volume, 4 pages of the second, and 5 pages of the third, which have not yet appeared in any other collected form, this serial comprised the stories of The Old Curiosity Shop and Barnaby Rudge ; each ultimately sold separately in a single volume, from which the pages of the *Clock* were detached. Chapman and Hall.

I. OLD CURIOSITY SHOP (1840).

Began at p. 37 of vol. i. ; resumed at intervals up to the appearance of the ninth chapter ; from the ninth chapter at p. 133, continued without interruption to the close of the volume (then issued with dedication to Samuel Rogers and preface from Devonshire-terrace, dated September 1840) ; resumed in the second volume, and carried on to the close of the tale at p. 223. i. 177–193. iii. 312.

II. BARNABY RUDGE (1841).

Introduced by brief paper from Master Humphrey (pp. 224–8), and carried to end of Chapter XII. in the closing 78 pages of volume ii., which was issued with a preface dated in March 1841. Chapter XIII. began the third volume, and the story closed with its 82nd chapter at p. 420 ; a closing paper from Master Humphrey (pp. 421–426) then winding up the Clock, of which the concluding volume was published with a preface dated November 1841. i. 113–14 ; 126–7 ; 139–41 ; 200–202 ; 208–23.

1841.

THE PIC-NIC PAPERS by Various Hands. Edited by Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank, Phiz, &c. Three volumes. (To this Book, edited for the benefit of Mrs. Macrone, widow of his old publisher, Dickens contributed a preface and the opening story, the *Lamplighter.*) Henry Colburn. i. 103 ; 160 ; 215–16.

1842.

AMERICAN NOTES FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION. By Charles Dickens. Two volumes. Chapman and Hall. ii. 1–18 ; 29.

1843.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. With Illustrations by Hablot Browne. (Begun in January, and, up to the close of the year, twelve monthly numbers published). Chapman & Hall.

A Christmas Carol in Prose. Being a Ghost Story of Christmas. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by John Leech. (Preface dated December 1843.) Chapman & Hall. ii. 38–39; 49–50; 62–69.

1844.

The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit. With Illustrations by Hablot Browne. (Eight monthly numbers issued, the last being a double number, between January and July; in which latter month the completed work was published, with dedication to Miss Burdett Coutts, and Preface dated 25th of June.) Chapman & Hall. ii. 22–4; 29–30; 41–3; 52–62; 76–79. iii. 313.

Evenings of a Working Man. By John Overs. With a Preface relative to the Author, by Charles Dickens. (Dedication to Doctor Elliotson, and preface dated in June.) T. C. Newby. ii. 85 and 86.

The Chimes: a Goblin Story of some Bells that Rang an Old Year out and a New Year in. By Charles Dickens. With illustrations by Maclise R.A., Stanfield R.A., Richard Doyle, and John Leech. Chapman & Hall. ii. 118–22; 126–32; 135–7; 149–50; 156.

1845.

The Cricket on the Hearth. A Fairy Tale of Home. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by Maclise R.A., Stanfield R.A., Edwin Landseer R.A., Richard Doyle, and John Leech. (Dedication to Lord Jeffrey dated in December 1845.) Bradbury & Evans (for the Author). ii. 176–8; 189; 414–5.

1846.

Pictures from Italy. By Charles Dickens. (Published originally in the *Daily News* from January to March 1846, with the title of 'Travelling Letters written on the Road.') Bradbury & Evans (for the Author). ii. 66; 82; 138–42; 165; 193–4.

Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son, Wholesale, Retail, and for Exportation. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by Hablot Browne. (Three monthly numbers published, from October to the close of the year.) Bradbury & Evans. (During this year Messrs. Bradbury & Evans published 'for the Author,' in numbers uniform with the other serials, and afterwards in a single volume, *The Adventures of Oliver Twist, or the Parish Boy's Progress.* By Charles Dickens. With 24 Illustrations by George Cruikshank. A new Edition, revised and corrected.)

The Battle of Life. A Love Story. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Maclise R.A., Stanfield R.A., Richard Doyle, and John Leech. (Dedicated to his 'English Friends in Switzerland.') Bradbury & Evans (for the Author). ii. 204; 215–16; 252–3; 257–8; 259–62; 266–70; 276–84.

1847.

DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF DOMBEY AND SON. (Twelve numbers published monthly during the year.) Bradbury & Evans.

FIRST CHEAP ISSUE OF THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. An Edition, printed in double columns, and issued in weekly three-halfpenny numbers. The first number, being the first of *Pickwick*, was issued in April 1847; and the volume containing that book, with preface dated September 1847, was published in October. New prefaces were for the most part prefixed to each story, and each volume had a frontispiece. The first series (issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and closing in September 1852) comprised Pickwick, Nickleby, Curiosity Shop, Barnaby Rudge, Chuzzlewit, Oliver Twist, American Notes, Sketches by Boz, and Christmas Books. The second (issued by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, and closing in 1861) contained Dombey and Son, David Copperfield, Bleak House, and Little Dorrit. The third, issued by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, has since included Great Expectations (1863), Tale of Two Cities (1864), Hard Times and Pictures from Italy (1865), Uncommercial Traveller (1865), and Our Mutual Friend (1867). Among the Illustrators employed for the Frontispieces were Leslie R.A., Webster R.A., Stanfield R.A., George Cattermole, George Cruikshank, Frank Stone A.R.A., John Leech, Marcus Stone, and Hablot Browne. See ii. 299 and 359.

1848.

DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF DOMBEY AND SON: WHOLESALE, RETAIL, AND FOR EXPORTATION. (Five numbers issued monthly, the last being a double number, from January to April; in which latter month the complete work was published with dedication to Lady Normanby and preface dated Devonshire-terrace, 24th of March.) Bradbury & Evans. ii. 79; 84; 193–4; 204; 215; 238; 251; 253–5; 307–8; 309–338. iii. 313.

THE HAUNTED MAN AND THE GHOST'S BARGAIN. A Fancy for Christmas Time. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Stanfield R.A., John Tenniel, Frank Stone A.R.A., and John Leech. Bradbury & Evans. ii. 253; 359–60; 389; 412–16; 436.

1849.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF DAVID COPPERFIELD. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by Hablot Browne. (Eight parts issued monthly from May to December.) Bradbury & Evans.

1850.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF DAVID COPPERFIELD. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Hablot Browne. (Twelve numbers issued monthly, the last being a double number, from January to November; in which

latter month the completed work was published, with inscription to Mr. and Mrs. Watson of Rockingham, and preface dated October.) Bradbury & Evans. ii. 79 ; 392–3 ; 403–4 ; 408 ; 417 ; 431–4 ; 452–5 ; 462. iii. 1–19 ; 315–6.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS. On Saturday the 30th of March in this year the weekly serial of HOUSEHOLD WORDS was begun, and was carried on uninterruptedly to the 28th of May 1859, when, its place having been meanwhile taken by the serial in the same form still existing, HOUSEHOLD WORDS was discontinued. ii. 175–7 ; 418–25. iii. 211 ; 452–60.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *Household Words*. CHRISTMAS. To this Dickens contributed A CHRISTMAS TREE.

1851.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *Household Words*. WHAT CHRISTMAS IS. To this Dickens contributed WHAT CHRISTMAS IS AS WE GROW OLDER.

1852.

BLEAK HOUSE. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by Hablot Browne. (Ten numbers, issued monthly, from March to December.) Bradbury & Evans.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *Household Words*. STORIES FOR CHRISTMAS. To this Dickens contributed THE POOR RELATION'S STORY, and THE CHILD'S STORY.

1853.

BLEAK HOUSE. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Hablot Browne. (Ten numbers issued monthly, the last being a double number, from January to September, in which latter month, with dedication to his 'Companions in the Guild of Literature and Art,' and preface dated in August, the completed book was published.) Bradbury & Evans. ii. 313 ; 411. iii. 5–9 ; 20–32 ; 37–8 ; 313.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Charles Dickens. Three vols. With frontispieces from designs by F. W. Topham. (Reprinted from *Household Words*, where it appeared between the dates of the 25th of January 1851 and the 10th of December 1853. It was published first in a complete form with dedication to his own children, in 1854. Bradbury & Evans. iii. 37.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *Household Words*. CHRISTMAS STORIES. To this Dickens contributed THE SCHOOL BOY'S STORY, and NOBODY'S STORY.

1854.

HARD TIMES. FOR THESE TIMES. By Charles Dickens. (This tale appeared in weekly portions in *Household Words*, between the dates of the 1st of April and the 12th of August 1854 ; in which latter

month it was published complete, with inscription to Thomas Carlyle.) Bradbury & Evans. iii. 44–9.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *Household Words:* THE SEVEN POOR TRAVELLERS. To this Dickens contributed three chapters. I. IN THE OLD CITY OF ROCHESTER; II. THE STORY OF RICHARD DOUBLEDICK; III. THE ROAD. iii. 131.

1855.

LITTLE DORRIT. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Hablot Browne. The first number published in December. Bradbury & Evans.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *Household Words.* THE HOLLY-TREE. To this Dickens contributed three branches. I. MYSELF; II. THE BOOTS; III. THE BILL. iii. 131; 380.

1856.

LITTLE DORRIT. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Hablot Browne. (Twelve numbers issued monthly, between January and December.) Bradbury & Evans.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *Household Words.* THE WRECK OF THE GOLDEN MARY. To this Dickens contributed the leading chapter: THE WRECK. iii. 447.

1857.

LITTLE DORRIT. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Hablot Browne. (Seven numbers issued monthly, the last being a double number, from January to June, in which latter month the tale was published complete, with preface, and dedication to Clarkson Stanfield.) Bradbury & Evans. iii. 51; 54; 75; 93; 131–141; 246–8.

THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDLE APPRENTICES, in *Household Words* for October. To the first part of these papers Dickens contributed all up to the top of the second column of page 316; to the second part, all up to the white line in the second column of page 340; to the third part, all except the reflections of Mr. Idle (363–5); and the whole of the fourth part. All the rest was by Mr. Wilkie Collins. iii. 146–152; 318.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *Household Words.* THE PERILS OF CERTAIN ENGLISH PRISONERS. To this Dickens contributed the chapters entitled THE ISLAND OF SILVER-STORE, and THE RAFTS ON THE RIVER.

THE FIRST LIBRARY EDITION OF THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. The first volume, with dedication to John Forster, was issued in December 1857, and the volumes appeared monthly up to the 24th, issued in November 1859. The later books and writings have been added in subsequent volumes, and an edition has also been issued with the illustrations. To the second volume of the Old Curiosity Shop, as issued in this edition, were added 31 'REPRINTED PIECES' taken

from Dickens's papers in *Household Words:* which have since appeared also in other collected editions. Chapman & Hall. iii. 208.

Authorized French Translation of the Works of Dickens. Translations of Dickens exist in every European language; but the only version of his writings in a foreign tongue authorized by him, or for which he received anything, was undertaken in Paris. Nickleby was the first story published, and to it was prefixed an address from Dickens to the French public dated from Tavistock-house the 17th January 1857. Hachette. iii. 99; 103.

1858.

Christmas Number of *Household Words.* A House to Let. To this Dickens contributed the chapter entitled 'Going into Society.' iii. 222; 231.

1859.

All the Year Round, the weekly serial which took the place of Household Words. Began on the 30th of April in this year, went on uninterruptedly until Dickens's death, and is continued under the management of his son. iii. 211–225; 425; 452–60.

A Tale of Two Cities. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Hablot Browne. This tale was printed in weekly portions in *All the Year Round*, between the dates of the 30th of April and the 26th of November 1859; appearing also concurrently in monthly numbers with illustrations, from June to December; when it was published complete with dedication to Lord John Russell. iii. 215; 249; 320–27.

Christmas Number of *All the Year Round.* The Haunted House. To which Dickens contributed two chapters. I. The Mortals in the House; II. The Ghost in Master B's Room. iii. 218.

1860.

Hunted Down. A Story in two Portions. (Written for an American newspaper, and reprinted in the numbers of *All the Year Round* for the 4th and the 11th of August.) iii. 224; 248–9.

The Uncommercial Traveller. By Charles Dickens. (Seventeen papers, which had appeared under this title between the dates of 28th of January and 13th of October 1860 in *All the Year Round*, were published at the close of the year, in a volume, with preface dated December. A later impression was issued in 1868, as a volume of what was called the Charles Dickens Edition; when eleven fresh papers, written in the interval, were added; and promise was given, in a preface dated December 1868, of the Uncommercial Traveller's intention 'to take to 'the road again before another winter sets in' Between that date and the autumn of 1869, when the last of his detached papers were written, *All the Year Round* published seven 'New Uncommercial Samples'

which have not yet been collected. Their titles were, i. Aboard ship (which opened, on the 5th of December 1868, the New Series of *All the Year Round*) ; ii. A Small Star in the East ; iii. A Little Dinner in an Hour ; iv. Mr. Barlow ; v. On an Amateur Beat ; vi. A Fly-Leaf in a Life ; vii. A Plea for Total Abstinence. The date of the last was the 5th of June 1869 ; and on the 24th of July appeared his last piece of writing for the serial he had so long conducted, a paper entitled *Landor's Life*. iii. 219–224 ; 428.

Christmas Number of *All the Year Round*. A Message from the Sea. To which Dickens contributed nearly all the first, and the whole of the second and the last chapter : The Village, The Money, and The Restitution ; the two intervening chapters, though also with insertions from his hand, not being his.

Great Expectations. By Charles Dickens. Begun in *All the Year Round* on the 1st of December, and continued weekly to the close of that year.

1861.

Great Expectations. By Charles Dickens. Resumed on the 5th of January and issued in weekly portions, closing on the 3rd of August, when the complete story was published in three volumes and inscribed to Chauncy Hare Townshend. In the following year it was published in a single volume, illustrated by Mr. Marcus Stone. Chapman & Hall. iii. 217 ; 229 ; 230 (the words there used 'on Great Expectations 'closing in June 1861' refer to the time when the Writing of it was closed : it did not close in the Publication until August, as above stated) ; 327–336.

Christmas Number of *All the Year Round*. Tom Tiddler's Ground. To which Dickens contributed three of the seven chapters. I. Picking up Soot and Cinders ; II. Picking up Miss Kimmeens ; III. Picking up the Tinker. iii. 217.

1862.

Christmas Number of *All the Year Round*. Somebody's Luggage. To which Dickens contributed four chapters. I. His Leaving it till called for ; II. His Boots ; III. His Brown-paper Parcel ; IV. His Wonderful End. To the chapter of His Umbrella he also contributed a portion. iii. 318 ; 336–7.

1863.

Christmas Number of *All the Year Round*. Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings. To which Dickens contributed the first and the last chapter. I. How Mrs. Lirriper carried on the Business ; II. How the Parlours added a few Words. iii. 337.

1864.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by Marcus Stone. Eight numbers issued monthly between May and December. Chapman & Hall.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *All the Year Round*: MRS. LIRRIPER'S LEGACY: to which Dickens contributed the first and the last chapter. I. MRS. LIRRIPER RELATES HOW SHE WENT ON, AND WENT OVER; II. MRS. LIRRIPER RELATES HOW JEMMY TOPPED UP. iii. 337.

1865.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by Marcus Stone. In Two Volumes. (Two more numbers issued in January and February, when the first volume was published, with dedication to Sir James Emerson Tennent. The remaining ten numbers, the last being a double number, were issued between March and November, when the complete work was published in two volumes. Chapman & Hall. iii. 241; 249–51; 269–70.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *All the Year Round*. DOCTOR MARIGOLD'S PRESCRIPTIONS. To this Dickens contributed three portions. I. TO BE TAKEN IMMEDIATELY; II. TO BE TAKEN FOR LIFE; III. The portion with the title of TO BE TAKEN WITH A GRAIN OF SALT, describing a Trial for Murder, was also his. iii. 345–6.

1866.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *All the Year Round*. MUGBY JUNCTION. To this Dickens contributed four papers. I. BARBOX BROTHERS; II. BARBOX BROTHERS AND CO.; III. MAIN LINE—THE BOY AT MUGBY; IV. No. 1 BRANCH LINE—THE SIGNAL-MAN. iii. 346 (where a slight error is made in not treating *Barbox* and the *Mugby Boy* as parts of one Christmas piece).

1867.

THE CHARLES DICKENS EDITION. This collected edition, which had originated with the American publishing firm of Ticknor and Fields, was issued here between the dates of 1868 and 1870, with dedication to John Forster, beginning with Pickwick in May 1867, and closing with the Child's History in July 1870. The REPRINTED PIECES were with the volume of AMERICAN NOTES, and the PICTURES FROM ITALY closed the volume containing HARD TIMES. Chapman & Hall.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *All the Year Round*. NO THOROUGHFARE. To this Dickens contributed, with Mr. Wilkie Collins, in nearly equal portions. With the new series of *All the Year Round*, which began on the 5th of December 1868, Dickens discontinued the issue of Christmas Numbers. iii. 346.

1868.

A Holiday Romance. George Silverman's Explanation. Written respectively for a Child's Magazine, and for the Atlantic Monthly, published in America by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields. Republished in *All the Year Round* on the 25th of January and the 1st and 8th of February 1868. iii. 289, 346.

1870.

The Mystery of Edwin Drood. By Charles Dickens, with twelve illustrations by S. L. Fildes. (Meant to have comprised twelve monthly numbers, but prematurely closed by the writer's death in June.) Issued in six monthly numbers, between April and September. Chapman & Hall. iii. 424–439.

II.

THE WILL OF CHARLES DICKENS.

'I, Charles Dickens, of Gadshill Place, Higham in the county of 'Kent, hereby revoke all my former Wills and Codicils and declare this to 'be my last Will and Testament. I give the sum of £1000 free of legacy 'duty to Miss Ellen Lawless Ternan, late of Houghton Place, Ampthill 'Square, in the county of Middlesex. I give the sum of £19 19 0 to 'my faithful servant Mrs. Anne Cornelius. I give the sum of £19 19 0 'to the daughter and only child of the said Mrs. Anne Cornelius. I give 'the sum of £19 19 0 to each and every domestic servant, male and 'female, who shall be in my employment at the time of my decease, and 'shall have been in my employment for a not less period of time than one 'year. I give the sum of £1000 free of legacy duty to my daughter 'Mary Dickens. I also give to my said daughter an annuity of £300 a 'year, during her life, if she shall so long continue unmarried; such 'annuity to be considered as accruing from day to day, but to be payable 'half yearly, the first of such half-yearly payments to be made at the 'expiration of six months next after my decease. If my said daughter 'Mary shall marry, such annuity shall cease; and in that case, but in that 'case only, my said daughter shall share with my other children in the 'provision hereinafter made for them. I give to my dear sister-in-law 'Georgina Hogarth the sum of £8000 free of legacy duty. I also give to 'the said Georgina Hogarth all my personal jewellery not hereinafter mentioned, and all the little familiar objects from my writing-table and my room, and she will know what to do with those things. I also give to the said Georgina Hogarth all my private papers whatsoever and wheresoever, and I leave her my grateful blessing as the best and truest friend

'man ever had. I GIVE to my eldest son Charles my library of printed 'books, and my engravings and prints; and I also give to my son Charles 'the silver salver presented to me at Birmingham, and the silver cup pre- 'sented to me at Edinburgh, and my shirt studs, shirt pins, and sleeve 'buttons. AND I BEQUEATH unto my said son Charles and my son Henry 'Fielding Dickens, the sum of £8000 upon trust to invest the same, and 'from time to time to vary the investments thereof, and to pay the annual 'income thereof to my wife during her life, and after her decease the said 'sum of £8000 and the investments thereof shall be in trust for my chil- 'dren (but subject as to my daughter Mary to the proviso hereinbefore 'contained) who being a son or sons shall have attained or shall attain the 'age of twenty-one years or being a daughter or daughters shall have 'attained or shall attain that age or be previously married, in equal shares 'if more than one. I GIVE my watch (the gold repeater presented to me 'at Coventry), and I give the chains and seals and all appendages I have 'worn with it, to my dear and trusty friend John Forster, of Palace Gate 'House, Kensington, in the county of Middlesex aforesaid; and I also 'give to the said John Forster such manuscripts of my published works as 'may be in my possession at the time of my decease. AND I DEVISE 'AND BEQUEATH all my real and personal estate (except such as is vested 'in me as a trustee or mortgagee) unto the said Georgina Hogarth and the 'said John Forster, their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns 'respectively, upon trust that they the said Georgina Hogarth and John 'Forster, or the survivor of them or the executors or administrators of such 'survivor, do and shall, at their, his, or her uncontrolled and irresponsible 'direction, either proceed to an immediate sale or conversion into money 'of the said real and personal estate (including my copyrights), or defer 'and postpone any sale or conversion into money, till such time or times 'as they, he, or she shall think fit, and in the meantime may manage and 'let the said real and personal estate (including my copyrights), in such 'manner in all respects as I myself could do, if I were living and acting 'therein; it being my intention that the trustees or trustee for the time 'being of this my Will shall have the fullest power over the said real and 'personal estate which I can give to them, him, or her. AND I DECLARE 'that, until the said real and personal estate shall be sold and converted 'into money, the rents and annual income thereof respectively shall be 'paid and applied to the person or persons in the manner and for the pur- 'poses to whom and for which the annual income of the monies to arise 'from the sale or conversion thereof into money would be payable or ap- 'plicable under this my Will in case the same were sold or converted into 'money. AND I DECLARE that my real estate shall for the purposes of 'this my Will be considered as converted into personalty upon my decease. 'AND I DECLARE that the said trustees or trustee for the time being, do 'and shall, with and out of the monies which shall come to their, his, or

'her hands, under or by virtue of this my Will and the trusts thereof, pay 'my just debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, and legacies. And I 'declare that the said trust funds or so much thereof as shall remain 'after answering the purposes aforesaid, and the annual income thereof, 'shall be in trust for all my children (but subject as to my daughter Mary 'to the proviso hereinbefore contained), who being a son or sons shall have 'attained or shall attain the age of twenty-one years, and being a daughter 'or daughters shall have attained or shall attain that age or be previously 'married, in equal shares if more than one. Provided always, that, as 'regards my copyrights and the produce and profits thereof, my said 'daughter Mary, notwithstanding the proviso hereinbefore contained with 'reference to her, shall share with my other children therein whether she 'be married or not. And I devise the estates vested in me at my decease 'as a trustee or mortgagee unto the use of the said Georgina Hogarth and 'John Forster, their heirs and assigns, upon the trusts and subject to the 'equities affecting the same respectively. And I appoint the said Geor-'gina Hogarth and John Forster executrix and executor of this my 'Will, and Guardians of the persons of my children during their respective 'minorities. And lastly, as I have now set down the form of words 'which my legal advisers assure me are necessary to the plain objects of 'this my Will, I solemnly enjoin my dear children always to remember 'how much they owe to the said Georgina Hogarth, and never to be want-'ing in a grateful and affectionate attachment to her, for they know well 'that she has been, through all the stages of their growth and progress, 'their ever useful self-denying and devoted friend. And I desire here 'simply to record the fact that my wife, since our separation by consent, 'has been in the receipt from me of an annual income of £600, while all 'the great charges of a numerous and expensive family have devolved 'wholly upon myself. I emphatically direct that I be buried in an inexpen-'sive, unostentatious, and strictly private manner; that no public announce-'ment be made of the time or place of my burial; that at the utmost not 'more than three plain mourning coaches be employed; and that those who 'attend my funeral wear no scarf, cloak, black bow, long hat-band, or 'other such revolting absurdity. I direct that my name be inscribed in 'plain English letters on my tomb, without the addition of "Mr." or '"Esquire." I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject 'of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims 'to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and to the 'remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition 'thereto. I commit my soul to the mercy of God through our Lord and 'Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to 'guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, 'and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here or 'there. In witness whereof I the said Charles Dickens, the testator,

'have to this my last Will and Testament set my hand this 12th day of 'May in the year of our Lord 1869.

'Signed published and declared by the above-named Charles Dickens the testator as and for his 'last Will and Testament in the presence of us '(present together at the same time) who in his 'presence at his request and in the presence of each 'other have hereunto subscribed our names as 'witnesses. } CHARLES DICKENS.

'G. HOLSWORTH,
'26 Wellington Street, Strand.

'HENRY WALKER,
'26 Wellington Street, Strand.

'I, CHARLES DICKENS of Gadshill Place near Rochester in the county of 'Kent Esquire declare this to be a Codicil to my last Will and Testament 'which Will bears date the 12th day of May 1869. I GIVE to my son 'Charles Dickens the younger all my share and interest in the weekly 'journal called "All the Year Round," which is now conducted under 'Articles of Partnership made between me and William Henry Wills and 'the said Charles Dickens the younger, and all my share and interest in 'the stereotypes stock and other effects belonging to the said partnership, 'he defraying my share of all debts and liabilities of the said partnership 'which may be outstanding at the time of my decease, and in all other 'respects I confirm my said Will. IN WITNESS whereof I have hereunto 'set my hand the 2nd day of June in the year of our Lord 1870.

'Signed and declared by the said CHARLES 'DICKENS, the testator as and for a Codicil to his 'Will in the presence of us present at the same 'time who at his request in his presence and in the 'presence of each other hereunto subscribe our 'names as witnesses. } CHARLES DICKENS.

'G. HOLSWORTH,
'26 Wellington Street, Strand.

'H. WALKER,
'26 Wellington Street, Strand.'

The real and personal estate,—taking the property bequeathed by the last codicil at a valuation of something less than two years' purchase; and of course before payment of the legacies, the (inconsiderable) debts, and the testamentary and other expenses,—amounted, as nearly as may be calculated, to £93,000.

III.

CORRECTIONS MADE IN THE THIRTEENTH THOUSAND OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

I REGRET to have had no opportunity until now (May, 1873) of making the corrections which appear in this impression of my second volume. All the early reprints having been called for before the close of 1872, the only change I at that time found possible was amendment of an error at p. 368, as to the date of the first performance at Devonshire House, and of a few others of small importance at pp. 235, 265, 292, 331, 414, and 416.

Premising that additional corrections, also unimportant, are now made at pp. 36, 110, 111, 116, 274, 302, 375, 414, and 451, I proceed to indicate what may seem to require more detailed mention.

P. 28. 'Covent-garden' is substituted for 'Drury-lane.' The *Chronicle* atoned for its present silence by a severe notice of the man's subsequent appearance at the Haymarket; and of this I am glad to be reminded by Mr. Gruneisen, who wrote the criticism.

29. The son of the publican referred to (Mr. Whelpdale of Streatham), pointing out my error in not having made the Duke of Brunswick the defendant, says he was himself a witness in the case, and has had pride in repeating to his own children what the Chief Justice said of his father.

92. The 'limpet on the rock' and the 'green boots' refer to a wonderful piece by Turner in the previous year's Academy, exhibiting a rock overhanging a magnificent sea, a booted figure appearing on the rock, and at its feet a blotch to represent a limpet: the subject being Napoleon at St. Helena.

143. 'Assumption' is substituted for 'Transfiguration.'

156. Six words are added to the last note.

167–8. An error in my former statement of the circumstances of Mr. Fletcher's death, which I much regret to have made, is now corrected.

169. The proper names of the ship and her captain are here given, as the Fantôme, commanded by Sir Frederick (now Vice-Admiral) Nicolson.

203. A correspondent familiar with Lausanne informs me that the Castle of Chillon is not visible from Rosemont, and that Dickens in these first days must have mistaken some other object for it. 'A long mass of mountain hides Chillon from view, and it only

'becomes visible when you get about six miles from Lausanne 'on the Vevay road, when a curve in the road or lake shows it 'visible behind the bank of mountains.' The error at p. 230, now corrected, was mine.

P. 220. 'Clinking,' the right word, replaces 'drinking.'

235–6. A passage which stood in the early editions is removed, the portrait which it referred to having been not that of the lady mentioned, but of a relative bearing the same name.

240–1. I quote a letter to myself from one of the baronet's family present at the outbreak goodnaturedly exaggerated in Mr. Cerjat's account to Dickens. 'I well remember the dinner at Mr. Cerjat's alluded 'to in one of the letters from Lausanne in your Life of Dickens. 'It was not however our first acquaintance with the "distin- '"guished writer," as he came with his family to stay at a Pension 'on the border of the Lake of Geneva where my father and his 'family were then living, and notwithstanding the gallant cap- 'tain's "habit" the families subsequently became very intimate.'

242. Lord Vernon is more correctly described as the fifth Baron, who succeeded to the title in 1835 and died in 1866 in his 64th year.

255. The distance of Mont Blanc from the Neuchâtel road is now properly given as sixty not six miles.

313, line 21. Not 'subsequent' but 'modified' is the proper word.

368. In mentioning the painters who took an interest in the Guild scheme I omitted the distinguished name of Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., by whom an admirable design, taken from Defoe's life, was drawn for the card of membership.

425. In supposing that the Child's Dream of a Star was not among Dickens's Reprinted Pieces, I fell into an error, which is here corrected.

436. I did not mean to imply that Lady Graham was herself a Sheridan. She was only connected with the family she so well 'represented' by being the sister of the lady whom Tom Sheridan married.

The incident at Mr. Hone's funeral quoted at pp. 11–12 from a letter to Mr. Felton written by Dickens shortly after the occurrence (2nd of March, 1843), and published, a year before my volume, in Mr. Field's *Yesterdays with Authors* (pp. 146–8), has elicited from the 'Independent clergyman' referred to a counter statement of the alleged facts, of which I here present an abridgement, omitting nothing that is in any way material. 'Though it is 'thirty years since . . several who were present survive to this day, and 'have a distinct recollection of all that occurred. One of these is the writer 'of this article—another, the Rev. Joshua Harrison . . The Independent 'clergyman never wore bands, and had no Bible under his arm . . An

'account of Mr. Hone had appeared in some of the newspapers, containing 'an offensive paragraph to the effect that one "speculation" having failed, 'Mr. Hone was disposed, and persuaded by the Independent clergyman, 'to try another, that other being "to try his powers in the pulpit." This 'was felt by the family to be an insult alike to the living and the dead . . 'Mr. Harrison's account is, that the Independent clergyman was observed 'speaking to Miss Hone about something apparently annoying to both, and 'that, turning to Mr. Cruikshank, he said "Have you seen the sketch of '"Mr. Hone's life in the *Herald?*" Mr. C. replied "Yes." "Don't you '"think it very discreditable? It is a gross reflection on our poor friend, '"as if he would use the most sacred things merely for a piece of bread; '"and it is a libel on me and the denomination I belong to, as if we could '"be parties to such a proceeding." Mr. C. said in reply, "I know some- '"thing of the article, but what you complain of was not in it originally— '"it was an addition by another hand." Mr. C. afterwards stated that he 'wrote the article, "but *not* the offensive paragraph." The vulgar non- 'sense put into the mouth of the clergyman by Mr. Dickens was wound up, 'it is said, by "Let us pray" . . but this *cannot* be true; and for this 'reason, the conversation with Mr. Cruikshank took place before the do 'mestic service, and that service, according to Nonconformist custom, is 'always begun by reading an appropriate passage of Scripture . . Mr. 'Dickens says that while they were kneeling at prayer Mr. Cruikshank 'whispered to him what he relates. Mr. C. denies it; and I believe him . . 'In addition to the improbability, one of the company remembers that Mr. 'Dickens and Mr. Cruikshank did not sit together, and could not have 'knelt side by side." The reader must be left to judge between what is said of the incident in the text and these recollections of it after thirty years.

At the close of the corrections to the first volume, prefixed to the second, the intention was expressed to advert at the end of the work to information, not in correction but in illustration of my text, forwarded by obliging correspondents who had been scholars at the Wellington House Academy (i. 54). But inexorable limits of space prevent, for the present, a fulfilment of this intention.

J. F.

Palace Gate House, Kensington,
22*nd of January* 1874.

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